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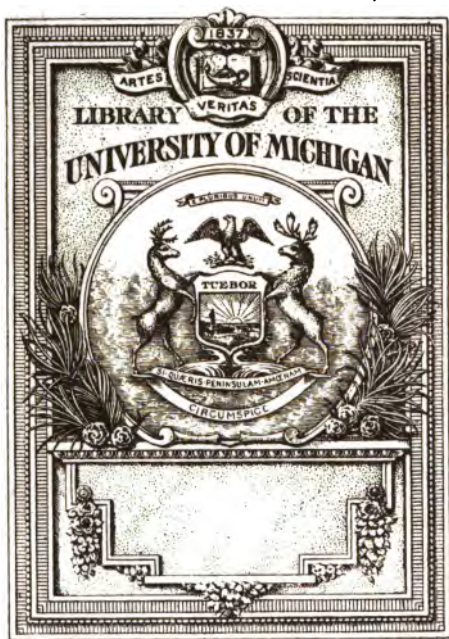
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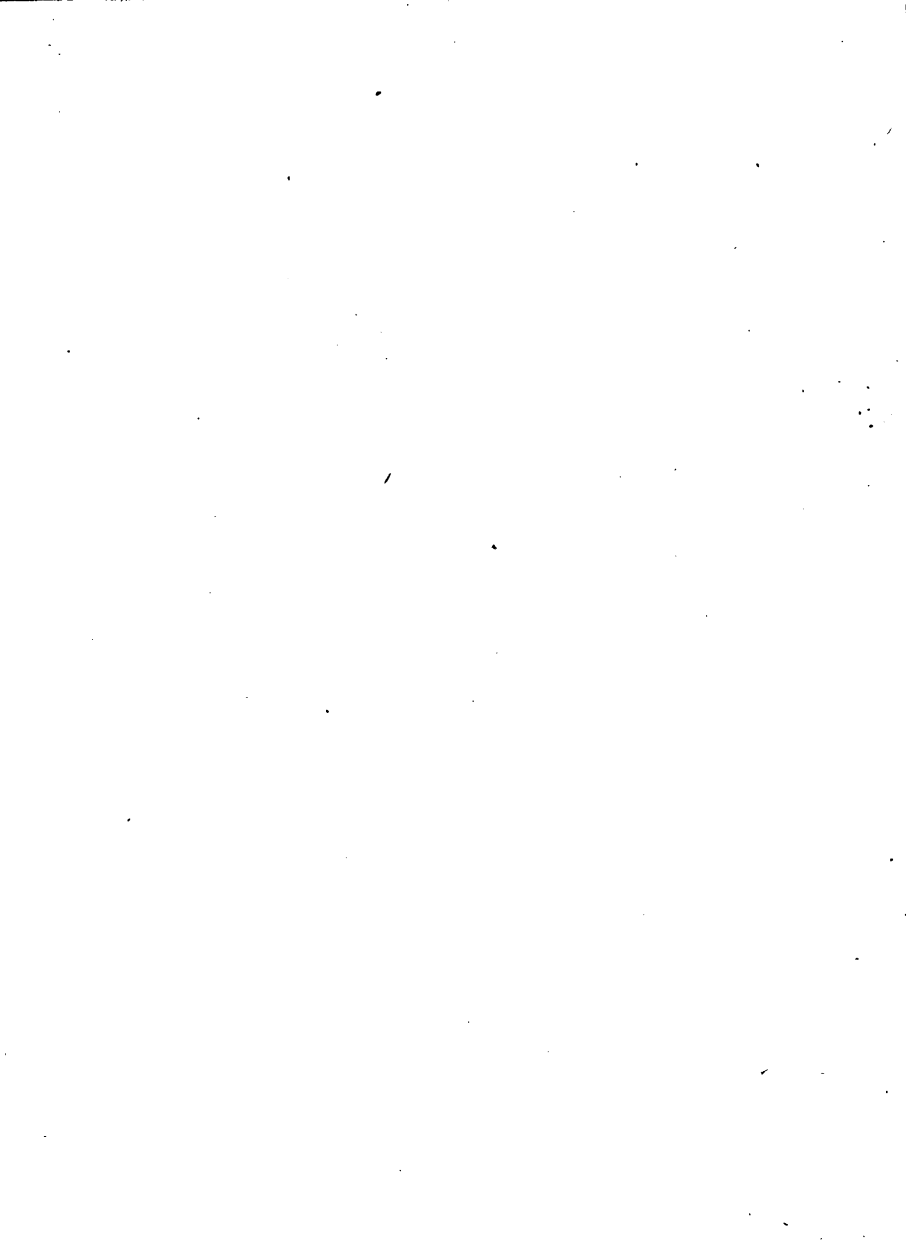


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AUTHOR OF "WALTER ASHWOOD."

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostra est farrago libelli."

—*Juvenal, Sat. L. v. 85.*



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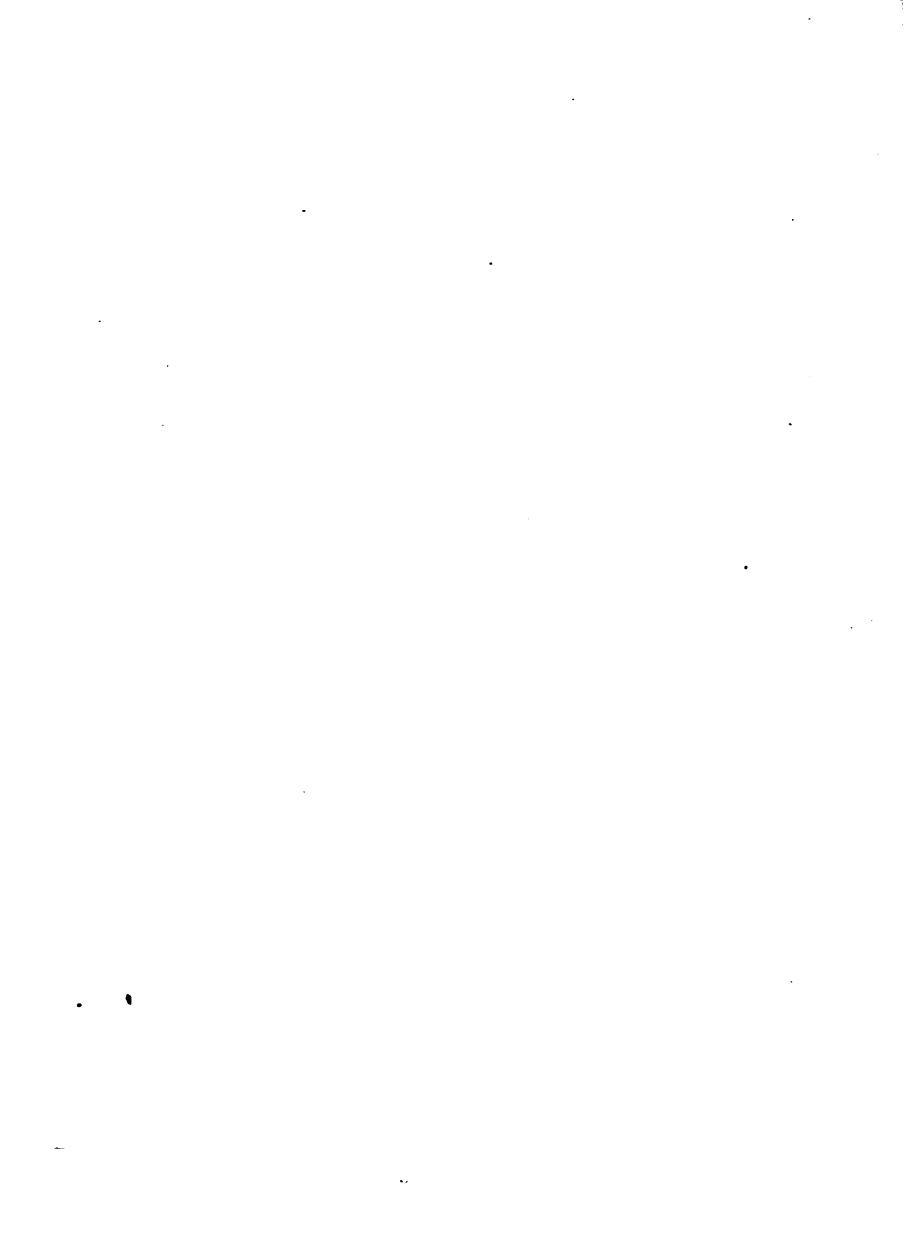


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242.
14-18.
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Ce fagotage de tant de diverses pieces se faict en cette condition, que ie n'y mets le main que lorsqu'une trop lasche oysifveté me presse, et non ailleurs que chez moy : ainsi il est bastý à diverses poses et intervalles, comme les occasions me detiennent ailleurs par fois plusieurs mois.

ESSAIS de MONTAIGNE Liv. II. Chap. XXXVII.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HE IS A GENTLEMAN - - - - -	7
SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING THE ART OF LIVING TO-	
GETHER - - - - -	33
SCRAPS FROM THE TABLE-TALK OF A SELF-EDUCA-	
TED MAN - - - - -	72
HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT - - -	108
SUPERFICIALNESS OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN LARGE	
CITIES - - - - -	120
CHILDREN: A SERMON OF THE HEART - - -	128
THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN - - - - -	136
MUSINGS OF A CITY RAILROAD CONDUCTOR - - -	145
A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A HERMIT - - -	199
MY FRIEND BOSWORTH FIELD - - - - -	209
THE DIVIDED JURY - - - - -	219
FISHING WITHOUT A MASTER - - - - -	234
DID YOU EVER SEE THE DANUBE? - - - - -	241
CANOLA: A LEGEND - - - - -	266
THE MYSTERY OF NARRAGANSETT HEIGHTS - - -	299





HE IS A GENTLEMAN.

And evermore he hadde a sovereign pris,
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit, gentil knight.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.



WHAT is a gentleman? What does the American mind ordinarily prefigure to itself as the standard to which a man must conform to be unqualifiedly acknowledged by us as a gentleman?

The word is so familiar in the ordinary speech of all our social classes, it is not unfair to presume it represents some common, if not substantially uniform idea. Doubtless there are varieties, differing in external and factitious details; but is there not still some central, seminal notion, ideal or moral type, in the general mind (about which we, as a people, do not essentially differ), of what a true man ought to be under all circumstances, which, by common consent, we designate by the expression, "a gentleman?"

The word describes a personality of such almost universal respect among us, that when one seeks to analyze and define it, there is a tendency in human frailty to impress it with a meaning wide or elastic enough to embrace the character every one fancies to be his own. If he lacks some personal trait, usually held in high esteem among men, he would fain have it deemed not essential ; so also, if he possess in a high degree some positive quality, good or bad, he would naturally desire that to be ranked either as a necessary element of the ideal gentleman, if it be good, or a matter indifferent, or wholly unimportant, if bad. Thus, common self-love is liable ordinarily to blind the eye or warp the judgment, when one attempts to unfold the meaning of this common expression. The reader, too, is possibly liable to the same infirmity in this respect as the essayist. It will not therefore be discreet perhaps to profess to speak *ex cathedra* in this matter.

In almost every popular idea there is a subtle something which, though readily recognized in the concrete, is hard to describe in the abstract. Whether in the attempt to grasp and define it, some necessary elements escape attention, or some discordant notions are embraced ; or whether, in the adjustment of the balance of concomitants, there is some miscalculation ; or whether in the thing itself as a whole, there is some inexplicable resultant from the combination of its elemental forces, which human sagacity fails to detect or language is insufficient to express ; certain it is, that in the ordinary speech of men, there is often a wide contrariety of opinion, apparent in their analyses and definitions of what seems in itself, to the popular mind, to be a very simple if not uniform idea. The topic in hand is

no exception to this rule. The difficulty seems to be the usual one : how to include all essentials, and at the same time to exclude all elements inharmonious or extraneous to the subject-matter to be defined.

The English idea of the olden time that the gentleman was merely a man who, like his ancestors from time immemorial, had "lived without work," is quite obsolete in America. It was always very wide of the mark, and could neither answer the popular logic expressed in the rude lines :

" When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman ? "

nor pacify the delicate sneer conveyed by Tennyson's seeming paraphrase :

" From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife,
Smile at the claims of long descent."

Yet undoubtedly the character of the gentleman had its first growth among that class of society whose wealth elevated its members above the sordid cares of life ; and that mysterious combination of manly virtues and courtly manners, whose discipline is abnegation of "self," and whose watchword is "honor," could not well take root or flourish among a meaner race, whose vulgar necessities forbade their cherishing and cultivating the nicer amenities of refined social intercourse.

The word is said to be of Greek or Latin origin, with perhaps a root in older tongues, derived from "*γενος*" or "*gens*," signifying "race" or "family," and in the begin-

ning had reference solely to stock or purity of blood. Bailey (in the twentieth edition of his English dictionary, published in London, A.D. 1764) defines a "gentleman" to be "a person of good or honorable extraction." Moreover he adds: "'There is more than the bare name required to the making him what he ought to be by birth, honor and merit; for let a man get never so much money to buy an estate, he cannot purchase one grain of gentility with it; but remain Jack, in the proverb, without learning, virtue and wisdom to enrich the faculties of his mind, to enhance the glory of his wealth, and to ennoble his blood; for put him into what circumstances you please, he will discover himself one time or another, in point of behavior, to be of a mean extract, awkward, ungente, and ungenerous—a gentleman at second-hand only, or a vain glorious upstart."

Gibbon favors limiting the original application of the word to the well-born. He says: "Of the words '*gentilis*,' '*gentilhomme*,' '*gentleman*,' two etymologies are produced (1) from the Barbarians of the fifth century, the soldiers, and at length the conquerors of the Roman Empire, who were vain of their foreign nobility; and (2) from the sense of the civilians who consider '*gentilis*' as synonymous with '*ingenuus*.' Selden inclined to the first, but the latter is more pure as well as probable."

A lofty conception of what constitutes the gentleman has long been a familiar image in English literature. Writers in story and song have guarded it jealously, being careful to exclude many who were claimants under assumed "right divine," while at the same time not unwilling to include some who are without self-asserted pretensions. Accordingly we find an early disclaimer of the notion that

"blood" and "race" alone necessarily make the gentleman.

Chaucer, who seems to have been, at heart, thoroughly a man of the people, bursting asunder the bonds of tradition, and appealing to the common sense of mankind in general, sang :

"And he that wol han pris of his gentrie,
For he was boren of a gentil house,
And had his elders noble and vertuouse,
And n'ill himselfe do no gentil dedes,
Ne folwe his gentil auncestrie, that ded is,
He n'is not gentil, be he duk or erl ;
For vilains sinful dedes make a cherl."

And again, as if to put beyond question his own broad catholic notions in the matter, he exclaims :

"Loke who that is most virtuous alway,
Prive and apart, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And tak him for the greatest gentleman."

Later, this subject was thought not unworthy of discussion by the learned Doctor Barrow, who says : "For what, I pray, is a gentleman ? what properties hath he ? what qualities are characteristical or peculiar to him, whereby he is distinguished from others and raised above the vulgar ? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesie ? which he that wanteth is not otherwise than equivocally a gentleman, as an image or carkase is a man ; without which gentility, in a conspicuous degree, is no more than a vain shew or an empty name."

And now the profoundest English Encyclopedists do not scruple to recognize the fact that "in its best and highest sense this word is used to denote one who not

only does what is right and just, but whose conduct is regulated by a true principle of honor that springs from that self-respect and intellectual refinement, which manifest themselves in unconstrained yet delicate manners."

An American author touches the core of the matter in the following well-digested interrogatories: "What do we mean by a gentleman? We mean in the first place a man of position and polished manners. * * But do we not mean something more? Do we not associate with the word the possession of those higher qualities, the respect for which has descended to us from the age of chivalry? Must not a gentleman be a man of honor, of truth, of courage? Must he not have a certain respect for what is weak and helpless; a detestation of all unfair advantage, a chivalrous respect for women; and must he not shrink from all that is mean, low, cowardly and degrading? In fine, must not every gentleman be a man in the fullest and highest sense of the term?"

When a person, acting under some peculiar circumstances, manifests in a high degree, self-control, self-denial, self-respect and courage combined with repose, urbanity, courtesy, delicacy, and modesty, or an undue deficiency of these traits, it is quite common to express our full approval or disapprobation of his conduct by saying of him, he acts like, or unlike, a gentleman.

When Thomson's dripping Musidora unconsciously came in unveiled loveliness under the Actæon-like gaze of young Damon, the poet says:

"A pure ingenuousness of soul,
A delicate refinement known to few,
Perplexed his breast and urged him to retire."

Nevertheless, he remained ! He had those honorable instincts. which we would be sorry to believe are only "known to few ;" but he certainly did not act like a gentleman. Taking so mean an advantage of an accident as Damon did, Thomson must have had a queer notion of a young maiden's modesty to make her allow this "peeping Tom" to escape with a whole skin ; much less to reward his shameless audacity with hopes of favor. One wonders in what "life-school" the poet studied his models. He might better have sent his hero to "Coventry," to be put in training, and get his first lesson in good manners.

So when the firm life-friend of Lord Byron stealthily uncovers the corpse of the "pilgrim," and examines his deformed feet (the secret of which the unfortunate nobleman had guarded through life, with such scrupulous jealousy, and such superstitious threatenings), one instinctively shudders at the act as a cold-blooded, sacrilegious impertinence ; and one refuses to admit the implied assumption that the obligations of honor, among gentlemen, towards each other, are limited by the condition of absolute consciousness, of what is in itself intrinsically an indignity.

But when Sir Philip Sidney, having just received his death wound on the field of battle in the Netherlands, and whilst suffering from raging thirst, is said to have given up to a dying English common soldier, the flask of water offered to himself, saying, "Thy necessity is even greater than mine," the world recognizes the act as characteristic of one of its favorite model gentlemen.

Although it be true in general that the concrete idea of the gentleman is a comparatively modern creation, yet all his essential elements are so purely human, and so

little factitious, that his prominent traits will be found existing separately from the earliest times.

Social intercourse, as all well know, could not be endured without reciprocal sacrifices, concessions and compromises. Its ideal is the largest common happiness, and practically the mere comfort of each individual is greatly dependent upon the ordinary conduct of his immediate neighbor. Socially the gentleman, by his virtues and his courtesy, makes the crooked straight, and the rough smooth, while the vulgar man is liable to mar what he touches, and to dislocate every thing. Perfect society would induce perfect human happiness. Indeed, were every woman a lady and every man a gentleman, the angels would come and dwell among us unasked.

Which was first-born, the "lady" or the "gentleman?" Are they not correlatives? Can we have the one without the other? Can we have the lady without the gentleman to sustain her? Can we have the gentleman without the lady to suggest him? Is not the gentleman woman-bred as well as woman-born? Without the lady could he long survive? Is she not his counterpart, sustained by his protection, while his character is moulded by the gentle office?

Who shall determine whether deference to womanhood is an independent trait of the gentleman; or whether this is merely one of many manifestations of that inbred gentleness of his nature, which instinctively shows itself by courteous bearing towards whatsoever is lovely, that either leans upon, or looks up to it for protection?

There may be native gentlemen in the wilds of Tartary, if so they are to be reckoned as nature's exceptions;

created to keep this jewel of manhood in the human family among every race. But the complicated machinery of refined social life, in an educated, enlightened Christian community seems necessarily to evolve the gentleman as its most valued ally ; while among barbarous peoples, existing without any conception of that exquisite combination of heroism and gallantry we call chivalry, the tendency of social opinion is naturally rather towards the laudation of mere animal strength, as man's highest development. Accordingly in Homer's poems we find demi-gods and heroes whose brutal speech and actions towards each other and their ordinary companions, could not be tolerated with our notions of human society.

The actual gentleman seems to be a purely social creation, a composition of morals and manners ; the offspring of a cultivated and refined society. He does not exist in isolation. His qualities are socially developed. He is related to our modern society as belonging to its organism. He has, for himself merely, neither caprice, eccentricity or personal will in the matter ; but is part of a system. The law of his being ignores self-gratification. He is the antipodes of the modern bohemian philosopher. Take away the spurs, restraints and amenities of society, and, as a class, he ceases to exist. He is neither aggressive, or defensive, nor yet self-seeking ; but by the law of his creation, he becomes the crowning glory of the whole social system—the model, social man. In earlier civilization, however, he is found, as has been said, only among that class, which, appropriating all the wealth of a community, alone preserved its purity of race ; and which, by self-separation from the sordid cares and menial occupa-

tions of life—with their consequent temptations and vices, alone gave full opportunity for cultivating the peculiar virtues, habits, manners, and graces of the gentleman. Hence doubtless the once popular impression already referred to, that this character can exist only by virtue of wealth, blood, and high-breeding.

A man may be learned, wise, great, nay, even good, and yet not be a gentleman. He may possess many virtues linked with one mental or moral fault or deficiency that is inconsistent and incompatible with gentlemanship. A man may be charitable and yet by his churlishness, or by his way of putting a weight of favor upon another, or by injury to another's feelings, or by a general disturbance of another's self-love, while in the very act of beneficence, sour his own good deed. The hand of his charity may weigh like a burden of lead upon your shoulders, and the very kiss of his labored pity may burn like a blister. Surely such an one is no gentleman ; however good in other respects his mere deed may be. No man who would wantonly wound the self-love of another, whatever may be their reciprocal relations or relative positions, is a gentleman.

Again, no matter how well-born a man may be, or how cultivated his mind, or how high or refined his associations, nor how polished his manners, if self-conceit, and barrenness of heart, so belittle the divine spark in his bosom, that while fancying himself superior to his fellows, he is a medley of shifts and disguises, put on to attempt to deceive, and to make him class among men for what he is not ; in short, if a man be intrinsically a snob, pity him and let him pass, for nature has forbidden him to be a gentleman.

Nay, though a man have the blood of all the Howards, and none but the bluest flow in his veins; if nobility of soul be wanting, mankind will now reject as counterfeit his claim to be classed with the fraternity of gentlemen. Indeed, as "Old Fuller" says, "How weak a thing is gentry: than which (if it wants virtue) brittle glass is the more lasting monument!"

The character of the gentleman rests upon a foundation of self-knowledge and self-mastery, with its consequent self-respect and self-assurance. He has, therefore, self-poise, or equilibrium of character and constant equanimity. He has ingrained in his nature an unquestioning faith in the eternal fitness of things, and that God governs the world. He abhors dogmatism. He may say to himself with the poet, "Wait, my faith is large in Time!" He can even believe that great wrongs will ultimately right themselves; through the mere fecundity of truth and the principles of justice, without his personal anxiety, or ill-timed fret and worry.

Besides, he will have patience, both intellectual and moral, and its accompanying repose of character, with no apparent limit. Want of patience generally implies lack of faith in the eternal harmonies of nature, and the ultimate triumph of the true and the right. Indeed, impatience springs not unusually from want of balance of character, and from some consequent tendency to exaggerate the importance of things of the present time.

From some points of view the characteristics of the gentleman seem therefore rather negative than positive, and passive than aggressive. He does not seek self-aggrandizement. He does not aim at self-assertion. Indeed he

will bear underestimation quietly ; although he may stir easily upon misinterpretation of motives or conduct when blame is imputed to him or his friend. So I apprehend conservatism will predominate in all his opinions ; and that he will not take high rank either as a reformer or an enthusiast. When that uneasy traveller Layard, in quest of statistical information, was told by his friend, the supposititious Turkish Cadi, with Oriental politeness, in effect, to mind his own business ; the soothing words, "Oh, my soul ! Oh, my lamb ! seek not after the things that concern thee not," seem to come from the soul of one who, had he not been a Turk, would have been a gentleman. Viewed in this light may we not say Gamaliel was largely animated by the spirit of the gentleman ? When the reproaches of Peter and the Apostles had cut the Sadducees to the heart, and tempted them towards sacrilegious murder, was it not the quiet reasoning of a gentleman when he advised against unnecessary contention ; saying, "If this counsel or work be of men, it will come to naught : but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it ; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God ?"

To the eye of the gentleman all things have their due relations or proportions reciprocally to each other ; and this interconnection, which requires equilibrium of forces to prevent confusion, he tacitly recognizes by an instinctive correlative law of his own harmonious being.

Was not St. Paul laying the corner-stone of the character of the gentleman of our day when he exalted the charity or love that "suffereth long and is kind ?" Was he not, led by the inspiration of the Divine Master, teaching a precept destined to revolutionize social intercourse ?

Indeed, does not the "Sermon in the Mount" contain the whole charter of the guild of gentlemen? Is not the kernel of the character involved in the lesson, "Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth?" And is not the rule, do unto others as you would they should do unto you (whether it be Indian or Christian in its origin), the initial by-law of this noble fraternity throughout the world?

Much as men may differ in their estimate of what particulars make up the complete gentleman aside from intellectual cultivation, there are some essential moral characteristics which all will agree he must possess. Chiefly among these, is that he must be "a man of honor;" faithful to all trusts express or implied, at all times and places, and under all circumstances; incapable of betraying, as of seeking a confidence; always preferring false accusation, privation, suffering, pain, nay, even death to dishonor.

What is honor but nobleness? It cannot be perfectly defined; it may, however, be described. Addison says:

"Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not."

Without a keen sense of honor, how shall we be sure of the inviolability of faith that outlasts life? Yes, honor is the flower of his character. Born of Christian precept and example, and nurtured by feudalistic chivalry and gallantry, it has something of the majesty of the former, with the perfume of the latter; and is personified in the gentleman.

It would be a grave mistake here, however, to confound honor with mere honesty. The latter falls within the category of the homely virtues of common men, while the former is the mainspring of the moral character of the gentleman. Indeed, common honesty scarcely deserves to be esteemed a great affirmative merit at all by rightly thinking men ; except, perhaps, when it has heroically conquered a severe temptation offered to some unselfish weakness or pious affection. Only in a community where roguery is common, can mere simple honesty take high rank as a positive virtue. True it does not deny any one his exact due, but this is little more than the result of a good animal instinct. Some beasts seem to possess it. Honor, however, is peculiarly an affirmative attribute of pure and lofty manhood. Honesty in general is simply the absence of all fraud in human dealings ; honor is quite that and much more besides. Honesty will unflinchingly take to itself the benefit of a doubt in its favor ; honor, however, will voluntarily give up that doubt, even to its enemy. Unquestionably the two words once had a somewhat similar meaning, but as manners and ideas refine, words are used to define and describe nicer discriminations. Honesty embraces the notion of a duty of perfect obligation rigidly imposed by moral, if not positive law. Honor obeys a self-imposed obligation. A man may be thoroughly honest, yet obtuse to many of the cardinal qualifications of a gentleman. Honesty, in its purpose, looks but little outside of self ; honor generously aims to deserve the good opinion of the best ; finding keener anguish in a moral stain or blemish than in grievous bodily wounds. Honesty guards its own goods, and loves self-interest ;

honor freely scatters its own goods and ignores self-interest ; while it gallantly protects the weak, relieves the oppressed from the grasp of cruel force, redresses the injuries of others, or defends its own pure dignity :

“ Such power there is in clear-eyed self-restraint,
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.”

So probably all will agree that the gentleman must be a thoroughly sincere man. Cunning, duplicity, dissimulation and hypocrisy generally spring from a want of moral elevation in one's self, and a low estimate of the character of others, that are inconsistent with a real nobility of nature. Sincerity comes of a noble and ingenuous disposition, that easily blossoms into frankness. Hence we expect in the gentleman uncompromising and unvarying integrity, truthfulness and candor. Yet this is no studied or artificial virtue. It grows of necessity from the tap-root of his character, which is straightforward simplicity, and an instinctive aversion to whatever is crooked, indirect, hypocritical, or false.

Chivalric justice, too, doubtless all will claim as a cardinal virtue necessary to the gentleman. He will be tolerant of wide differences of opinion, conduct, manners, or taste ; he will hold the balance steadily, despite passionate and interested controversy ; in canvassing the claims and rights of others, he will possess an intuition for liberal equity ; while in all things, and towards all men, he will insist upon fair play.

Again, it is commonly understood that he must have measureless moral courage. His self-respect rising to

pride without arrogance of feeling or haughtiness of manner, must rest upon firmness of purpose, and ripen into independence. He must be neither weak in will, lacking in bravery, or vacillating in conduct. He will not lightly peril his independence ; but will rather shrink from allowing himself to be put under any serious obligation to another, lest he should impair his freedom to speak, act or suffer, as to him shall seem becoming to his character. He will, however, abound in magnanimity, courtesy and affability ; being generous, urbane, and, in all things, as his name imports, mild and gentle. He will be slow to anger, able to bear misrepresentation with equanimity, or the provocations of malice without a blow ; nevertheless ready,

“—— greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honor's at the stake.”

So, also, although self-love sits enthroned immovable in the heart of his character ; yet the love and respect he feels for his fellow-men keeps him far from superciliousness, and covers him with a panoply of benignity. Thus he is moderate and forbearing towards the offences of others ; while self-denial, by virtue of his training and association, has become, as it were, his second nature.

The scope of this essay is not so much to attempt to furnish a satisfactory clue to the signification attached to the use of the word in question elsewhere, or at other periods of social history, as to strive to find out what is now actually the general popular idea in America, of the moral characteristics of a gentleman.

If a man lie to save himself from pain, or even to avoid undeserved disgrace, all probably would say he is no gentle-

man ; but if he do the same thing to screen a friend from dishonor, some who believe he has lost his soul, will nevertheless still admit his claim as a gentleman.

Was the voluntary, conscious suicide ever a gentleman ? Possibly as a rare exception. Though life may be laid down to avoid dishonor, yet it is not to be thrown away to escape the burden of duty, however severe. To do this is unmanly, cowardly, a breach of trust, like the act of a sentinel deserting his post ; and of necessity dishonorable and ungentlemanlike.

Can a man take a false oath to save the reputation of a friend, or do, or suffer, murder in a duel to which he is challenged in due form, according to a recognized but cruelly false "code," and yet be reckoned a gentleman ? May he destroy his neighbor's domestic happiness, and still retain his rank among gentlemen ? Is obedience to the Divine law a non-essential ? In some narrow circles of social opinion, this still seems possible ; while in general the notion of a Christian moralist would appear to be necessarily involved in the ideal of a gentleman. He is commonly called, among us, one who loathes these things under all circumstances, and who prefers death, and even disgrace before men, to crime and sin, despite whatever glamour, leniency towards human frailty, or a fiction of false honor, may bestow upon them. By the larger estimate of American opinion, it is believed the heroism of conscience will prevail over the heroism of a mistaken sense of honor, whenever they conflict in the true gentleman. Time was when none of the leading prohibitions of the Decalogue were much observed in his practical creed ; though he was seldom neglectful of the forms of religion,

manner dominating morals in his class. By degrees, however, Christian civilization has changed these things, and it may well be hoped that the day is not far distant when in describing a man as truly good, great and noble, the word "gentleman" will imply universally as much without, as with the prefix of the epithet "Christian."

Can a man who earns his bread by mere manual labor, claim successfully to be ranked as a gentleman? Generally speaking, men may say "No." Yet, if he be a lover of mankind, of pure life, with cultivated mind, refined in his tastes and associations, brave, generous and noble in soul, keenly alive to the instinct of honor, and gentle in his manners; as all these he may be, despite his occupation, his mere employment need not longer disentitle him. A gentleman, however, can do nothing of which he is himself ashamed, and cannot endure disgrace from his own act; so that if a man's occupation involve shame, even in his own eyes alone, he cannot be a gentleman. Yet this lofty ideal of manhood may shine unblendingly through all the smutch of toil; whether it be the smoke of the battlefield, the soot of the smithy, or worse. So true is it that "love and duty" may purify and sanctify many things in themselves vile and repulsive.

Can we have the gentleman without a native sensibility and inherent delicacy of sentiment? Can any degree of mental training, or any extent of cultivated association, compensate for the want of them in his nature? A man may have a good heart, be in all things well intentioned, bred to the usages of good society, and yet, if he be deficient in natural sensibility and lack delicacy, he may so often fatally blunder, where the finer feelings and complex

rights and relations of others are involved, that he cannot be comfortably, or perhaps even safely, tolerated in the guild.

The gentleman is, however, not a holiday figure. Neither need we soar above the earth to find him. His sinews and nerves, though fine, are quite likely to be modelled and compacted for strength and endurance. As trial and privation are sometimes necessary to develop the resources of our human nature ; so if a man have suffered, it will give depth, richness and sweetness to his character. While sorrow hardens the vulgar heart, it mellows the gentle and sensitive, when brave and noble.

Among the airy touches of this fine figure must not be forgotten, though hard to depict, a certain inviolable personality, a sanctity of person, a *noli me tangere*, an I-know-not-what kind of half awe-inspiring presence that checks gross familiarity, and forbids a personal liberty.

Can it be asked if he is liable to so mean a trait as envy ? Shall we not rather say the inborn love of his fellow-men that shines through all his actions, gives him joy for the good-fortune of others, whatever may befall himself ?

Nor is he prone to lend a listening ear to the tale told to the discredit of another. He will choose to wait wisely for the proofs, or the possible explanation that rather follows than precedes impeachment, because it cannot innocently, or without suggesting self-accusation, anticipate the offensive charge.

In the personal intercourse of gentlemen, there is a sort of "freemasonry" by which they mutually understand, and even unconsciously protect each other. Among common men it is often dangerous to be fairly familiar—to throw

off the mask of manner worn before the general public, and appear frank and ingenuous in matters simply personal. They cannot always discriminate between what of necessity is sacredly confidential, and what is indifferent or immaterial. They lack the self-appreciation to comprehend the high estimate of themselves implied by your very confidence. In your intercourse with them, if you chance to lapse into talk of private or purely personal matters, your happiness may be put at hazard, and for the moment, nay, possibly forever, you may be in their power, and at the mercy of their lack of prudence ; not indeed because they are at all evil-minded, but because they do not instinctively know how much they have been personally trusted. If you tell a secret to a gentleman, it is none the less a secret to all the world besides. It is not a possession he covets for its value to himself, or for its use. He takes it unwittingly from you, purely by the magnetism of personal sympathy. He is often rather fettered in his free-will by the unsought knowledge thus acquired, of which he would gladly be rid. But this secret put into the possession of a man of coarser mould and lower breeding, makes you his bond-slave perhaps forever. However good may be his intentions towards you, his obtuseness and indiscretion may at any moment lead him to betray you into perils perhaps worse than death. On the contrary, among gentlemen, by a tacit understanding and an instinctive appreciation, this freedom of speech merely follows perfect equality, and is simply a genial familiarity among equals. Necessarily it is implied and understood, that all talk is confidential when the subject-matter is secret or purely personal. Of course I need not speak of the inviolability

of a secret accidentally possessed. I may safely assume my reader to be outside the "criminal classes."

Erskine, in a fine passage, touching upon the restraints of honor among gentlemen, says: "Many things are indeed wrong and reprehensible, that neither do nor can become the object of criminal justice, because the happiness and security of social life, which are the very end and object of all law and justice, forbid the communication of them; because the spirit of a gentleman, which is the most refined morality, either shuts men's ears against what should not be heard, or closes their lips with the seal of honor. This tacit but well understood and delightful compact of social life is perfectly consistent with its safety."

The phrenologist would probably say that the perfect gentleman must be endowed by nature with some "developments" in a large degree. He should have "Self-esteem" to such extent as to give him pride, independence, dignity, nobleness, magnanimity, manliness, and intense self-respect. However, to temper the activity of this leading trait, and to check its tendency to egotism, arrogance, imperiousness, and superciliousness, he must be largely possessed also of "Conscientiousness," "Benevolence," "Ideality," and finally, "Agreeableness:" "Conscientiousness" to breed in him the love of justice, an instinctive sense of right, a sensitiveness to the obligations of duty, with unqualified integrity and truthfulness; "Benevolence" to inspire him with humanity, to fill his bosom with kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men, to make him self-sacrificing, and in all things generous; "Ideality," to throw over all his aspirations and actions a high-toned sense of propriety, coupled with good taste and

refinement, to keep his honor beyond even the suspicion of blemish, to impart to him natural purity of feeling, and to give his manner grace and elegance ; and, perhaps not least, to finish the picture, " Agreeableness " to make him bland, pleasant and persuasive in his intercourse with the world.

It remains, perhaps, to say yet a few words, more especially about manners. Of course it is not worth while to say much. They vary with time, place and circumstance. Custom chiefly controls them. They are for the most part petty in themselves, still they are not unimportant in their relation to social intercourse. Some ideas on the subject seem to be universally accepted. Cordiality and geniality among equals ; urbanity and courtesy towards inferiors, seem to be deemed essentials ; modesty of demeanor, mildness and gracefulness in action are by no means to be overlooked. There are also some items that may be spoken of more in detail. Speech is a great matter. It is commonly understood that a gentleman will not speak inaccurately, hastily, or carelessly, either in tone or substance. Both the matter and manner of his talk are parts of the man. His voice and intonations are in harmony with the perfection of his moral nature. He will not by immature speech misrepresent himself, or put it in the power of others to misrepresent him. Neither will he thus improvidently waste his opportunity of using his rightful influence.

So in conversation all agree that he shall be simple, frank, unaffected, delicate, unassuming, yielding to and studious of the pleasure of others ; never inquisitive, avoiding impertinent or vain interrogatives, neither suggesting

disagreeable comparisons, or narrating, or too willingly listening to a narrative of, the ill-fortune or shortcomings of his fellow-men.

Perhaps one should speak, not so much of his manners, which necessarily vary with his associates and familiars, without saying a word more of what is called his "manner,"—a matter far less important now, however, than in former days. His air and deportment are usually characteristically noble. You expect to find a steady, open, unabashed look, yet with no undue assurance, or any approach to superciliousness, nay, with an air of deference ; a firmness of tread, an easy self-assured presence, yet a modest general bearing, without the shade of a suggestion of inferiority, but rather of reciprocation of good-nature and good-will. Dignified he will be, always, for he has a high though just estimate of himself that never wavers ; although he is far from haughtiness and austerity, and is not prone to utter what is uppermost in his thoughts, until the occasion shall be quite fitting for it. Nor will any dispute that quietness predominates in his manner. Cultivating in all things a nice sense of propriety, he is never loud, or rude ; nor yet too fastidious ; an acquired and self-begotten temperance and habitual self-possession giving him smoothness and grace of demeanor. If he may be also polished, nay, elegant in his manner, it will give him a charm that may serve to conquer the esteem and admiration, nay, win the love of mankind, when his real virtues might otherwise be slower in finding general recognition. Indeed we revolve in a circle, and return to the point of first departure, when we say again we shall find him in all things gentle, while in all things a man ;

"a veray parfit gentil knight," cherishing (as Chaucer says) "trouthe, honour, freedom and courtesie," for the sake of his manhood and love of his fellow-men; "and of his port as meke as is a mayde," for the sake of his breeding and love of his order.

There are also certain little niceties of behavior towards self and others often referred to, implying great respect for his own person; visible in neatness, decorousness of posture, gait and gesture, and in his carefulness in keeping it sacred from gross familiarities of others; which are perhaps not unimportant tests of the manner of the gentleman. Art may acquire these traits, as they are the ordinary result of good association and careful training; but they are apparently instinctive and a matter of course to the true gentleman, whatever his opportunities, be he high or low in birth. They must not, however, be confounded with certain affectations of fastidiousness that sometimes crop out in mere prudery; whether such vain pretences be original in their impulse or arise only from vicious example.

Care must, therefore, be taken not always to give full credit to a mere gentlemanlike exterior manner. If it be the reflex of a good heart and noble disposition, it may have the true guinea-stamp; but if merely an artificial varnish, it may disappear at any crisis, when the substance of which it is the semblance is most wanted. To illustrate: in case of a vital emergency, as of fire or shipwreck, while the gentleman is easily generous, gallant, self-sacrificing, brave and heroic, the counterfeit is prone to betray a brutal nature. His watchword is, *Sauve qui peut*. The instant the enamel of his character is cracked, the coarse

clay of common pottery is visible even to the casual eye.

In this category of petty details one might easily set down some things too frequent with ordinary men, which gentlemanliness forbids. It would perhaps fall a little beneath the tone of this essay to enumerate these prohibitions here. Among common men such rules are trifles light as air, and as easy of transgression ; but among gentlemen they are trivial, only because impossible to be violated.

Possibly, however, we should not spare mention of dress. Polonius well said in his day that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," and now the whole of civilized society, in that respect, inclines to be Parisian. In truth the old courtier was so well read in the wise saws of his time, touching the general bearing and character of a gentleman, that it is hardly fair wholly to omit (among so much that is unavoidably trite in these pages) his oft quoted words of advice to his son Laertes, when setting out upon his travels :

"Give every man thine ear but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.

* * * * *

This above all : To thine own self be true."

But perhaps there is no better description of gentleman-like deportment in general than that of the late Lord Brougham ; whose commonly reputed little claim to it in his own manner may have left him the more free to describe it impartially in others, as—"abnegation of self, equable manner, equal good-humor on all subjects of talk, undistinguishing courtesy to all persons."

It is well that society keeps this exalted idea lovingly before the popular mind. It is very precious to the human race. It elevates, it ennobles, it refines the general mass of mankind, wherever it is held in esteem. It combines all that is most enduringly amiable in human nature. It is a common centre about which humanity may rally ; and it is readily recognizable throughout the civilized world. Indeed it would not be a very imperfect test of the civilization and refinement of any community to ascertain what characteristics now make up its ideal of "a gentleman ;" for without such an ideal it can hardly be well said to have either any true social civilization or real refinement at all. The recognized existence of this lofty standard of human excellence restrains violence, composes strifes, softens social asperities, encourages virtue, develops good, cherishes faith, strengthens human weakness and ennobles humanity in all its relations, in whatever society it prevails. Lighted on its way by the far-streaming beams of the lamps of Christianity and Chivalry, it moves in a direction opposite to barbarism ; becoming more perfect only as it recedes from a primitive social state, where violence and passion prevail ; and looks forward to its final triumph in the universality of peace and good-will among men.



SUGGESTIONS TOUCHING THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER.

I.

PRELIMINARY.

SOCIAL life is a quiet pathway to human happiness. Yet he who does not find it by this road, seldom reaches it at all. Man is by nature almost wholly social. By society alone, is our human nature harmoniously developed. True self-love and social are the same. The social is the true, and indeed the only real "state of nature," as we know it. Like all other good things in this life, however, society demands sacrifices; although it yields abundant compensations. The law of minor morals, if not imperatively binding on the conscience, still has its revenges for disobedience.

Both delicacy and good manners are indispensable ingredients in all harmonious and happy social intercourse; delicacy to appreciate and know what others have a right to expect of us, and what it is our duty to do, or concede to them; good manners to perform gracefully those obligations, and to avoid doing what may justly give offence. The lines of distinction between what ought to be done,

and what must not be done in these relations, are often narrow and difficult to define. Moral sense alone is not always a sure guide ; there seems to be needed, also, a kind of social conscience that shall, as it were with a seeming intuition, almost instinctive, prompt us to apprehend what is right or wrong in the artificial vicissitudes of our intimate associations.

Nevertheless, society is old, and the writings of sages, and the common speech of men are alike full of golden words of coined wisdom, fit to guide those who are willing to be instructed ; so that, with a good heart and a determined purpose, he who exercises ordinary observation need rarely err seriously in such matters. Still, a constant practice of good-will towards others, and a continual vigilance over self-love are essential to success in the art of so living together, as to make ourselves and others happy. And the elements of that daily beauty we admire in the lives of those we love, though possibly minute as the dust upon the butterfly's wings, are not beneath the notice of the thoughtful, or unworthy the consideration of the wise, however trite may seem the apparent truisms that embody them.

II.

FAMILIARITY.

A wise distinction of old Polonius, the politic, was, "be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." In a comparatively new society, like that largely prevailing in America, few common precepts of good manners are so

liable to be disregarded. It is, indeed, except through a facility acquired by practice in good society, no easy matter at all times thus to keep individuality intact, and self-respect undisturbed, while, at the same time, maintaining that free and candid interchange of thought, speech and action, which is necessary to the continuance of cordial intimate association.

III.

A CRITICAL SPIRIT.

In the intercourse of the domestic circle, each member, while allowed a latitude approximating to license, is necessarily compelled to obey some arbitrary rules of speech and action, in order to subserve a general harmony. Whenever, by neglect of them, the passions are aroused, or self-love is wounded, the serpent enters Eden.

In social life the possession and exercise of a critical spirit is an unmixed evil. Although open praise or flattery be not pleasing to all, few or none are so amiable as to be wholly undisturbed by needless fault-finding. To descry merit and to extol excellence, though less easy, are far better contributions to the happiness of our familiar associates, than to risk giving offence by gratuitous cavil, whether at the curable, or the unavoidable. Besides, the domestic critic is generally regarded as a common enemy. No one loves him; and by general consent no one heeds him, in a way to profit by his suggestions. Where we are fond, we are not censorious. When the Fairy Queen Titania was bewitched by the glamour of

love, her eye was enthralled to the coarse shape of Nick Bottom, the weaver, although he was topped by "an asse's nowl :"

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus.

Some there are, however, who love husband, wife or child so devotedly, that they fondly seek to make absolutely perfect the object of their affection, according to their own special notion of perfection. Infatuated by this desire they would fain instruct. To this end they cavil, they reprove, they enchain, they enslave. But it is usually mistaken kindness. Like the attempt, in the fable, to wash the poor blackamoor white, they irritate and flay, but the whiteness they seek does not appear. Besides, this home critic is often self-deceived; it is probably vanity, or a consciousness of fancied superiority, and not unalloyed affection, that prompts his captious spirit thus uselessly to annoy his fellow-mortals.

Domestic life may be compared to machinery, having an almost countless number of small wheels, making much friction to be overcome. A liberal allowance of the oil of forbearance is necessary to easy, regular, and quiet movement. An endless multiplicity of trifles constitute the whole system. Each individual may well have a separate mode of reaching the particular end in view. It is not to be expected that all should think, feel, or act alike in unessential particulars. Indeed, it is not to be desired. Variety commonly supplies the aroma of domestic life: uniformity in petty details would unavoidably tend to make all intercourse flat and insipid.

Forgetful of this, how often is the temper soured by

friendly but impertinent suggestions of a different mode of doing what is already being done well enough. Many matters are too small to permit the attention of more than one mind. Did any two persons ever agree as to the precise manner a particular candle should be extinguished ? or a winter fire built or mended ? Uncalled-for interference in the matter of such insignificant trivialities will sometimes irritate more than unwarranted rebuke for imputed grievous wrong-doing.

A discreet silence, and a judicious blindness in respect to some minute real offences, will often save the peace of a household ; where severe comment would afford no possible benefit, and might bring on an explosion. The kind and tender heart suppresses the exercise of the critical and judicial faculties, in domestic jurisdiction. It teaches one to believe,

" it is not meet

That every nice offence should bear his comment ; "

but rather that,

" A friend should bear his friend's infirmities."

Generally speaking, in familiar intercourse, can one be too careful, in expressing opinions of conduct or motives, where such opinions may tend to injure another's feelings ? The act in question may appear wrong, the motive may seem bad, and for truth's or principle's sake, under some circumstances, it might be a duty to denounce it. But in the social circle, ill-timed rebuke is apt to beget hatred and not contrition. If duty require some notice of the matter, is it not better to do it privately, and after a fair hearing ? Thus, possibly, one may do nothing but good.

The captious spirit, also, often betrays its possessor into gross errors of judgment ; besides destroying amiability of character. Should one look narrowly or curiously into the motives of a good action ? If the deed be worthy, may we not praise it, and be content ? When we begin to speculate concerning motives, we wander in a boundless sea, often without soundings, star or compass ; and where not seldom every tide and current is treacherous. A thousand causes, of which we are unconscious, may warp our judgment ; and one may easily condemn a fellow-being, whom the Searcher of all hearts would acquit :

“ What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.”

It is, perhaps, a troublesome matter to determine how far, in familiar intercourse, one should correct mistaken statements of fact, as well as combat opinions clearly erroneous. It must greatly depend, however, upon the character and temperament of the one in fault, as well as of those of the mentor himself. The merit of so doing, if any, lies in the honesty and kind intention of the suggestion ; for it may not be fair dealing, at all times, to allow a person to misstate a matter, either of fact or opinion, with our apparent acquiescence. Besides, where opinions conflict, to speak frankly tends to equalize knowledge, and improve the intelligence of the circle. All will agree, however, that it may not be done in a wanton, unkind, or even careless spirit—nor with a show of arrogance or superiority. In fact, unless done tenderly and conscientiously, its harm is liable to be greater than its good. If it be not likely to be received graciously—if the self-love of

the one who blunders be so near the surface that he had rather continue in ignorance than be exposed, as often happens, then, at least in social life, it is better to be silent while,

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone,"

than to spoil a temper or make an enemy. It is not morally necessary for every one to set a light in every dark place. Besides, it is more than probable that, in the Lord's good time, some mortifying exhibition of ignorance, made to hostile ears, will yet chasten the spirit of one who is too vain to be thankful for a friendly suggestion. Thus, the good end may be accomplished by another hand, and friendship remain unbroken.

If, however, one desires to know the truth in matters where one is personally concerned, he must keep self-love under the strictest guardianship, and not allow it to be often seen, or its existence too plainly recognized. Let this caution be omitted, let sagacious people know that your self-love is on the alert; so long as they care for your friendship or favor, they will probably never tell you an unwelcome truth, likely to disturb it.

There are some pragmatistical people who are never content to allow a person to have a peculiarity. They seem to forget that no two human beings are precisely alike, either in character or mode of conduct. They will always

be meddling with and controverting the ways of others, which are unlike their own. This seems to be with some almost an infatuation, or at least a very self-fascinating way of being unamiable, and of unfitting one for social popularity.

It is not well to expect too much of others. To be amiable, and to cultivate the art of living together harmoniously, and therefore happily, it seems one must not be too ambitious. One may not set up what he fancies to be a high standard of reason or excellence ; a rigid rule of logic ; a pure model of taste ; and then expect and strive to bring all others around him to square their conduct, their thoughts, their opinions, their speech, their likes and their dislikes, to a conformity with this splendid ideal. On the contrary, a large element of real modesty of thought, speech and action, is commonly understood to be essential to harmony in the social circle. When one member of a friendly coterie evinces a vigilant and restive consciousness of superior ability, knowledge or experience, he soon finds he has hit upon one of the most certain methods of making himself disagreeable to those around him. If your neighbor prefers to believe that the stars influence his conduct, without his volition, why should you seek to disturb his harmless convictions ? Ought not the fact that he does so believe, rather to satisfy you at once that he is entrenched in a triple mail, that no reasoning of yours can penetrate ? Why make him an enemy by striving to make him uncomfortable in what you believe to be his illusion ? Let us assume your superior wisdom. You cannot teach one who does not wish to learn. You only harden him in his folly (if such it be), by arousing in him that provoking obstinacy

which has perhaps been given him as the sheet-anchor of a weak mind.

Personal criticism is, therefore, well characterized, as "the pest of domestic life." It may be merely the outcropping of a censorious disposition. It is too often, however, bottomed upon a mistaken assumption of mental and moral superiority in the dispenser of it. Sometimes, too, it is said to be intended as a mode of vindication of one's own superior sagacity, purely by meanly "decrying the good sense of others."

In affairs of the world at large, men deal at arm's-length, and by preserving a respectful distance from their fellows, may easily avoid many of the petty jars that happen where greater familiarity prevails. If superior sagacity and wisdom enable us to see the faults of our familiar friends, or superior virtue acquit us of similar failings, may we not better so exercise those stronger powers of mind and heart in self-restraint, as to avoid a reflection upon his weakness, rather than so as to humiliate our weaker brother? Social intercourse is the wine of life; and possibly we may thus contrive to avoid disturbing the lees, while we joyfully drain the cup.

IV.

INTERDEPENDENCE.

It is never to be forgotten how thoroughly dependent we are upon each other for happiness in social life. No matter how strong a man may be, nor how independent he may sometimes seem, he is bound by a thousand invisible

social ties from pursuing his individual will. Seldom does any one even appear to choose his part in any phase of life. Accident or circumstance generally controls. Even if one be so bold or so fortunate as to select one path from many, it is at the best but a choice of limitations. As society is older than any individual man, so is it stronger, and governs accordingly. The prestige of a man's class or order in society generally holds him as tightly as the spider's web enmeshes the helpless fly. *Noblesse oblige* is engraved, in some sense, upon the yoke borne by us all. Seeing this is so, no man can be held fully accountable for his course of life, in like manner, as if he had absolutely the liberty of free-will. It becomes us, then, to be somewhat wary how we cavil with the conduct, opinions, or manners of any one, until we know how far the trammels of his class have restrained his liberty of thought, speech, or action.

Rightly considered, this interdependence is, however, one of the great balance-wheels of individual equanimity. Individualization leads to isolation ; while isolation tends to exaggeration of some things and underestimate of others. By this process the mind is led to look upon its surroundings in false relations. Hence, from thinking of one's self simply as disconnected with society, a man's mind is unhinged, and his views of life become wholly erroneous ; then with real trouble, and often with nothing but the semblance of it, comes despondency, and in extreme cases even suicide. This is sometimes a bad result from a mistaken use of the maxim, " Know thyself." The self-knowledge that comes from morbid introspection, consequent upon individual isolation, is worse than useless. It is false and poisonous to mental health. Far better for such an one

to adopt as a motto, "Forget thyself." The true view of human life, as common sense teaches, is outwards and not inwards. It is not to be considered that I am a mere man—wholly individual and rightfully isolated ; but rather that because a man, I am a link in an endless chain, with ancestors, descendants and collaterals, touching all space and all time, and, moreover, that this life is not a segregated thing, abandoned to my irresponsible control, but a part of a scheme of immortal existence, embracing the race through all ages, past and future. By the opposite process a man logically finds the littleness, nay, the utter insignificance of life, so that its extinction is a trifle—making scarcely a ripple in the stream of time ; while by this mode of contemplating his "being's end and aim," such a casualty as self-destruction produces a shock to the whole moral system of creation. Naturally, then, in this light he turns away from the horrid suggestion, as from a thing forbidden by the very organic law of his moral nature as a social being.

V.

OFFICIOUSNESS.

It is not very good for the peace of families to be too sympathetic. To preserve harmony here, the best feelings must be kept in check, so that they do not inopportunately act upon others. To feel kindly is well, to proffer assistance in trifles, as in matters of more importance, may be well, if it be well received. But what shall be done if it give offence? Suppose it necessarily and obviously implies

superiority? Suppose it disturbs another's self-love? Suppose it molests and interrupts the thoughtful pursuing of a method or plan, undeveloped to, and perhaps unsuspected by, the looker on? Then how soon may it become impertinent, and be felt to be rank intermeddling? It is a delicate task sometimes to draw the line between what will be received as officious, and what shall be recognized as a manifestation of genuine solicitude for the welfare of a fellow-being. Here is the opportunity for tact and good sense, to guide the promptings of a good heart. The same act or suggestion will sometimes be graciously received by a fair friend on Monday, and rejected with scorn and resented as offensive on Tuesday. Who shall guide us among such treacherous shoals? Is it not better to leave good undone, than to do mischief, though with good intentions? Human nature we find to be a frail and susceptible thing. The difficulty in the matter, however, does not always lie so much in the act, which may be assumed to be well meant and possibly really beneficial, as in a misconception of, or want of nice attention to, the temper or mood of the recipient.

VI.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

In the American home, it is sometimes no easy question to decide who shall be the acknowledged head of the family in purely domestic matters. There is usually so much liberty claimed and accorded to a wife and children, and so much responsibility devolved upon the wife alone, that

the total subordination on her part, enjoined by the Christian marriage service, seems somewhat incompatible with her actual position and duties. Besides, so large a part of the household falls under her entire management, that if her husband attempt to control, he often thwarts her wisest plans. Moreover, it would generally take too much time for her to consult with him in such affairs; while many of them are probably too small for the joint occupation of the attention of two such large and independent minds.

It is well, perhaps, when the husband and father is at least tacitly assumed to be the supreme head of the family, by general recognition. Where this is felt to be untrue in fact, there is liable to be a state of anarchy, breeding constant domestic discord and discontent. Yet, if he values his peace, probably, he will aim to control only in general matters; or, as Professor Greenleaf once put it, "to give the casting vote," in case of vital disagreement. One might say it is discreet if the husband is content "to reign" and to allow the wife "to govern" in most domestic concerns.

Most fortunate, perhaps, are those families among us where the husband's happiness is not too much dependent upon the management of the details of the household. Such an one may avoid the petty annoyances of a system he cannot control, without arousing the ill-will of others. Happy is that man, the cynic would say, whose sources of enjoyment are not quite limited to the four walls of his house. He is then always welcome there. He has not a savagely critical eye for the apparent dislocation of order in household matters, when precipitated by feminine ca-

price, or juvenile whimsicality. So, also, if colors be confused, or discord prevail, or general chaos be suggested, by the efforts towards interior decoration, made by the inventive mind of the "rising generation," his peace is undisturbed ; his inner world is not invaded ; he eats the food the gods provide, and blesses his stars that the substantial comforts of life are permitted to him, though mutely reflecting that some amenities, possible under a better system, are denied him.

VII.

INTERROGATIONS.

There is a small vice not uncommon in the ordinary intercourse of a considerable class, of which something might be said a little severely. It is the besetting sin of some persons to allow their conversation to run chiefly into the form of interrogatories. However fond one may be of talking, whether by way of diversion or giving information, there is something in our moral composition which makes us give grudgingly in response to very frequent questioning. We seem to say wincingly to our eager interviewer : "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery."

Whether it be that we prefer to tell only so much as pleases us, and in the way we choose to say it ; or whether this vicious style of conversation seems to subordinate our self-importance to the will of the self-elected questioner ;

or whether there be, though not obvious, some better reason, it is very certain that something provokes our resentment, and chokes the gush of confidential disclosure, when our listener tries to exhaust us by the short cut of too pointed interrogation. We begin at once to suspect his impartiality ; to imagine he has a theory in his hand, and is attending only to such facts as tend to sustain it. We fancy he is not in accord with us, or following our lead ; but that he has a covert design of his own, wholly out of harmony with our individual purpose. Now, while truth is rounded and perfect, fact is partial and one-sided. Whoever will learn all the facts of a case, may come at the truth ; but when we are put under the ordeal of a running fire of questions, if we attempt to answer civilly, we are made to omit many naturally attendant circumstances necessary to a truthful statement of what we would relate, and often unavoidably to produce a false impression. How many a slander has unwittingly bred its own wings in this vile way !

This is generally supposed to be a specially American folly, springing, perhaps, from too great eagerness in pursuit of knowledge. In other countries, as well as largely among ourselves, it is justly regarded as a rudeness not easy to pardon. Not only is it generally an impertinence ; it is, as already said, also an impediment to free and unreserved conversation. Moreover, it puts the party questioned at another serious disadvantage. The questioner gives nothing, but takes all. After being thus interviewed, one has some of the sensations a flower may be supposed to feel, after the busy bee's visit—if not sucked dry, at least deflowered of all sweetness. One is led away uncon-

sciously out of the track of their own thought, into the toils of the curious inquirer. One, therefore, as has been said, unwittingly gives partial views, and broken glimpses of what should be seen wholly, if misconception would be avoided. Your interrogator stands, as it were, aloof, wholly uncommitted, while you place yourself wholly in his power, by the words he puts in your mouth, which to you are often of one meaning, while to him they purport something very different. He has a fixed purpose in his contriving brain, and is weaving a net to ensnare you while you are an innocent victim, involuntarily giving proof, perhaps against your best friend, perhaps against yourself, for which he is secretly holding a grand inquest before your face. Long before you begin to suspect his intent, you have confessed or given conclusive evidence of the damning proof he is in quest of ; when another word might explain or wholly reverse his unjust conclusion ; but, alas, judgment is rendered against your case already, and that, too, upon your own *cognovit*.

This is, perhaps, too serious a view of the matter ; but in its lighter phases it is scarcely less annoying. High-bred people, or those of much natural refinement, in whatever walk of life, rarely or never but by accident, err in this respect. There is an instinctive feeling in every right-minded person that every human being has a reserve of personality, upon which no one has a right wantonly to trespass or even to seem to intrude. When you take what another gives in conversation, the graceful reciprocities of life sweeten human intercourse ; but when, instead of congenial response, you assume this menacing attitude of "stand and deliver," the instinct of self-preservation,

naturally and promptly, drives your shrewd collocutor into formality and reserve.

Nevertheless, it may happen that this depravity of manners will sometimes beset well-meaning people who have had good associations. It may come to this class from excessive sympathy, and eagerness to put themselves in possession of what concerns their friends, in order the more readily to give vent to their honest fellow-feeling. Though in itself so essentially vulgar, it may thus spring out of pure thoughtless good-will. In this way the indiscriminating may sometimes be led to overstep the bounds of propriety ; and while moving on the line of sympathetic interest, to wander unconsciously into the wide domain of impertinent curiosity.

VIII.

SOCIAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

How many of the misunderstandings that embitter social life grow up accidentally, and wholly irrespective of either the will or intent of the parties to them. Often they arise from the mere circumstance of our speaking and acting together (without knowing it), as it were, from cross-purposes. In the familiarity, and often necessary absence of continuity, of social intercourse, we do not ordinarily stop to inquire if our auditor's thought be quite on the same plane with our own, or if his receptivity be susceptible of the impressions we are striving to produce, or if he be not preoccupied, or if his mind be not filled with associations which from some obscure or casual affin-

ity of word or sound, or some curious juxtaposition of incident, will affiliate oddly with the thought or fact we wish, by mere words, to present to his inattentive ear. When this results in involuntary absurdity, the surprise occasioned by its detection is as droll as pure humor. Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" is a well known illustration of this idea. With the frank, the unsuspecting and the simple-minded, harm seldom comes in this way. But when from morbid temperament, or temporary odd-humor, or preoccupation, or other accidental circumstance, the hearer misconceives or misconstrues every word spoken, and every act done in connection therewith, an accidental spark may be thrown, by the speaker, upon an unseen train of explosions in the mind of another, and great social mischief be the result. I have known a misapprehension thus engendered tear asunder two faithful hearts; leaving them to go through life as strangers, with the enigma ever unsolved:

"A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, or a thought unguessed,
And souls that were kindred may live apart,
Never to meet or know the truth."

Perhaps one useful result of idle gossip may be a multiplication of the chances that, through much talking, what the proud sometimes suffer unjustly to corrode their hearts in secret, may come to be hinted and explained; thus reaching the ears of those who would never seek or give opportunity for explanation.

IX.

JUDGING OTHERS FROM TRIVIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

Cognate to the last topic is a dangerous tendency in some minds forthwith to condemn others, without the opportunity of a hearing or explanation, upon the mere appearance of convicting circumstances. It is the besetting vice of a suspicious or jealous disposition. Social life is full of miseries resulting from this unfortunate habit.

We often adjudge the innocent guilty, without their ever being conscious of the supposed offence charged against them. How many bitter heart-burnings, nay, how many heart-breakings might be spared if society could feel itself justified to adopt the time-honored maxim of the English Common Law, which presumes innocence until guilt is proved before the face of the accused. Who has not known instances of loving hearts riven asunder, and going down to the grave with an impassable gulf between them, because of the misinterpretation of some fact of petty words, acts or omissions which accident, pride, or misplaced resentment has forbidden to be explained?

X.

SNUBBING.

If we wish to inspire or retain the esteem or affection of another, we are careful not to do any act, or make any speech to him, or concerning him, tending to degrade or

belittle him ; whether it be in his own eyes directly, or to the sense of his associates. Some degree both of independence and self-respect is necessary as the basis of character in every one capable of a love or esteem that is reliable, or can give any promise of endurance, or indeed is at all worth having. The attachment of a slave to his master may be laid out of consideration, as not being within the scope of this homily. I assume the sense of manhood to remain intact. Neither independence or self-respect, however, can long exist, much less grow or flourish, if the root of self-love be wholly eradicated. When you snub your lover or friend, so as to wound his feelings before the world, or in any manner to impair his self-love, degrading him in his own eyes or consciously in the eyes of his neighbor, you, at least, make him less capable of sincere affection towards you ; even if you do not also make him altogether hostile. If he be weak, or not magnanimous, and self-interest shall induce him to conceal his wound, he may grow callous to your assault ; thenceforth you cherish a hypocrite who will certainly fail you, and leave you in the lurch, when you have most need to depend upon him. If he be strong and noble, he will doubtless resent your affront ; you will repent and probably apologize ; he may be reconciled, but you will be nevertheless a little humiliated ; and the many-twisted cord of friendship thus once rudely severed, though but for an instant, can never be quite restored to its original strength and beauty. No splicing of the disjointed parts can give you back that unsuspecting confidence you reposed in the band which had never been broken.

XI.

DIGNITY.

A lively sense of comparative personal worth seems important, not only to preserve a man's character and motives pure, but also to put and keep him in proper relations with his fellow-men, in their daily reciprocal social intercourse. It is not necessary wholly to approve the sentiment (as we remember it), *quand je me regarde, comme je suis, je me méprise; mais, quand je me compare, je m'admire*; and yet there is a grain of consoling philosophy in it, to be commended to him who too deeply feels his own insignificance. Let us rather say, humility before God, but dignity before men. It is well with man or woman to stand so loftily in their own eyes, they cannot be induced to stoop to any thing low, mean, or dishonorable, under whatever pressure of temptation or tyranny. It is a good thing to contemplate and appreciate, when this power of resistance, to unworthy allurements or oppression, has its root in personal pride, and the serene necessity of one's own character. But when nature has been niggardly to one in this matter, the restraint of a recognized obligation to the opinion of one's own order in society, merely as a substitute for some of the attributes of a true native manhood, is not to be wholly despised. This fealty is the source, open or secret, of much factitious virtue in the world; nay, sometimes seems to hold society together, when it might otherwise be in danger of shipwreck. Notwithstanding, it were far better every one should be able to

appropriate the words of Macbeth, and say to himself instinctively :

“ I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.”

Given, however, this consciousness of worth, this appreciation of what is due to us from others, and this native dignity of manner ; still one may not wisely forget to cherish the sweetness of the demeanor of modesty, and the grace of condescension. It becomes us to look out that the self-crowned ones wear the purple gracefully. Courtesy, of course, ought to mingle with, and mask self-assertion, so smoothly as never to suggest that the alliance may be grounded in mere policy. With a good heart and an amiable disposition this is easy enough, and the effect is charming. A person so endowed moves graciously through the petty mazes of society, popular, nay, beloved by all ; while yet his secret soul is quite self-possessed ; and his inner consciousness remains intact and unruffled, however close may be the pressure of the clinging crowd about him.

XII.

CONFIDENCES.

Is it a peculiar temperament, a personal magnetism, or merely a special manner, that often so readily inspires a disposition in others to bestow upon some of us unsought confidential communications ? Whatever it be, if we possess it, we shall often be troubled with, and embarrassed by, being told of matters we do not care to hear. Fortunately,

however, for the peace of neighbors, those who possess this receptiveness, and who too readily induce these unsolicited confidences, are, either by instinct or discretion, prone to be secretive of their own affairs, and little inclined to gossip of the affairs of others. It will sometimes happen, as every one knows, that one, almost a stranger, will take the confessional box and detail to you circumstances, emotions, fancies, that are so purely individual they should be kept sacred to the ears only of those who are very intimate, and of known discretion ; or of those who are fully recognized as superior, condescending and sure to sympathize. Perhaps no one can quite satisfactorily account for his possession of this faculty of absorbing confidences. Possibly it is an unconscious recognition of real or fancied superiority of judgment or taste in you, that makes others sometimes desirous of self-stripping, like artists' models, so as to put themselves before you nakedly and without any disguise whatever. It is surely not mere egotism ; for the egotistic are not given to the honest confession of weakness, and can rarely be trusted to avoid coloring, when dilating upon themselves. It is not mere garrulity ; for often the most reticent are most gushing, when they believe they have lighted upon a true confessor. It is not talk for mere talk's sake, since there is earnestness, depth, and sincere turning of sacred penetralia inside out, in the process. Perhaps the persons thus inspired to open their heart-secrets are really magnetized, or put under some occult spell or fascination ; and are merely thinking aloud. Such an one, for the time, is wholly forgetful of the presence of another, as a possibly discordant element. The fact of your being a listener, instead of begetting a cautious reserve, and a studied selec-

tion of such things only as are proper for an auditor, seems to charm or bewitch the speaker into a systematic thorough self-betrayal. However disagreeable to the recipient of these unasked confidences such communications may be, they nevertheless generally seem vastly pleasant to the one who is thus unburdening. Must they be held sacred by us with the seal of secrecy? By the act of suffering such confessions to be made to us, do we not impliedly accede to the assumption that they are safe with us? If we do not mean to be bound to such silence, the remedy is easy, and at hand. A very slight dissent, or even a manifestation of too eager curiosity will break the connection of the electrical current, and stop the message; nay, not unlikely as suddenly change the angelic humor of confidence into suspicion, or perhaps visible dread and aversion. Does it not become us, therefore, to be a little watchful how others, who have no claim upon us, make us their confidants? And when we have allowed ourselves thus to be dealt with as confessors, must we not guard rigidly that privacy of others, which has been, probably unwittingly, entrusted to our keeping? If it be a weakness thus to confide in another, it is on the amiable side of human nature, and perhaps we cannot deal with it too gently. A noble nature instinctively respects the personality of another human being. Whenever that personality is thus self-betrayed, whether by impulsiveness, by morbidness of temperament, by secret magnetic control, by sudden access of weakness, or by too great intimacy among familiars, it is to be hoped that few would be inclined to treat it roughly, or to humiliate it by disrespect, or wanton exposure.

XIII.

MANNERS.

It would be a delightful condition of things if human intercourse could be conducted without ceremony. Its necessity is but a badge of our mortal infirmity. It is like the ill-concealed collar-mark seen upon the neck of the sleek house-dog to which the free wild-wolf, though gaunt with hunger and promised to be made sleek and fat, was unwilling to submit. Wild beasts require neither the dignity of self-restraint, or voluntary courtesy in their intercourse, because, where the law of the strongest alone prevails, none is necessary. Neither can the angels need it, because, being perfect in their several degrees of glory they require no restraint of custom or law, but rank, of necessity, as they should, and never jostle. Imperfect man however, requires all the checks of custom, habit and manner to regulate, and keep from anarchy and confusion his intimacy with his fellow-beings. If it might be safely discarded for all other purposes, nevertheless, for the mere protection of individual personality, some dignity and courtesy of manner would still be indispensable.

Dignified reserve, however, need not degenerate into either austerity or coldness. Although there are some parts of our individual consciousness so sacred to ourselves that no approach to them by another can safely be tolerated, yet one may generally guard against alien intrusion without haughtiness or superciliousness.

XIV.

ILLIBERALITY OF SENTIMENT.

Domestic life seems to have some evil tendencies in its effect upon individual character :

“ Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.”

He who passes most of his life in the bosom of his family is too apt to become illiberal, and censorious towards the conduct and opinions of others. He is liable to get in the way of making too little allowance for the common infirmities of human nature. Where, by the character of one's surroundings, the notion of real temptation to evil is excluded from the range of vision, the judgment is prone to become too harsh against those who err. Besides, the standard of utility and propriety is thus liable to be established upon a basis too narrow, to be a safe measure of the actions of mankind in the world at large. As travel, and mingling with people under a great variety of circumstances, tend to broaden a man's views, and liberalize his judgment, opinions and sentiments ; so the confinement of one's interested observation to the petty affairs of a single domestic circle is sure to narrow the mind ; and even if it do not also intensify selfishness and sour the disposition, will at least dull the desire for wide cultivation, and make one unfit for large sympathy with the real work going on in the world.

XV.

ADVICE.

Although judicious advice of those who possess superior knowledge, experience and consequent wisdom is perhaps the greatest boon that can be conferred upon the self-helpful, there is a proneness in us all to undervalue, if not disregard it. For some unapparent reason, human nature is not so composed as to enable us ordinarily to receive it with patience, or to profit by the lesson. Possibly one of our earliest lessons in self-knowledge should be, to learn how far our individual temperament or character will permit us to recognize the wisdom, or to be guided by the experience, of others. As was said of old, *felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*. Although experience be but "the wisdom of fools," it may be worth while to buy it as cheaply as is practicable. If we find ourselves incapable, for any reason however inscrutable or uncomplimentary to ourselves, of being instructed in certain practical affairs, except by personal experience (as is generally the case), what should be the next step but to strive to make our education in the ways of the world cost us the minimum of disappointment, misery and sorrow? This can best be done by keeping an honest and full account of what we suffer, from time to time, through our blind self-conceit and contempt of the wisdom of those who have been burnt in the same fire before ourselves. By degrees we may hope in this manner, with the aid of a strong memory of our bruises and blisters, to acquire a store upon which to draw occasionally, instead of incurring a fresh hazard in every new

enterprise ; and we may possibly, in time, tone our rash self-esteem into that humble docility, which is at least the beginning of wisdom.

XVI.

THE MYSTERY OF SELF.

There is something common, already hinted at in these pages, which may be called the mystery-of-self ; a personality, profound, sacred, inviolable ; an individuality, single, impossible of partition, or participation ; an arcanum wherein a man must stand or fall alone, naked and unsupported, as before his Maker. This holiest of holies every one (who appreciates and would preserve his own manhood) guards with reverential vigilance ; and in like manner ought to respect in others. Its importance cannot be exaggerated. It is the bottom fact of human existence. It is I, my soul, my passport to an immortal future state.

Does not this immiscible element in each of us make the absolutely perfect ideal of friendship impossible to be realized in this world ? We cannot wholly lose ourselves in each other. Affection, sympathy, gratitude or admiration towards another may temporarily obscure, and seem to merge and extinguish the light of one's identity ; but sooner or later the divine spark will shine out again by its own light. Many years ago I heard the late venerable poet, Dana, say in substance : " Sympathy produced from imagination and sentiment of the subjective, introvertive mind, is necessary for real friendship. With the objective purely there may be parallelism and juxtaposition ; but there

cannot be permeation and unity." Except among the angels, is this "permeation and unity" either possible or desirable?

In intimate social relations then, perhaps, we cannot too carefully beware of suffering the invasion of this mystery-of-self. By an intimacy so unreserved that we come to be believed to be absolutely comprehended by another in all things, we may lower ourselves in his estimate ; and the consequent too close familiarity may nourish in him a disdain, invisible to us perhaps in his action, and possibly only latent in his consciousness, but nevertheless actually existing, and even sometimes too palpable to the eye of a shrewd looker-on.

Is this to be regretted? Ceremony, says the Chinese proverb, is "the smoke of friendship." Peradventure this is true ; but without it the fire is soon found to be extinguished. Doubtless too close intimacy has been the cause of many of the broken friendships that ought to, and might otherwise, have endured. By a strange inconsistency it is apt to lead straightway to personal misunderstandings. Possibly you do not wholly know yourself, and perhaps never will, so long as life lasts and continues to give you new glimpses of your complex nature ; then how can you, if you would, truly reveal the mystery of your being to your friend? As you are an enigma to yourself, with all your superior opportunities of self-observation, by necessity you must be obscure to others, so far as depends upon either their inferior point of view, or your limited self-revelation to them. The immature and incorrect views others voluntarily form concerning us, they may change or discard at will, without loss of respect for us ; but if we mislead

them ourselves, when the error is discovered, their confidence receives a shock. Let this penetralia of the temple of our hearts be consecrated to the God within us, and we shall avoid one sure element of social misery while doubtless achieving a great gain in general : for this sacred personal mystery-of-self, that instinctively shrinks from too close scrutiny, yet individualizes every one, is the very salt of our social intercourse, which preserves it at all times savory and wholesome.

Shall I provoke the inextinguishable wrath of lovers by what I have said? They will none the less pant for, and seem to consummate, the absolute unity of souls ; mistaking perhaps a temporary eclipse of one, for its absolute merging. Let me ask their patience, while I dare to outline the sketch of a little incident. Rupert and Flora were devoted lovers. She was in the flush of girlhood ; while he had reached the prime of early manhood. One evening while the vesper bells were ringing, during the long summer twilight, they knelt together in the church of their native village. Her hand rested unconsciously in his ; while their minds were absorbed in prayer. Suddenly, like a spark of fire from the clouds, an idea fell upon his mind, and he dropped her hand. He forgot his prayers, and fell into a reverie : " To give up myself wholly, and to merge my separate consciousness in hers, is to lose my identity. Is that the height, to climb towards which my intellectual being was created? My self allies me to God. Destroy, merge, obscure, stupefy my individuality, and to me it seems there is no God ; or it matters very little to me whether there be or not. But now I know that I do retain self ; at least to the extent of recognizing my Maker. Yet here

comes another thought. If only by self I can recognize God, and when I merge or lose self, I cannot see Him ; then how shall I either here, or in a future state, dare wholly to give up my identity, in perfect love to her? When I love her fully here, I seem to lose myself. If she must be crowded out of my inner consciousness, to enable me to see God, then, when I come into His immediate presence, shall I not lose the power to give myself up to her? Is then our love to be limited to this life, and even to be circumscribed here also? Is this the meaning of the words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God?' " As Rupert lingered long, Flora spoke and aroused him. While they were walking homewards in silence she abruptly asked him, what would happen if he had had a former love who had died, and they three should hereafter meet in heaven? "Mercy," he cried, "you must have had your ear at the key-hole of my heart, and heard its thoughts." He then told her the subject of his day-dream ; but, alas, she did not comprehend it.

The ideal of the social circle seems to be a harmonious entirety, in which all the parts may retain their individuality unimpaired, fresh and original. In this harmony of the whole, the individual finds sufficient support and sympathy without soul-surrender to, and absolute absorption by, another. When one is weak in the self-sustaining faculties, if the personality be held as a fortress against invasion, there is a better chance for the fair development of the natural character of the man ; while if this citadel be unguarded and a foreign power enter, the pivotal centre of the character may be disturbed, perhaps swept away, equilibrium lost, and incoherency or general disorder follow and prevail.

XVII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Marriage is obviously the keystone of the chief arch of society. The character of any particular social circle is reflected in its wives. "As the husband is the wife is," says the poet. If so, then he is largely responsible for his degree of social enjoyment. It is an old observation, that domestic happiness is often destroyed by men and women living too much together. By reason of their constant proximity, they may even unconsciously worry, tease and fret each other, until finally the perfume of love exhales and is gone forever.

Men may be able to appear to live in glass houses ; but certainly women cannot. There is a nice sense of privacy controlling their actions, it is indiscreet even to seem to violate. There are many of their pretty ways—even in what they do to render themselves personally most attractive to us, or when they are planning something to gratify their lovers, husbands or brothers—in which they delight to go and come unobserved. Their affairs are often so peculiar to themselves, they cannot endure intermeddling, masculine suggestion ; nor even inquisitive male eyes, which seem to flash criticism, although no word be spoken. This apprehension of being so watched is irritating to them. If they be of weak natures, they become querulous and perhaps depressed ; if strong, they grow violent, nay, even combative or aggressive, until they are, as they say, "let alone." Sometimes when thus oppressed, for their

peace sake, they will acquire a permanent habit of being studiously secretive and inscrutable in their doings. Domestic happiness cannot long survive this latter state of things. A wise man who lives much with women, if he be unfortunately possessed (I may as well say) by the unhappy faculty of too close observation, will be not only dumb, but will feign blindness to many things, to him, perhaps, too easily visible.

I once knew a lady of moderately good temper, married to a man of her love and choice, who was, as a husband, amiable to a fault. They had fortune, health, good social connections, and a pleasant home in a western city. The husband was too fond of his wife. He rarely left her to her own personal society. He wished to participate in all her doings. At their country home the lady took a pride in hospitably entertaining their mutual friends, at what might be called rustic teas. One attractive feature of these symposia was a hot biscuit made by the fair hands of the hostess in person. Her husband took such delight in whatever gave her happiness, that he used to watch her as she made the rolls, and from pure affection ventured occasional suggestions: indeed, from very excess of love, one day he insisted upon lending a hand in the mixture of the dough itself. This was too much for madam. Her love was great; but her patience did not correspond. Her even temper cracked. She first fretted, then scolded, and finally became abusive. The poor man was astonished, shocked, and hurt beyond all surgery. The upshot of their domestic infelicity was that they separated; and one or both not long afterwards died of a broken heart.

It was well said that to dwell happily together, husband

and wife "should be versed in the niceties of the heart, and born with a faculty for willing compromise." Perhaps it would be well if training schools were set up, the speciality of which should be to educate youth and maidens in the vicissitudes and emergencies of domestic manners. Until these are established, perhaps one might be pardoned for saying to young couples: "You are beginning a new life. You have each, in the other, a loving companion. You see each other's merits, and are now blind to each other's faults. May God keep you so. Don't hurry to be wise. Remain in the garden. Eve's curiosity led her to break the mystic charm of primeval happiness. Avoid her example. As a sagacious man once said to another when pressing him for information concerning a mutual friend: 'Seek not to know too much.' Let neither of you strive to improve the other too rapidly. If one be the superior in any respect, that superiority will yet be openly or tacitly acknowledged; unless its recognition be prevented by its reckless self-assertion. Trust largely, in all things, to time. Treat not each other as children, to be improved by both precept and example. Suppress the wise precept, and lay out your strength in the good example. Nevertheless, you may err widely and fail miserably, if you do even this in the wrong spirit. Let the example be silent, hardly affirmative, but never aggressive. Put your faith in the act itself; trust to its doing its own work. All social intercourse is governed, rather by feeling and sentiment, than by mere reason. It is not enough to be right in what we do or say, and to be sustained by sound rules of logic: one must yield cheerfully to that law of kindness, which is the rule of love, in order to win friendship, beget esteem, inspire con-

fidence, and acquire power and influence in the social circle."

But the subject is believed by some to have its darker side. The lot of the husband is said sometimes to be made difficult by that tenderness toward women which characterizes society in our day. With a spice of ill-concealed bitterness, the cynic is sometimes heard saying: "To be a slave to the caprice of another, and yet unceasingly to be railed at as a tyrannical master, while never murmuring or varying in kindness; to bear undeserved reproaches, falling thick as hail, yet keeping an even temper; answering all cutting interrogations with considerate gentleness, and quieting angry suggestions with soothing silence; this is a taste of what modern civilization exacts as the duty, at times, of the husband who is a gentleman."

A hard suggestion, too, is made sometimes to meet this dark view of matters. It runs somewhat thus: "If the establishment of what are called 'woman's rights' shall put an end to this state of things; if equality before the law shall tend to put man and woman upon a footing of social equality as respects reciprocity of minor obligations; if it shall come to be as great a fault in the eye of society for a woman to insult, degrade and impose upon a man, as it now is for a man to do the like toward a woman; if with her rights she shall take her share of duties, and shall recognize her obligations, as well as claim her privileges; if responsibility shall follow freedom; if when she shall have had awarded to her all her demands, she shall be held accountable, as a man now is, for what she says, does or omits; if she shall abandon the armor forged out of her own weakness, and, ceasing to claim immunity for caprice

as a birthright, shall feel obliged to hang out the banner of consistency ; then some phases of social life may be more tolerable to some part of the human family, and some rights of the other sex will be better recognized and perhaps allowed. Then, too, possibly it will cease to be a true definition of the much-coveted women's rights, that they are the rights of men, the privileges of women, and the obligations of neither." Possibly there is a grain of truth in these gloomy and bitter views. Our social laws are, however, in a transition state. When woman's love and beauty have finally subjected every thing else in this world to their power and dominion, peradventure they will more closely regulate their own methods of action, and women may become as logical and noble as men now claim to be. Possibly, too, however, they may even then be less lovely and charming than now, with all their alleged caprices and pretty inconsistencies.

XVIII.

CONFLICTS.

Sagacious people avoid conflicts in trifles. Little matters make up the sum of domestic happiness, and harmony is indispensable to its existence. Too much discussion is baneful here. Debate in a circle of earnest seekers after wisdom is good, beyond all commendation. Discussion is the breath of thought, and thinking is the mother of truth. In the social circle, however, as whoever is earnest is often the mere propagandist of his own peculiar idea, serious

dispute seems rather merely to provoke irritation, without tending either to conviction or persuasion.

But what shall be said if verbal collision become personally offensive? A true man can never sulk. If he has an affront put upon him he will be apt to vindicate himself as far as he intends, on the spot; unless the presence of others forbid this as an impropriety. If it be small, he will perhaps try to parry it by some light weapon, possibly merely defensive; provided he can thus maintain his equilibrium. If the offence be greater, perhaps he will fall back upon his dignity of character, and, if he can do so gracefully, sometimes also put in a quick sharp thrust to prevent a repetition of the assault. This will save him the seeming humiliation of being put on the defensive. But generally he will find that he need not overwhelm his adversary. The mere surprise of an attack in return will match against the weight of the first outset, and if well put, will seldom fail to drive the enemy into a recoil. Should he not too much hurt the self-love of his opponent, the latter will be apt to desist, and leave him no worse for the conflict. Then the discreet man strives to keep down those promptings of his human nature, which urge him to press on to recognized victory. He is content to be let alone, and to give his adversary an opportunity "to retreat in good order." He avoids nursing his wrath, and the study of revenge. He forgives as soon as possible, and, if it may be, even before he strikes in retaliation. Thus he rises to the dignity of just chastisement; and avoids the folly of rage in his action. Angrily to resent an affront is to put one's self down to the level of the offender. To forgive unasked, is to soar immeasurably above him.

XIX.

KINDNESS.

Kindness, by common consent, is reckoned one of the cardinal virtues of social life. Its excellence, however, like that of some other virtues, may be said to dwell rather in spirit than in act. A benefit conferred often loses much of its sweet influence, upon both giver and recipient, for want of graciousness either in the giving or receiving of it. One man may put a purse in the hand of another with so much delicacy and tact, and with such an air of disinterestedness, that the most sensitive may accept it with as little hesitation, and as far from a degrading sense of obligation, as a child taking a kiss from its parent. Another will give with equal liberality, and yet by his manner involuntarily carry such an appearance of lack of sympathy with the want he alleviates, that all the moral benefit of the gift is wanting. He carelessly leads the beneficiary to feel his obligation and his inferiority at the same time. He seems to give, as one would fillip a nut to a squirrel, or toss a bone to a dog.

Nevertheless, this lack of the charm of condescension, and of the kindliness of benefaction, may sometimes co-exist with sincere love of humanity, or real practical benevolence. It may come from habit or circumstances, or be the result of bad-breeding, rather than something arising from a bad or cold heart. It is not necessarily to be confounded with another not uncommon mode of bestowing alms upon the needy, or favors upon friends, which may be said to freeze the blood, while it fills the palm. That is the proud man's

mode of making more galling the chains of his moral serfs. He scourges and flays them with obligations. His caress chills, not unlike the touch of a serpent. His charity, or favor to the sensitive, poisons the happiness of the soul, while it sustains the life of the body. Moreover, the reaction upon himself is no less deplorable, in further hardening his heart ; so that while the cheerful giver, whom God loves, may be said to be laying up treasure in heaven, this other donor is forced to feel he has all his reward here and now, in the gratification of a cold and narrow egotism.



SCRAPS FROM THE TABLE-TALK OF A SELF-EDUCATED MAN.

Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem ;
Scribendi recte.

HORACE SERM., LIB. I., SAT. III.

PREFATORY.

HIS HABITS OF LITERARY COMPOSITION.



HAVING cultivated some habits of observation and reflection, his suggestions were often apparently unique. However, the labor of composition was an irksome drudgery, to which his indolent disposition disinclined him. Yet he was not without egotism, and set no little value upon what he fancied to be the conceits of his brain : for he believed them original because new to himself ; while many were in fact as old as Solomon, familiar as Horace, and threadbare as some of Sancho Panza's proverbs. At least he was will-

ing his offspring should not be strangled at their birth. So he took into his confidence a *litterateur* ; much as one would set up a coach ; a mere appendage to his literary household, for convenience and luxury. This creature had scarcely an idea of his own ; yet he was a very good listener, and an excellent recipient of the thoughts of others. Besides, he had a tenacious memory, together with a knack at literary composition—the latter facility being mistaken by its possessor, as frequently happens, for actual talent. When an idea occurred to our hero, after enunciating its leading features somewhat roughly, as it were in broken masses of suggestion, he would turn to his literary shadow and say : “ Book me this thought,” or “ Put that idea in language.” This satellite being his constant companion, in course of time, reams of fragmentary sentences, brief paragraphs, and even essays (thus shaped by the *limæ labor* of an alien hand), grew out of these oracular utterances. The author being himself careless of personal literary reputation, encouraged his amanuensis to give some of them to small coteries, under the deputy’s own name. It was not difficult to overcome any possible scruples of the scribe as a plagiarist, for he verily believed their whole merit was the result of his own work. So it came to pass that one got credit in public for ideas of which he was incapable ; while the real author was regarded as an eccentric nobody. Such is, however, sometimes one of the caprices of literary reputation, in spite even of the most careful husbandry.

I.

LITERARY FAME.

A *belles-lettres* writer, who is ambitious of future fame, should propose to himself this problem: "How shall I truly reflect the 'Spirit of the age' in which I live." Times and men change in form, but that essence of opinion, which is thus best expressed by the term "Spirit," often survives as the germ of future thoughts and ideas.

II.

STYLE.

Much though one may condemn it, as beneath the consideration of an originating mind, style will always be, as it has been, of vast importance as the vehicle of thought. Nay, it is well worth while (notwithstanding the fashion at present to the contrary) for the literary man constantly to renew, keeping fresh and familiar, his acquaintance with the great masters of composition in every language he may read well. For one skilled in the mere art of verbal composition, although he seldom range beyond the common-places of the day, will be read and even live in the future, upon the tongues and in the hearts of men; while a man of genius, careless of the art and grace of style, may be overlooked and sometimes forgotten in his own time. Nay, not unfrequently the stone of oblivion is rolled upon the tomb of an original thinker, by a man of inferior capacity, who, having stolen the thoughts of the man of genius,

felicitously dresses them in captivating garments, and passed them through the world as his own offspring.

III.

TO A SENTIMENTALIST.

Morbid egotism is the poison lurking at the root of your character. Nothing less than judicious self-treatment will establish and maintain your equanimity. Without it your intellectual health will languish, until your mental balance is gone past recovery. You are too much inclined to solitude and contemplation. You should "seek for action;" else your powers of contemplation, of which you are so enamored, will fail, for want both of aliment and healthy exercise. The mind, like the body, needs what may well be figuratively expressed by the words, "exercise in the open air." You should keep the circle of your acquaintance among men constantly growing wider—never diminishing it. You should travel, but not alone. Nothing so opens the mind and heart, disposed to be shut up within themselves, as travel in foreign countries, in company with an intelligent and genial companion. You are bookish and inclined to *belles-lettres*. A good method of keeping fresh and vivid your interest and recollection of places and events encountered in travel, would be contemporaneously to compose tales and sketches; introducing in them descriptions of characters, places, objects, and impressions of them as they pass before you. While taking your mind outside of yourself, it would prove a resource against that debilitating *tedium vitæ*, which your besetting sins, of self-

consciousness and self-contemplation now generate and foster.

IV.

FORTITUDE.

It is politic to hope always, and never to despair : though few are wise when in trouble. It is better to face misfortune boldly. It is nobler in the mind, as is said, "to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them." Doubtless the great dramatist's imagination had been fired by the signal event of his time—I mean the scattering to nought of the famous "Spanish Armada"—and this much maligned metaphor, perhaps, hinted a powerful impression of his youthful mind. Moral courage is essential, too, in the conduct of even the common affairs of life. No man should give way to repining, whatever may befall him. Let him keep clear of trouble, so long as he may rightfully and honorably, without the sacrifice of duty. However, when it comes, the spirit of manhood demands that he bear the smart without flinching. If his soul rest with confidence in the faith, that what is right is best, and his heart put forth its strength till he feels determined to do "all that may become a man," he need not shrink from the performance of duty, however disagreeable. If his heart flutter, let him look upward, let him set his feet firmly upon the earth and say to his spirit : "Courage : now come trouble, and do your worst." Oftentimes trouble will turn on her heel and let him alone. If, however, she do not fly at once, his fortitude will generally, in the end, vanquish her entirely.

V.

HOW TO LESSEN THE ASPERITIES OF OLD AGE.

As a man grows old he ought to keep his mind well supplied with new thoughts and fresh information. He should, too, for the sake of self-preservation at least, continually strive, as in youth, to become wiser and better. The tendency of increasing years is to lower one's views of human nature, and to bring self-deterioration, both in mind and heart, as well as in body. Some habitual effort should be made by a man with himself to counteract this downward tendency. He should cultivate the society of persons younger than himself. He should steadily elevate the standard of his pleasures. He should change his mode of life, giving less attention to details, so as to have more time to devote to greater things and general views. He should, if practicable, travel ; the mere excitement and novelty of travel enlarge the scope of association, lead one out of self, and insensibly prolong the moral as well as physical life. He should thus continually widen the boundaries of his knowledge and his opportunities for observation ; especially as respects countries, cities, society, men, arts, letters, and physical, moral and political science.

VI.

HOW TO KEEP PURE IN HEART.

I will give you a plain, practical rule which will lead you to preserve a clean mind, despite your contact with the grossness of the world: "Harbor no thought, neither

do any act you would be unwilling the whole world should know." The natural sense of shame is a kind of conscience in this matter. If any Puritanical enthusiast say: "This is too low a view," let him be answered: "A faithful trial of this simple rule will prove that although it be an easy plane to run upon, it will soon be found an ascending grade leading to lofty heights."

VII.

UNITY IN MARRIAGE.

Seeing a pair of lovers whose future appeared to promise perfect happiness, he ventured to pronounce them "mis-mated." Upon close scrutiny there would be found to be (he said) spiritual heights in the woman's nature to which her husband could never rise; and physical depths in his character to which she could never sink, so that there could be no complete union in their marriage. This strange speech was found to be prophetic: for while the wife died early broken-hearted, the husband lived long afterwards—and abode among the Mormons.

VIII.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The possession of woman's love is a necessary condition to the complete development of the character of some men. Without such love their imaginations are arid and barren, and their psychological nature juiceless and un-

sympathetic. By the potency of this elixir they become emotional, alive to a sense of beauty, and full of kindly feelings towards the human race. But while total absence of it often makes men ascetics, anchorites, or misanthropes, yet an excess of it not seldom gives us uxorious husbands, who are unreasoning philanthropists, or mad enthusiasts.

IX.

POOR RELATIONS.

Generally speaking, "poor relations" are regarded as the decayed limbs of the family tree, to be lopped off and dropped at the first convenient opportunity. So in time they come to be looked upon as the mere "drift-wood" of the genealogical forest.

X.

ART-SEEING.

To say that a picture or statue is not to be judged by the instantaneous impression of individual pleasure or displeasure, liking or dislike, it produces to the judgment, fancy, taste, or feeling of those whose artistic cultivation is limited, would be, perhaps, but to utter a childish truism. Yet it is so almost wholly lost sight of by the general public who visit exhibitions of works of art, that the sentiment might profitably be written in capitals, over the doorway of every gallery of painting and sculpture.

XI.

COOKING FOR TRAVELLERS.

I once heard a man of somewhat shrewd observation say, that while he travelled in Europe the common cookery of different nations had left in many cases predominating impressions upon his mind, varying with each country. In Italy this impression was so characterized by "dirt." In Germany it was "grease." In England it was "bulk and satisfaction." In France it was "savoriness and pleasure." He said nothing of the common food of travellers in America; but he might easily have suggested a general impression of nausea and dyspepsia; and he might have typified or furnished an emblem of a large part of it, by the figure of a frying pan, with a death's head and cross bones conspicuously enamelled in white on the inside of it.

XII.

LONGEVITY.

Is not the secret of longevity to be found in the word "work." Look at the old Italian artists Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Domenichino, Michael Angelo, and others. The world over, hard workers are generally long livers. One should never look forward, as to a happy day, for the time when one may lay aside work; but rather to the opportunity to choose "the labor we delight in." which, as the great poet says, "physics pain."

XIII.

SOCIAL FALSEHOODS.

Our social falsehoods not uncommonly have their root wholly in an apprehension of that ill opinion, of others, which is likely to arise from a disjointed gossip about our private affairs ; of which often there is known only just enough to float and scatter the buoyant seeds of mischief.

XIV.

FEMININE LOGIC.

The essence of sound logic is in definition, and proof by careful deduction ; both of which appear to be too slow in method for the quick comprehension of the ordinary female mind. Women demand a swifter process ; hence, when they attempt to reason they are prone to run into fallacies. Their logic, like that of boys, generally involves either the *tuquoque*, the *argumentum ad hominem*, the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, the *petitio principii*, or the *argumentum ab inconvenienti*. Abstract reasoning, however, is for the most part distasteful to most women. When delivered with passion, impatience and pertinacity or personality they call it "scolding," and therefore not worth attention. A woman may love power, authority and command, even when exercised by another over herself ; but yet dread reasoning. It will irritate her beyond graceful endurance. This is sometimes spitefully said to come from her apprehension of being convinced against her will. However, the disinclination to reason is not purely a matter of sex ;

for the larger portion of men never rise beyond feminine logic, while many sink below it. Besides, women are not (as some of their unwise friends seem to think) "little men." They are, in mental stature, commonly more like boys. Perhaps this is the natural result of the fact that their intellectual training generally ends where that of boys really begins. And while the boy expands and ripens into manhood, the woman is stunted in her growth. Here too is a germane suggestion. Woman is often reproached for inconsistency of conduct, opinion or speech. She is not for this reason blameworthy ; or necessarily insincere and frivolous. She may speak and act frankly and honestly, but be moved by what is uppermost in her mind. The cause of her apparent inconsistency is, that her point of view, being the present and first impression, is constantly shifting. Speaking or acting from this varying stand-point, she necessarily exposes herself to the old charge of being *mutabile semper*.

XV.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

How to reconcile the best methods of looking at both the present and the future is often difficult. Perhaps no better rule can be found than to expect the best and provide against the worst, so far as is consistently practicable. As the famous Ann Lee taught her Shaker people : " Act as if you expected to live an hundred years, but might die to-morrow."

XVI.

CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.

To lead men away from their faults or follies, whether merely of opinion or of actual conduct, it is necessary to do something more than to expose them. All men are well known to be, by nature, prone to look with indulgence upon their own shortcomings, while they incline to magnify those of their neighbors. This obvious fact always weakens the influence of the censor of morals and manners. Though it may be well, generally speaking, that wrong should be condemned and not pass unchallenged, yet mere fault-finding irritates and hardens while it seldom mends or cures. The subject of it is apt to turn with a *tu quoque* upon his persecutor ; nay, sometimes to vanquish him by bitter personal altercation. All of this is mischievous in the extreme.

XVII.

• THE DEFENDER OF CRIME.

How strangely society sometimes reasons ! If a plain man know another has committed a crime, and from motives of pure humanity assist to conceal it, he is himself adjudged criminal, as an "accessory after the fact." But if he be a lawyer, and use to the utmost his trained skill to enable one, whom he knows guilty, to escape and cheat justice, his zeal is applauded by an honorable profession ; nay even the public treasury is sometimes forced to open and reward his labors by a handsome fee.

XVIII.

HAPPINESS.

Given health, physical comfort and strength of will to be self-moving in the right direction ; happiness is within the reach of all. But vain desire to seem what we are not, longing for the unattainable, and the wish to reap where we have not sown, bring us most of our miseries.

XIX.

WICKEDNESS.

Crime generally has its root in congenital infirmity or distortion. A man may be so well born and bred as to have no evil thoughts. But this perfect balance of character is rare. With most men there is a constant conflict in the heart between the tendency to good and evil, and among such he alone is just and honest who exercises perfect self-control. Nor is a man to be condemned merely for his spontaneous wicked thoughts or feelings. With his act alone responsibility begins. The Puritan poet wisely said :

“ Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or stain behind.”

XX.

IMAGINATION.

In society many persons are masked. People affect such characters as they think their neighbors hold in high

esteem. When imagination is their superior faculty, they wear the disguise so naturally as not only to delude others but even sometimes to deceive themselves. Indeed, much good-fellowship is hollow, and the result of reciprocal self-deception. Often it is a wholesome fiction, and with honest people smooths many of the rugged ways of social life. But imagination is a dangerous power in a rogue. It multiplies almost indefinitely his capabilities for deception. Like the poet or the actor, by its aid he assumes a noble character, and for the time makes it his own. You must take him unawares, and catch him in dishabille, to find him out.

XXI.

SELF-ESTEEM.

One is inclined to suspect the solidity of the foundation of that man's pretensions to excellence whose self-esteem never falters. If, as Louis XIV. said : "No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*," how shall he be one to himself—knowing as he does the pettiness and weakness of his human nature. Generally speaking, until they are fairly tried by actual competition with other men, the inclination of superior minds is to under-estimate the comparative strength of their own powers. The biographies of great men tend strongly to prove the world discovers the jewel of real genius sooner than the possessor. Humility is the lesson taught by the acquisition of superior learning and wisdom.

XXII.

EDUCATION AND CONSISTENCY.

However strong the natural intelligence of a man, until he may be said to be educated, his views and opinions must be partial or one-sided. Nothing less than that knowledge which can only be acquired by much real study and reflection will make a mind catholic and comprehensive. Hence, consistency in opinion and conduct is not fairly predicable of the young or the ignorant, but is always expected of those who have enjoyed the advantage of solid education.

XXIII.

IMPRESSIONS ABOUT PEOPLE.

How little we know of the real character of many of our social acquaintances in city life! Generally we do not change our first impressions, which are frequently without just foundation, if not wholly false. To acquire real knowledge of the characters of such people, a few days familiar intercourse in the freedom of country life, is worth years of casual meetings in a city. It is not unlike the difference whether we look at an object through a perfect, or through a shattered, glass. In the former case (as in the country), one looks people full in the face; while in the latter (as in town), one sees his neighbor through a distracting medium, getting only fragmentary or distorted views.

XXIV.

SOCIAL TERRORS.

When mysterious troubles brood over a household it is common enough to say: "Every house has its skeleton;" but this family, said he, seems to keep a private catacomb full-stocked.

XXV.

A MATURED BEAUTY.

She confessed to thirty-nine; further than this what could be expected? She was still lingering lovingly upon that border-territory of Time's dominion where art and nature hold a divided empire.

XXVI.

GIFTS.

In making gifts of affection to our friends it is a common mistake to select something we wish them to possess, rather than what we know they desire. }

XXVII.

YOUTH AND AGE.

As we come from youth and manhood into middle life, the view before us broadens and opens into space until the distant prospect seems illimitable or endless: but after

that period is passed, as year by year we look forward the vista narrows again, and we seem to see where the sides of the pathway before us converge, and meet in a point.

XXVIII.

FEMININE UNDERSTANDING.

Whatever woman may become in the social future there can be little question what she has been, and, as some say, is now. While man's intellect strives for the synthetic, the abstract and the scientific, woman's usually stops at the analytical, the concrete and the practical. Hence, a cynic harshly says: A man should never engage in a verbal controversy with a woman, where the truth of any radical principle is involved. He may not hope to convince her understanding, nor perhaps expect to silence her speech. Besides, while this circumstance of incompatibility of intellect prevents a solid reconciliation of opinions between the sexes, it seems to be the cognate tendency of her nature to love victory more than truth. Accordingly, the gallantry that surrenders to her opinion, before open defeat in controversy, is not without its foundation in good sense and policy.

XXIX.

MACBETH'S WITCHES.

In reading the literature of three hundred years ago, the unthinking idler must not forget the popular beliefs of

that time. While "Macbeth" was played in its author's lifetime, popular faith in the reality of ghosts and witches was probably almost universal. This play was certainly acted, if not published (A. D. 1610), many years before any successful public attack upon the then common delusion of witchcraft. It is probable the majority of the audience who first heard the play, implicitly believed in that kind of supernatural manifestations. In the reign of James I. a law was passed condemning witches to death, while Lord Coke was attorney-general and Lord Bacon was a member of parliament. The learned Selden and the devout Sir Thomas Browne shared the delusion, and in 1664 (nearly a half century after the death of Shakespeare) Sir Matthew Hale undoubtedly condemned two women to death as witches. As from the earliest times the more highly intellectual and educated classes have yielded only a halting faith to the popular creeds of supernatural agencies, so it is possible that neither Shakespeare or his hero are to be regarded as very strong in the faith, or free from doubts on the subject. Nevertheless, the most skeptical are always more or less consciously or unconsciously influenced, by the credulity of the age they live in, respecting the supernatural.

In our day it would be hard for a literary artist of the most consummate imagination to write a play, in this respect, like Shakespeare's Macbeth. And at this period of time such a man as Macbeth, seeming to see and hear what he did, would probably first question his senses to learn if they were not deceived, and next, perhaps, he would question his own sanity; then believe there was some other mistake, or some trick; and, finally, if com-

pelled to leave the matter unexplained, he would at least determine that the appearances were not supernatural.

But in Shakespeare's day he would certainly not have come to the same final conclusion. He might give full force to the conjecture that the phenomena could result from a disturbed imagination, yet he would be at least insensibly affected by the popular delusions of his time. And although the matter might not be satisfactorily clear to his mind, so as to be either accepted or rejected ; still he would probably believe all he seemed to see to be quite possible—and at least believe it might be supernatural.

XXX.

CHARACTER.

Christian precept encourages the belief that a man may become noble, and love well-doing, despite a base nature. Grovelling instincts and an evil disposition may be overcome by force of conscience and strength of will. The turning-point is when the will is growing weak by too frequently yielding to the temptation to do wrong, instead of being strengthened by successful resistance to it. No one fully knows himself until he has been tempted and tried. The man whose inclinations are bad, but who by self-control and discipline has conquered them, and ceasing to do evil has learned to do well, deserves the good opinion of men, at least as much as he who never felt the disposition to do wrong. Men should be favorably judged, and hold high places in the esteem of men, and suffered to earn the right to be called noble by reason of

their good actions. Men who are noble by nature, and lofty in all their impulses, easily win the love and respect of mankind. Even if by indifference they move in a narrow sphere, still their characters are admired so far as known. So by constantly striving to be good and great in action, those unfortunates, whose natural dispositions are debased, may acquire the habit of well-doing. This habit may beget a character which will, in time, become consistent, reliable and truly noble.

XXXI.

FAME.

How vast is the difference, in respect to permanent individuality of impression, upon the mind of the general public, made by active men, who in their own day are of equal power and influence. Take two men who are co-temporaries, both workers, doers of good and vigilant actors in public affairs. In their own time, being of nearly equal ability, they are alike distinguished. The one writes his thoughts (or has an intimate who half worships him and records the profound words that drop from his lips) as occasional vicissitudes induce their growth or utterance; while the other seldom takes the pen, or makes his words public, or encourages any close intellectual intimacy. Ages pass away, the recorded ideas of the first come down the stream of time, fresh and clear, shaping the conduct and speech of men; his name lives upon our tongues, his very personality interests, and we love to picture him in our imagination as a real fellow-being, while the other is

to us a mere name. Perhaps even the State or society for the establishment of which he devoted his life has perished, and his career is lost to the mass of mankind, like the track of a ship at sea, leaving no visible mark behind.

XXXII.

POWER.

Every man who proposes to accomplish any thing in this world should strive to possess some power: not necessarily for its own sake, or to gratify mere lust of dominion, but at least in order to have satellites and auxiliaries. Almost every man who acts, be he without fault or blemish, is sure to cross the purposes of some one—often of the evil-minded. This circumstance alone ensures him enemies. They will surely slander him in secret, and he may never know why men avoid him, or why his influence wanes. Mankind in general, hearing him ill-spoken of, even when not disposed to lend a too willing ear to detraction, are at least too indolent or indifferent to inquire for the verity or the falsity of bad report. But if he have power, he is useful to many who find their advantage in protecting his reputation against assault; and thus he finds defenders in quarters where perhaps his real friends would never know his honor was assailed. Besides, if he be esteemed powerful, his influence is worth possessing. He is a man to know. Of those who, by this chance alone, come to his acquaintance, many will esteem him if he be worthy, and aid in preserving fresh his good repute among men.

XXXIII.

ERROR.

Error is most dangerous to the popular mind when, mixed with truth, it becomes concrete in some seductive form. Men embrace it because its beauty commends it. They submit their convictions to it, by reason of its apparent truthfulness. Meanwhile, insidious error, securing a lodgment in the mind and heart, entrenches itself there, until its very associations shield it securely against the assaults of those who clearly see its deformity.

XXXIV.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

It seems natural for men, as they grow old, to become *laudatores temporis acti*. After they have passed a certain age, as they look back over scenes and events in which their youthful energies had a part, they are insensibly moved to pause and linger lovingly, rather than where they now contemplate even present or future happiness. The heart's treasure-house of memory at this period of life is well stored. In their early days, being inexperienced and fresher, they hoped, expected and relished more keenly. Having then a greater stake in the future, common events had more significance. Then as they looked forward, life practically had no end ; all was open in the distance and the view seemed boundless. With such capabilities they could, and did, enjoy more intensely. Attention, which is the mother of memory, was wide

awake. But now as life wears on, the end is never far off. However slightly they may tilt the cup as they drink, they can always read the legend "*Finis*" at the bottom.

XXXV.

LOVE.

Perfect love must be both physical and psychological. A union in marriage, where such love is reciprocated, attains the acme of social enjoyment. Without both kinds of love on each side marriage is imperfect. Most marriages are therefore thus imperfect. The majority of married people confound the two elements of perfect love, and find out too late, either that only one of the two (or neither) is possessed, or that only one of the two (or neither) is reciprocated. Reference is here made solely to those who really love, or believe they do. No note is now taken of those who entertain merely a liking or fancy for each other. Wherefore no better test has been found, of the durability of apparent love, than separation. The common sense of mankind approves it. Moreover, it may be noted as a special result, to guide the conduct of lovers in casting their lot for future happiness, that while absence abates mere physical love, until it even vanishes out of mind, psychological love grows steadily stronger under such privation.

XXXVI.

HONOR AMONG WOMEN.

It is by some considered to be at least questionable,

whether what is known among men as "honor"—something imposing an inviolable obligation—is very generally recognized among women. With men this sentiment often exists independently of, and sometimes survives the wreck of, moral sense ; whereas with women, when the conscience is wanting or has been broken down by the vicissitudes of life, many are of the opinion that there is no moral tie to bind them. They may indeed still be heroic, from some blind instinct or passion ; but it is said their disinterested self-sacrifice results from neither principle or general sentiment, and will be exceptional if found at all.

XXXVII.

SCOLDING.

Scolding is as common a vice among men as with women. The manner of it is, however, not quite the same. With men it is generally the outgrowth of a hypercritical or censorious spirit, and apt to begin in petulant reasoning ; although soon running into sheer fault-finding, with, however, usually a plausible reason or pretext. Among women, on the contrary, being usually a matter of temperament or disordered nerves, it is not unlikely to be causeless and irrational cavil, at the start ; sometimes descending rapidly to mere personal abuse.

XXXVIII.

SUCCESSION IN BUSINESS.

How commonly in this country do the successors of an old and well-established mercantile, financial or manufac-

turing business become bankrupt. The sons go into insolvency where their fathers grew rich ; in spite of the advantages in favor of the former. There is not supposed to be any lack of intelligence. Probably the want of success results from defective training. The founders of the business began with little or no facilities, and created the system which made success ; the successors finding every thing regulated like clock-work, assume this to be the normal state of things, and overlook the fact that what seems automatic is really moving from an original impulse of the guiding hand of the founder ; and that this force must be continued or the machine will stop. They lack the discipline, caution and skill that comes of privation and enforced toil. They avoid labor ; they consult their own ease and comfort ; they strive neither to create or to control ; they seem to think they may thrive, yet neither "hold the plow or drive." To their surprise and dismay the inevitable result soon follows.

XXXIX.

THE ART OF LIFE.

A brave man who had led a long life of distinguished usefulness once told his son the whole art of life could be embraced in four propositions : "First, to find out what things you can do ; second, to choose from among these what thing in particular you should do ; third, to resolve deliberately and unalterably to do this singly ; and, fourth, to do it unflinchingly and unceasingly." His rules of life were quite as positive : "Cultivate self-sacrifice ; exercise

a determined will ; preserve equanimity ; lead an active life ; be well known among your fellow-men ; look always beyond the present, and nourish an abiding faith in your own future ; aim at every object by direct means ; seek for knowledge always from the highest sources."

Ideal theories of life are sometimes set up in the pulpit: First, to aim in all things to fit one's self for the immortal life ; and, secondly, to do one's duty solely for its own sake. The first, however, seems to be intrinsically selfish. The second is often believed to be visionary, and commonly felt to be too exalted for the practice of ordinary men. Both are imperfect. The rule demanded is a lower one. Human nature is generally too weak to continue long subject to the constant strain of such elevated aims. Men need some more tangible and practical purpose. Although there be instances of strength apparently sufficient for so high an aim, there will come, even to these, intervals of weakness, when the hopes of a lifetime may be wrecked. And although some seem to be always, in themselves, strong enough for such lofty resolves, yet allowance must be made for a sudden access of temptation to the passions. If the tension be too great and the stays give way, then this exalted standard is trailed in the mud, and virtue itself suffers the more because of such a fall.

Many men waste their whole lives in pondering, speculating and waiting, without finding their rightful positions. The true rule of life is the most natural : to begin early and act ; to deliberate and to choose, but to act in season ; not to shrink from labor or to shirk trouble ; to be bold ; to take responsibility ; to assume our place ; to find our work and do it : not to be diffident, either from

fear of ridicule, or of falling below what we deem the place already accorded to us in the estimation of our fellow-men, or from apprehension of any other damage to self-love ; but to accustom one's self to these stings and arrows early in life, and thus finding our true position to move onwards, regardless of temporary personal consequences. One whose life is spent in speculating, wavering between the wish for something better and the fear of something worse :

" Letting, I dare not, wait upon, I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage,"

is all his life a riddle to himself and others ; and worst of all, in the end, an enigma not worth the trouble of solving.

This view is well expressed by Hans Christian Anderson in " The Improvisatore : " " He thought that I was too much occupied by my own peculiar individuality—I did not sufficiently travel out of myself—did not let the radius of the mind intersect the great circle of the world."

* * * " Recollect, my son," said he, " that the leaf which is rolled up within itself withers."

XL.

CHANGE OF CONDUCT.

It is a common error of the young and inexperienced to suppose that when they have convinced the understanding or conscience of a man their work is done, and that he will change his conduct accordingly. It is, however, one thing to convince, but quite another to persuade. A man will see, believe, and feel the conviction strongly upon him

of the thing he ought to do, and yet stand and wait. There is still a *vis inertiae* to be overcome :

“ Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.”

To induce action the will must be aroused. In many, the springs of motion are constitutionally weak and sluggish. In others, want of energy or courage, or perhaps of youth, has begotten a habit of putting off obedience to the dictates of reason or conscience, when they suggest change, until the will is so enfeebled that its exercise is either impossible or wholly uncertain and unreliable. Our sanguine propagandist overlooks this difference. He is full of youth, energy, courage, hope and fondness for novelty. Change is to him so easy, and perhaps delightful, he fancies it the same with others.

XLI.

HINTS ON NOVEL WRITING.

In the novels that have won and kept the attention of the world in general, where the hero tells his own story he is usually weak and simple-minded. This may be either because such a character is more acceptable to the ordinary reader when speaking in the first person, or possibly because such an one is best adapted to an author's purpose as a medium for developing the actions of other persons in the story. This circumstance is in no small measure the secret of the success of *Gil Blas*.

Fine writing—except to express a clear and striking thought naturally evolved by the story—is quite out of

place in a novel. The words should never be stronger or more highly wrought than the idea, or the situation. Bulwer, in his earlier novels, was a constant sinner against this rule.

A novel writer is on the road to popularity when his characters make us love humanity, and love ourselves for so loving it. As, for instance, when the hero acts nobly, resisting strong temptation to do evil, we applaud his virtue and applaud ourselves for the homage we render to it.

In a well-planned novel, every character, event and description, however trivial or subordinate, bears upon the story and assists in evolving the plot. All else is out of place ; it distracts attention, it disturbs the harmony of the impression produced, besides being itself lost. This rule embraces the real law of "dramatic unity."

XLII.

DUALITY OF IMPRESSION.

How happens it that a man will sometimes stop amid a rush of emotions and question if he be really himself ; almost startled at finding the sensations he is experiencing from familiar circumstances, so strange ? I begin to read a book, I see a picture, I look at a bit of scenery, I gaze at a distant prospect, I am talking with a friend ; they are truly all old acquaintances, but, judging from my impressions of the instant, I would fancy them quite new. Memory is, however, positive and sets me right. Then I begin to question if it be actually myself that is the medium of the novel impression. If this be a susceptibility of the

normal mind, does our conscious susceptibility to impressions change from time to time? Does our capacity to experience sensations vary? Or is it merely a variation in the degree of attention? As memory is dependent upon attention, and that is not at all times active in the like direction, perhaps on different occasions we observe only a different class of characteristic features of a thing. Thus we are in effect, as it were, two or more persons exposed to the same circumstances, and naturally enough the impressions are to some extent unlike. This whole speculation, however, is perhaps true only concerning our more subtle emotions; as the grosser ones are for the most part likely, under similar circumstances, to be always substantially the same.

XLIII.

TRUTH.

“What is truth?” May it not be subdivided into the historic, the scientific and the artistic?—the first being the aggregation of all directly associated facts; the second, the law and principle fairly deducible from all germane and coherent facts; while the last may be considered as the ideal type of coherent fact in general, the image of an idea combining the result of all pertinent and germane facts blended and fused together, the distinctness of their concrete irregularities and imperfections being lost in the abstract composition?

This last might be compared to the white light educed when all the rainbow colors of the prism meet—each dis-

tinct fact being, as it were, a reflex of some variety or shade of color, while the peculiarity of each, being swallowed up in that of the others, is lost distinctively.

Poetic truth may then be classed as a species of the artistic. Sculpture, painting, music, poetry—each aim to represent some general idea by some particular fact which is representative or typical. Indeed, every actual fact is, as it were, a reflex of some special view of that perfect whole or entirety which is represented by ideal or artistic truth. Thus the antique bust of Socrates represents the face of an actual individual; while the face and figure of the Apollo represents the face and figure of man idealized—and because perfect, deified.

XLIV.

GRATITUDE.

Rochefoucauld's definition of gratitude, as a lively appreciation of benefits expected, is scarcely too sarcastic. Indeed, he might have added that, as a rule, mankind are grateful in an inverse proportion to the degree of favor bestowed upon them.

A debt of gratitude, however, can never be fully repaid. There is no rule to calculate the degree, no scales to compute the weight, no measure to determine the quantity, and no limit to fix the boundary of this peculiar obligation. Its binding force can be impaired by nothing short of positive injury, directly inflicted by our creditor himself. As Rabelais well says: "This is the nature of gratitude and true thankfulness. For time, which gnaws and diminishes

all things else, augments and increaseth benefits ; because a noble action of liberality, done to a man of reason, doth grow continually, by his generous thinking of it, and remembering it."

XLV.

LOVE OF LIFE.

How commonly, in our day, is expressed by persons in full health the wish "to die !" What is meant ? It is as natural to love life as to live. Where mind and body are in health, the love of life is instinctive, necessary and a matter of course. When the love of life sinks low, or seems to expire, there must be something abnormal, some unusual cause for this unnatural condition. If there be no external fact, no disease of mind or body, there must be some habit or some delusion that thus thwarts the course of nature.

A dreadful vicissitude in human affairs may so overcome a man that he has not sufficient courage to meet the exigencies of his life : he may fly to escape what he fears he cannot endure. This is sheer vulgar cowardice and crime. But that is not what is now referred to. The subject of discussion is that sentimental distaste for life which often seems to overtake those who possess, generally without any merit of their own, all those means of social happiness which the generality of mankind are striving to gain.

Why is this ? Surely it indicates something wrong. Among young people it sometimes happens that *ennui*, resulting from bad habits of mind, coupled with indolence

of body, have so dulled the spirits and narrowed the circle of the sympathies, that they are fain to cry out: "I am tired of life—there is nothing in it." This kind of weariness is quite apt to come from making "self" the centre of all things; from taking only such views of life as suffer one's self to be the axis of all thoughts and actions. This is looking downwards and inwards. It may be either self-pity or self-worship. This last is the meanest of all idolatry when it thus begins and ends in the act of adoration; although when it is the source of impulse to great actions it may be godlike. On the other hand, cheerfulness and love of life, as its accompaniment, come from the opposite conduct; from looking outward and upward, finding occupation in thinking of and doing something outside of one's self; from love of our neighbor; and so evolving happiness by earning and enjoying the reciprocal love and esteem of our fellow-men:

" Nous ne recevons l'existence
Qu'afin de travailler pour nous, ou pour autrui :
De ce devoir sacré quiconque se dispense
Est puni par la Providence,
Par le besoin, ou par l'ennui."

As the Laureate poet says, they that long for death merely want "fuller life." The most trustworthy cure for this *taedium vitæ* is well-doing, for its own sake, without expectation of either recognition or reward. All other well-doing, in this regard, may be of doubtful efficacy to the doer. Indeed, it may even prove to be mischievous, as encouraging pure Pharisaism.

XLVI.

LOYALTY.

In America the popular sentiment of respect and affection for the "Union," and the "Flag" as its symbol, is cherished, encouraged and concentrated because that Union is fondly regarded as the chief source of all our prosperity and happiness as a Nation. This sentiment, by which we appreciate our magnificent idea, takes the place, with us, in a republic, of that other sentiment by which a people under a monarchy appreciate their personal sovereignty. Each call it "loyalty." With us, however, it is impersonal and more abstract, being rather a faith than a feeling; involving conscientious fidelity to the spirit of law, instead of a mere joyful obedience to a supposititious personal sovereign's will. Hence it requires more careful handling, more steady encouragement and more unremitting effort to keep it glowingly alive and its value always recognized. Without this basis of loyalty, whether it be of feeling, as a sentiment, or of faith, as a conviction, it is not easy to perceive how there can be any active or reliable patriotism. The prodigious struggle to save the Union and perpetuate its emblem brought some compensation for inevitable bloodshed and horror, by its tendency to fan the fires of patriotism. The stars and stripes now give promise of becoming to the American people, as the symbol of National faith, almost what the crucifix is to the Christian devotee, as the emblem of our religion.

XLVII.

A PHILOSOPHER.

What is the character in social life we colloquially call "a philosopher," but the embodiment of selfishness? We say of him, although he is not remarkable for any nobility of nature, that he seldom worries. His equanimity, however, costs him nothing. He has no public spirit. He takes so little interest in others or their affairs that their haps or mishaps do not disturb him. So long as the water does not drown his lands he is calm in the storm. "After me the deluge," says his philosophy. He shirks all duties and lives to cultivate his personal gratifications, regardless of the perplexities of common men. I have heard of such an one who was a divine. A brother clergyman, of the anxious sort, once said to him: "How can we understand such expressions as: 'Why hop ye so, ye high hills;' 'The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs'?" It distresses me greatly to be unable to explain to my people, or even fully myself to comprehend the probable meaning of these words." "Ah!" said this philosopher, "don't you worry. Let them hop and skip."

XLVIII.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Certainly, as our greatest poet has sung, the country has some advantages over city-life in sustaining and cultivating serenity of spirit. Natural scenery is always filling

the eye with beauty of form and color. The mere absence of man prepares the mind to absorb this loveliness. The broad blue sky, the endless variety of moving clouds, the shining moon and stars in the vast concave, the wide horizon, woods, lakes, rivers, hills, valleys, mountains and rocks, sunlight and shade of trees, the expanse of fields, the little streams, the flowers, buds and insects, the almost infinite number of nameless things of beauty constantly appeal to something responsive within us that is seldom awakened in city-life. Shut up in towns one sees such an overwhelming excess of mere humanity, and human toil, which stirs neither sympathy or suggestion within us, that man, and man's work in general, cloy and lose their freshness. We are hedged in by rooms, houses or streets ; we are circumscribed by inflexible circumstances. Insensibly, our thoughts are narrowed by these artificial limits, till we lose all sense of unmeasured space, and have no longer even a suggestion of the infinite.



HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.

PURELY intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no slight matter, to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and, to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then, too, our conception of them often takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Beside, the stubbornness of language will not bend, at choice, to accommodate exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as wit, humor, poetry and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

It may be that we are apt to attribute too much of this misfortune to the poverty of language, and too little to our own want of grasp, and precision of thought. The mind is oftener at fault, perhaps, than the tongue we

speak—the dialectician more culpable than the dialect. Still, it must be confessed, one is often puzzled for a word, and is compelled to adopt an awkward circumlocution or ambiguous phrase.

We encounter all these difficulties in no ordinary degree at the outset, as we attempt to jot down a few hints about genius and talent. We confess we have no definition to give. We throw out these suggestions, and leave for others, who have more leisure, and can bring to bear upon them greater power of analysis, the task of testing their worth. Moreover, we are very far from pretending to insist that all our views are correct ; or that we may not have been betrayed by fanciful antitheses, or seduced by an appetite for paradox, into many an error. We merely essay, by abstract considerations, and with little illustration, to suggest the basis of a definition, and to help, by contrast, to discriminate between two mental characteristics, widely dissimilar, and yet often popularly confounded. Popularly we say, for we conceive this mistake does not lie very deep. Among accurately thinking men such a distinction is well established, and generally recognized ; though not unmistakably defined with such precision and lucidness, as to prevent the one idea being sometimes confused with the other.

Genius, as we understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, moral qualities and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has ; and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is neither taste, wit, nor humor. It is not common

sense or facility. Finally, it is not talent. It may co-exist with each and all, or it may possibly exist essentially independent of either. Nor do we apprehend there is much practical danger of confounding any of these, except talent, with genius.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend and reproduce truth, beauty and harmony; while talent is the ability to explore, gather up and reconstruct truth, beauty and harmony. Genius is creative ability; talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth and power, is subjective; talent, in its nature, growth and power, is objective. Genius is imaginative, speculative and visionary; talent is prosaic, practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and the possible; talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents; talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks, by its own inward power, to develop what it finds within itself; talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adapt a word, genius is intransitive, talent is transitive. In their works, genius is easy and natural; talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise; talent shows you its clue, long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the instinct, talent the reason of the understanding. Genius substitutes intellectual vision for proof, and has a clear conception out-running the deductions of logic; talent moves by regular processes of thought; the operations of genius are *a priori*, from cause to effect; the operations of talent are *a posteriori*, from effect to cause. In poetry, talent will depict the terrible, while genius

develops the sublime ; in art, talent will produce an anatomical study, while genius makes the dry bones live. Talent is sagacious appreciation ; genius is intuition. Talent ascends ; genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental ; genius is transcendental and prophetic. " Nothing can be proved to exist," says talent ; " I know that I exist," says genius. Thus talent arrives at a conclusion ; genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius has more enthusiasm and self-devotion ; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy ; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility ; talent by the passions. Genius is full of reverence, faith and charity ; talent is iconoclastic, skeptical and cruel. Genius overstrained is apt to burst into madness ; talent overtaken to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development ; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each acting more freely where it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse and is desultory ; talent, chained to the will as a motive power, is methodical and direct. Genius excels unconsciously ; talent is always aware when it produces an effect, nay, toils to produce it. Genius has its end shaped by a divinity ; talent rough-hews its own. Genius finds its motive in its own gratification, and is but half conscious of effect and external accomplishment ; talent dies without appreciation, seeks the plaudits of the world, and knows marvellously well when it has made a hit. Genius wakes up in the morning and finds itself famous ; talent lies feverishly awake all night and

wonders why that morning and its fame does not hasten and come.

Besides, genius often derives more strength from the heart than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler minds, and, by all these outlets, is constantly diverted from its purpose while its time is wasted ; the tide in its affairs is not taken at the flood, and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart ; is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness ; is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husbans its resources, spreads every inch of canvas, makes everything tell : nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feebler men and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic ; talent is the soul of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labor and shudders at practical details ; while talent likes work and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession ; but talent glories in the manifestation of superiority. Genius is full of doubleness and a riddle ; is mystic, and walks in a cloud ; but talent is single in purpose, plain and no greater than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled or profaned by strangers or barbarians ; but talent has no household gods.

The growth of capacity and power in genius is not unlike the growth of a fruit or a tree ; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself ; yet indivisible and a unit, still having unbroken identity. The same growth in talent depends chiefly upon cultivation ; it is like the formation

of a crystal, adding to itself, yet each addition separate, severable, and scientifically obvious. The former grows by expansion from within ; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God and the mystery of man's nature ; nay, by wreaking its thoughts upon expression, to ally itself and mankind with the great Godhead Himself : talent labors to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a torch in its hand, and, seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks ; talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a clue, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the daylight of other men's minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth ; talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion or necessity has forced it into exercise.

It would be a curious and perhaps a profitable investigation, if practicable, to find out how different men get possession of their peculiar ideas. Scarcely any thing could afford a more edifying entertainment than to hear the honest confessions of a hundred able men about the mode in which their thoughts have reached them. When we hear a great intellect announcing as a definition of genius the single word "patience," we may safely guess that to such an one ideas come slowly and laboriously. And when another refines upon that definition, and says : "genius seeks and patience finds," we may conjecture that to such an one, too, there is much beating about the bush before the game is started. So when a third tells us that

"genius is capacity for mental effort," we may well imagine that his thoughts are not generated without much sweat of the brain. Yet here, let us say, that perhaps one reason why so different and contradictory theories are afloat in the world respecting the intrinsic nature of genius, is, that self-love has hindered many brilliant men, who have attempted to define it, from so circumscribing its boundaries as to exclude themselves from its territory.

But to return : Charles Lamb speaks of "crying halves" to ideas struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, an idea Heaven intended for some other man. But the most honest expression we have met with on this head is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that, we trust, we shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage :—"The mind," says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically, as ourself ; "the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him ; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back." "I have," says the Rev. Sydney, "asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking ; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it ; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought." Now, we suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by men of

more talent than genius, but that the crying halves, and intercepting ideas intended for other men, better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their thoughts ; nay we are the more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts of genius ; while those of talent are obviously slow, if not anticipated.

"By genius," says Fuseli, "I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge ; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty ; while talent arranges, cultivates and polishes the discoveries of genius." That is to say, genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Thus, in art and letters, the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature ; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard and imitative, or perhaps grotesque and fantastical. With the first, every thing revolves on the pivot of truth ; with the other, this common centre may be wanting. Genius is a law unto itself ; talent must obey the law as it finds it written, and as it deviates, or the law is bad, so it may err.

Perhaps no man was ever so peculiarly qualified to explain these distinctions as Coleridge. Certainly, in a few words, he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. "Genius," says he, "finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their truth's sake." Again : "To possess the end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the moral constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinguished from mere talent." Once more : "Genius is

originality in intellectual construction ; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books and other conservatories of intellect." And again : " This is a good gauge of genius ; whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself." These are golden sands, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed.

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power ; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops ; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with tact, or even cleverness ; these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and sensibility are phases or elements of genius. Genius is a fiery particle, deriving its light and color from within itself, and, like a burning coal, shines in the dark ; talent borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard as it is, is deficient ; indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, we know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable—neither taken separately can scarcely be wholly trusted. The ideas of men of genius come in such flashes—the blaze suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torch-light in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden apparent inconsistency, though with real sincerity. With men of talent, however,

the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and seldom or never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects and polishes its ideas ; but they are finite, have iteration in them, and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse ; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, unsteady, and studious of new things ; talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel, in which it flows the more easily and powerfully as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of habit. Genius has no habit.

It would be a bold proposition that such men as Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton were not men of genius ; and yet it is true they were not men of mere genius. They had also prodigious talent, and they achieved their great works after so grand a manner, that they stand out like pyramids on the desert of the past, colossal and sublime, because they had also talent commensurate for the magnificent schemes their genius planned. This distinction must always be kept in view while analyzing a mind ; and herein lies the main difficulty of considering this embarrassing subject, and the source of most of the confusion that prevails. There are many men of genius with little or no talent, and there are many men of talent with little or no genius. Of the two classes, the former are made of finer clay and fashioned in a more exquisite mould ; so that in an atmosphere purely intellectual and refined, they will be found rising higher than the latter ; but in most instances, doubtless they die and leave no sign, and are forgotten. The latter often do much work in their day and generation, to great and good

purpose. The former are commonly too gentle and too sensitive for the rough rockings of the cradle of poverty and obscurity. Except when lucky accident of birth or fortune rescues them and makes them ornamental, there is danger of their becoming mere drones, to encumber the face of the earth—*nati consumere fruges*. We have encountered many such an one. The others are the workers in the world ; the material aids that men of more imagination and subtler intellects press into their service. They are the intellectual hewers of wood and drawers of water. They illustrate the great utility of talent. They hew down giant oaks of the primeval forest, and, turning the furrow, let in the fructifying light of sunshine where murky shadows have slept for centuries ; they circumnavigate the globe ; they ransack the archives of antiquity ; explore the recesses of antediluvian temples and decipher the hieroglyphics ; they unearth the buried majesty of Egypt, and they drag up the secret treasures of the unfathomed caves of the ocean. And yet, alas ! as he that has the heart to conceive often lacks the power to do a great deed ; so he that has the hands to do it sometimes finds them idle, because he hath neither eyes to see nor ears to hear where it may be done ; or, in colloquial phrase, “cannot set himself at work.” To quote again from Coleridge : “Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy ; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower.” Nay, it is only when genius bears the torch, and talent gives its strength to the work, great deeds are accomplished. Then, indeed, the work goes bravely on !

Genius without talent finds itself much at a loss how to

get on in the world. Its idiosyncracies are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius sometimes gets on famously, and frequently succeeds from the absence rather than the presence of qualities ; as a man with a conscience will sometimes starve when a man without a conscience will thrive and fatten. Nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling block from its path ; for, as we know, while genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action and hesitates. It considers "too curiously." To borrow from Hamlet, the great dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

" thinking too precisely on the event,——
A thought, which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever three, parts coward : "

nay, finally puzzles itself into inaction. But on the other hand, as for talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that it does with all its might ; and to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it may rush in where angels fear to tread.



SUPERFICIALNESS OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN LARGE CITIES.

TAKE any ordinary man, born, bred and educated in a large city, ten to one he is superficial,—in his thoughts, cultivation, reverence and purpose. He looks at life as a moving panorama; enjoying what is immediately before him, careless of what has gone, indifferent as to what is coming,—looking neither before nor after, but vividly appreciating the present. Precedent and prophecy are to him comparatively unmeaning and of little weight or influence. Memory and forecast are faculties used chiefly to find bases of calculating daily gainful speculations, or as ministers to his pleasure. They are no part of his mental being. They are not inwoven with its texture, as the warp, but are the mere selvage, to be torn from the cloth for homely use. They are not faculties spiritual, but only helps practical. They are not, as they should be, the links of a golden chain, connecting the present with the eternity of the past on one side and the eternity of the

future on the other. To the superficial, things temporal and things eternal are not thus allied.

Swift, in his "Tale of a Tub," complains bitterly of this superficialness of the city-bred literary men of his day. "We of this age," says he, "have discovered a shorter and more prudent method than the ancients to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold. Either first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance ; or, secondly—which is, indeed, the choicer, the profounder, the politer method—to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is turned and governed, like fishes by the tail ; for to enter at the palace of learning by the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms ; therefore, men of much taste and little ceremony are content to get in at the back door."

An illustration which seems to have jumped with the humor of Pope, when he afterward, striking at this same vice, exclaims with more than a coincidence :

"How index-learning turns no student pale
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

And Hazlitt, too, has remarked, in his *Essay on the Ignorance of the Learned* : "People in towns, indeed, are wofully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only in the bust, not as a whole length."

It seems, at the outset, an odd proposition, that where there is the more food there should be less flesh ; that where the means of cultivation and the resources of thought are profusely scattered on every hand to stimulate the

curiosity, the ambition and the taste, there should be less general intellectual depth. But it is not certain an intellectual surfeit may not be worse for the mind than intellectual hunger. In the city, one hears, sees and feels so much ; such a variety of impressions seize hold of one which in a moment are chased away by new ones, that while one's powers of apprehension are quickened to a marvellous degree, one's powers of reflection are proportionally weakened from want of exercise. The memory, too, suffers constantly from being overloaded with an ill-assorted burden it cannot carry. There is no time to classify or dispose of the miscellaneous treasure, and in the hurry and confusion oftentimes it all escapes together. The loss is not felt, any more than a stream runs dry, because all the water in it, at any fixed place and time, passes away. A new supply of the ceaseless current fills the space before we are conscious of the loss. Thus the sieve-like mind is ever busy, but serves only as a dim reflex of the transient present.

See my friend there, sitting in his arm-chair after breakfast, smoking his cigar. He is now upon his fourth newspaper. It is his constant habit, at an expense of four hours per day, to read six newspapers in the morning and four in the evening. He is a very clever man; as the world goes ; very shrewd in business, sage in advice, well informed, firm in his opinions. When he has finished his sixth morning newspaper I ask him : "What is the news ?" Do you think he occupies an hour in telling me ? Do you think he makes some profound observation, showing he has grappled with, classified and generalized the myriad facts that have passed, like images before the wizard's

glass, in review before his mind? You are much deceived if you do. His reply is always the same ; short, pithy and sincere : " Nothing." If he answered as a philosopher I should perhaps blame his philosophy, censure him as a cynic, yet praise his sagacity. But I can do neither. " What ! have you toiled two hours and found nothing worthy of recollection ? Have you not, for instance, been apprised of the astounding discovery made in a remote city, that government and law are useless and expensive encumbrances upon the soaring spirit of a free people ; nay, that an impromptu ' vigilance committee ' do the work cheaper and better ? Have you not, too, learned this, that, or another thing ? " " Well, yes, he does recollect something of the kind ; but really it had escaped his memory." And thus it is each day ; and in wisdom the man grows feebler every year.

" Beware of the man who reads but one book," is the ore of an old proverb of the cloister ; a mine of wisdom lies imbedded in those simple words ; wisdom hard to learn ; learned only after lapse of much time and melancholy experience ; often learned too late, frequently not at all ; humiliating to the pride of intellect, mortifying to ambition, even when learned in timely season. One truth must sink deeply into the mind of a man before he can begin really to know anything. He must believe that it is impossible in one short life to learn every thing. Indeed, he must be satisfied that it is possible for him to know only very little. A bitter conviction it is, when it overtakes the ambitious young student, that he cannot know everything worth knowing ; that his life would be exhausted in the acquisition of a tithe of it, and that no time would be left to use it. Dili-

gence may enable him to extend his researches to distant boundaries ; untiring patience and persevering labor, coupled with good natural powers, will do wonders in the way of acquirement. But knowledge and wisdom are neither research of distant boundaries nor wonderful acquirements. These are merely the implements of knowledge, or rather the source and materials. Learning supplies the mingled ingredients for the alembic of the mind ; knowledge is the new form, after the process of fusion and assimilation is complete. Intellectual knowledge, like practical sagacity, is usually the acquisition of experience. The first is an ultimate growth of the mind's experience, dealing with the great recorded thoughts of men and the seminal events of the world ; as the other is taught by the common events of every-day life. Knowledge is a secondary result, which the mind is fitted to seek and comprehend only when research and acquirement are substantially accomplished. Until this is done, a man has neither the intellectual stores, habits, nor discipline necessary to enable him to find the discrepancies in seeming analogies ; to discriminate between primary and secondary causes ; finally, to detect fallacies in reasoning, and to distinguish betwixt truth and error. Perhaps we labor this point unnecessarily. It is, however, a fearful mistake of the young to confound acquirement with knowledge, and has occasioned the shipwreck of many a hopeful mind, proudly launched in an ocean of fact. Facts do not necessarily in themselves constitute the truth ; and a man may possess his memory with many facts, yet be not a whit the wiser. Fact is the foundation of truth, but the superstructure often conceals what sustains it. To go back to

our metaphor : truth is like a distillation from fact. The change is, as it were, chemical, not mechanical. Fact is multiform—prismatic ; truth is single and hueless. Truth is a centre from which fact radiates in endless and countless rays. Truth is fixed and immutable ; fact revolves about it as a common centre, and often, like the broken bits of glass of the kaleidoscope, changing with every revolution, is yet intrinsically the same thing first and last. Fact is one concrete thing ; truth is an abstract resultant of many concrete things. What we know of truth is, that it is the clue of all the labyrinths of nature, time and history ; and that what we can possess of it, though positively much, is comparatively almost nothing. Human knowledge is fragmentary ; here a manifest certainty, but there a probability, and elsewhere a conjecture. Perfect knowledge is the highest attribute of Deity. So far as we progress in the pursuit of pure knowledge of truth, we approach Divinity.

If a prerequisite to the mastery of a subject were the perusal of every thing written upon it, well might the student despair. The recorded ideas of centuries upon some simple topics would exhaust an ordinary lifetime in the perusal. The old adage, *Non multa sed multum*, is the true rule. Reading furnishes oil to the lamp of thought, but the lamp must burn with consuming fire or there is no light. "There are," says Sheridan to his son, "on every subject but a few leading ideas ; their tracks may be traced by your own genius as well as by reading. A man of deep thought, who shall have accustomed himself to support or attack all he has read, will soon find nothing new." Much thinking and little reading make the profound reasoner. The proportion should be vastly in favor of the first, and the

appetite for the latter, though stronger, will still demand and relish only substantial and nutritious food.

Reading for amusement is like any other pleasure, of little importance mentally, provided it amuses ; the mind often having an instinct in this respect, and seeking that recreation which is most beneficial as such. Reading for knowledge is hard work ; it is a serious task, and mere inclination is not to be consulted. No rule can be laid down. One will read ten times as much as another, and each derive equal profit. It seems idle, however, to study, except to furnish the mind useful information or food for thought, and to keep it occupied ; more than this not only is wasted, but overloads and incapacitates the mind for thinking. Hence comes inattention to facts, followed by debility of memory, and then the very materials of thinking are going.

Intellectual power is the result of connected and protracted thought. Natural powers being equal, it will vary in men in proportion to this discipline of them. Thinking is the severest labor of man, yet it is the most compensating. Moreover, as the mind is immortal, the laborer is working in a garden he shall always till. He will thereby literally "work out his own salvation."

Few ordinary men, however, in large cities, can be led to believe themselves capable of any continuous, sustained mental effort ; fewer still have the inclination to exercise such capacity ; of those who both feel themselves capable and are so inclined, few have the energy, and fewer still find the opportunity. Amid the toil, bustle, noise, confusion and multiplicity of facts, events, passions and purposes, each succeeding the other so rapidly that before the

mind can grasp one it is gone and another fills its place, what chance for thought? What Herculean powers of mind can hold them? What Argus eyes can discriminate which is worthy of being picked from the miscellaneous heap?

The mind may fare better in the country. There are fewer subjects of contemplation. God and nature are ever present. Every thing is suggestive of man's brevity of existence and of nature's permanence. The timid grass bristles stoutly on the very graves of our forefathers. It is only by connecting one's self with the great human family that the aching sense of insignificance is lulled. The thoughts move thus, if they move at all, in a larger compass. There is cheerful solitude, the nurse of thought. There are fewer books and fewer men to make opinions, and so comes self-reliance, the parent of thought. If this is doubted by any citizen who fancies himself a student and a thinker, let him spend a month in the country, apart from society, and probably he will return a "sadder and a wiser man;" wiser, for the hours consumed in reflecting upon what would have escaped his attention in the city; sadder, that he was not wise sooner.

It may be said the chief advantages of education, as a mere accomplishment, can be summed up in the words consistency and toleration, two of the high traits of a Christian and a gentleman; consistency in his own ideas and actions, and a wise toleration towards the ideas and actions of others. These may be better attained in the country than in the city. They are the results of a careful and assiduous cultivation, much silent, serious meditation, and a breadth of views rarely acquired, but by a habit of patient, protracted and uninterrupted thoughtfulness.



CHILDREN: A SERMON OF THE HEART.

"They have children at their desire, and leave the rest of their substance for their babes.—Psalm xvii.



OME ! — domestic happiness ! — fireside ! — what are they without children? Are we not sometimes thoughtless of how much we owe as a sheer debt to our little folks? How hard, cold, literal and selfish is social life apt to become where they are not! By home, we do not mean the house one lives in. Time and place only furnish opportunities and occasions. The daily routine of life is merely the chain that holds the linked hours together. Were it not for sympathy and affection, love and hate, hope and despair, confidence and distrust, gratitude and ingratitude, the passions and the weaknesses of men, nay, the very brittleness and uncertainty of the tenure of life itself, what a monotonous and undesirable, stale, flat and unprofitable thing indeed it would be. The preacher tells us misfortunes are "disguised blessings," while experience tells us that the loveliness of life, and that which makes us cling most fondly to it, is made up of the shifting kaleidoscopic character of its passing events—of the

chances and changes of fortune—of the ever-varying emotions that fill our minds and hearts—of here a bit of sorrow and there a bit of joy—of now an annoyance or a care and then an unexpected pleasure—of once a burden to bear and again the sweet remembrance of duty done—of evil apprehended and happiness found—in short, of glimpses, receding distances and dissolving views. So home is the epitome of life—if it be fully peopled; and domestic happiness is the nearest and commonest approach to perfect felicity that is vouchsafed us here.

“I live a second life in my children,” says the glad father, “and I watch their hopes and fears, their longings and their pleasures, with more than a double joy—joy that none but a parent knows. How vividly they carry back my memory to my early days! The sting of early sorrow has lost its venom—nay, remembered sorrow is sweet—the random impulses of heart and brain that distracted my child-life—the timid grasping after things, to me, then incomprehensible, now rush upon my recollection and awaken a pleasant satisfaction. I see my boy’s mind opening and bewildered at the vista that stretches out before him. I see him stumbling: I watch him trembling amid mazes of doubt and error. I let him grope to the right—to the left—I wonder if he will hit the true path, after all. I try him with a hint. He won’t comprehend me; he is so conceited, so obstinate,—so like his father; he will go wrong when he could just as easily go right; perhaps he does not know how to choose. I let him run out to the end of his chain; then I startle him and bring him into the track, and set him going again.”

Parental love is a new-born sensation. The childless

know nothing of it. It comes to men often when all the freshness of life is worn out, and it is rejuvenescent. Blessed dispensation of Providence !

Let us look at it more closely for a while. Until nearly twenty, say, a young man gets on very well. As a boy, has he not his top, and his ball, and his kite ? Has he not his schoolmates, his boy-friendships, his quarrels, his tasks ? Then as he gets further on in his teens, has he not his college-days, his boy-rivalries, his man-apings, his bread-and-butter loves, his mania-a-poetry, his dissipations and his mortal headaches, his good resolutions, his philosophies, his strivings after atheism and his plunges into pantheism ? Is he not a sophomore, and does he not revel in the classics, and despise Milton and Wordsworth, and the false opinion that sustains them ? Now look at our hero at thirty. He has passed through many a crisis ; he has had the measles and he is done with poetry ; he has played through the whole gamut of infidelity and come back to the Bible his mother taught him to read ; he gives much time to the business and affairs of life ; he has fallen seriously in love ; he has married.

In love and married ! We must pause and take breath. In love ! How balmily the earth smiled when the sweet influence of a real passion stole over him, charming and filling every sense ! He is a new man. He sees every thing in a new light, and with a clearer vision. The eternal harmonies of God, the fitness of things, and the usefulness of God's creatures, each in its appropriate function, without his knowing why, are suddenly apparent and tangible to his intuitive sense. A large and wide-embracing charity fills his soul. He is an optimist ; he is in love with

all mankind. The fragrant influence of woman in all her loveliness has fallen upon him, gentle as the dews of heaven, pure and soothing as summer moonlight. But little does he think how much of it may, in the alembic of his shallow soul, prove pure "moonshine" in fact. He scarcely recognizes his former self. He is possessed of a new sensation, branching off into new sympathies, new desires, new hopes, new influences. The air he breathed languidly but yesterday fills him to-day with magnetic sensations ; he flushes and thrills ; the blood tingles in his veins ; his flesh creeps at the roots of his hair. He was getting a-weary of the world, and *blasé*, but now he is an enthusiast, and a luxuriast also.

Married too ! How sped the honeymoon, and how the months glided noiselessly away, in the fond companionship of the sharer of his joys and hopes, we scarcely stop to note. The transition, through the stronger tides and currents of his heart, from love to marriage, was not violent or abrupt. It was another chapter in one story, and might be entitled "more of the same." It bore no resemblance to the crossing of that electrical bridge that spanned the chasm between the period when he was only in love with himself and when he fell in love with her he now calls "wife." That wore the look of newness and change ; this wears the look of progress in the same path. To him whose heart has been untouched by the sacred flame, love is a mystery and foolishness ; but when the riddle is solved and the infidel believes, a great and shining light blazes about him, and he sees not as others see. So when a man is once really in love, considered as a psychological transition, marriage is the easiest thing in the world.

Well, time passes. There begins to be a little show of lassitude—a little consciousness of sameness in the life of our Benedick—perhaps the least bit in the world, but just enough to put him now and then in a brown study. “Why do you mope so, this evening?” “Was I moping? I was never more cheerful and happy in my life.” It was his first white lie—to her. The cloud passes off. Still ever and anon we catch our hero listless, lacking alacrity, and prone to sleep heavily after dinner. He makes long visits to his club again, as in bachelor days, and returns to his wife smelling of tobacco, and looking more tired than before. He has gone back to this habit of smoking, and you see him sit idly silent, by the hour, in the still evening air, caressing his cigar, and watching, with a half-envious eye, the graceful smoke-wreaths curling slowly upward. We would not for an empire fling trouble before the clear blue eyes and cloudless brow of the lovely creature yonder, who is reading in musical tone to his dull ear. So constant and devoted herself, if he hears not a word of her reading no suspicion of his heedlessness ever crosses her mind. She is not made of the stuff that loses virtue, when the freshness of the first gloss is worn off.

Now if the truth—the real truth—should happen to be discovered by some great prophet, that he was beginning—just about beginning to fancy himself getting a little tired of his (shall we say it?) monotonous life, would she—could she believe it? Not a word of it. Never. But it might be true for all that. We are suspicious that this inconstant fellow sometimes feels that life is something of a bore still. Is this an incurable and constitutional disease, that it is ever recurring? How often must this trouble-

some patient be cured? When we see him once in a while going into fits of abstraction, we are afraid he is in danger of becoming *blast* again. Fie on the blockhead! Is this the way he keeps his vows "to love and to cherish until death doth part?" Talk of the inconstancy of woman! In the dealings with each other, man is the changeling, woman the steadfast one.

Years pass on. Honeymoon is a far receding reminiscence. The husband and wife are no longer very young. She is more quiet and more happy, while he is more blithe and gay. We left him launching his frail bark in a sea of revery that has swallowed many a hopeful lifeboat. We did not expose all the sick fancies of his brain, for we knew he might yet be heartily ashamed of them. But he is safe now. He is a father; and in the fond accents and endearments of his children, and in parental love and affection, he has found another new sensation. This was quite as novel and almost as electrical as his first passion; but it is wider in its grasp; it reaches out and touches infinity; it has something of the vagueness and vastness of the sublime in the indefiniteness of its scope. It is the voice of nature without, responding to the voice of nature within him, as deep calleth unto deep. The great want and craving of his soul that was swaying him to and fro, in the younger years of his life, has found food meet for it.

Oh! parental love and childish affection! how like a gentle shower ye fall upon the parched heart of man! Vistas open before us as we name the theme. The tongues of men could not exhaust it. We seek only to hint how much we owe to our children for keeping our hearts in

sound and healthy tone. How heartily Jeremy Taylor puts it: "No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance, in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society." Many a reader of this genial tribute to our baby friends will feel sure the good bishop, when he wrote it, was looking straight at the prototypes of the little rogues that are now climbing his own knee.

Men are such restless, fidgetty, perverse mortals in their mental and moral tendencies, it is hard to say to what ugly depths of morbidness they might descend but for this soothing dispensation. A man's heart is a spring that easily gets choked and dried up at the source. It is lucky for us we have these little sprites to keep the fountain playing. We fear men would soon become a desperate set of savages but for the sweet influence of these little household gods — these Lares and Penates. Husbands tire of their wives, and wives tire of their husbands, and children tire of their parents; but what father is ever weary of his children? A man is strangely mad to be weary of life while his children surround him. Petty and temporary annoyances, sorrow and care, this life is full of; vexation and disappointment come to us all; but where is the sane father who is a misanthrope or a scoffer?

Conjugal love is a balm to the soul. It has often proved a beacon light to the wanderer upon a trackless sea. It has saved many an erring, and almost lost man,

from selfish indulgence and degradation. Yet conjugal love is not to man the same absorbing passion as to woman. She possesses her heart's treasure and is satisfied. Some men are never satisfied with any thing fixed or positive. They will be running after new and "strange gods." They crave for more sympathy and more excitement. The more superficial the character, often the greater the need and **the more insatiable** the thirst. Love and marriage fill a chapter of their lives, but they soon sigh, with bitterness and with truth: "Without children there is no marriage." Nay, sometimes after being pleasantly tossed about for a period upon the gentle waves and tides of love and marriage, just when you fancy they are safely launched in smooth, deep water, out of reach of ground-swell and under-tow, a mocking wave breaks over them and hurls them staggering high and dry upon the arid sands of misanthropy and selfishness again. Celibacy were better than this! Better be a Shaker and "polka" at arm's length, than be such a moping childless husband.

"The world must be peopled," says Benedick. The heart must be peopled, say we; and we prefer a native to a foreign population. We are no Malthusians. We live by choice in the American city of largest population. We hold up both hands for him who is called "father" by the greatest number of girls and boys. We revere the patriarchs, and we always did agree with the Vicar of Wakefield, who said, that "the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population."



THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

FIRST, the "rights of man," and now the "rights of woman," have been discussed and expounded to satiety, but who vindicates the rights of children? Is it because infants cannot vote that political economists and legislators are sometimes disposed to wholly ignore their political existence? Let us take a striking illustration. Every one who has reflected at all upon the difficult subject of devising proper laws for divorce, knows the great embarrassment arising from the fact that children may acquire rights and just expectations under the marriage contract. Although we deal with this relation, therefore, as growing out of a merely civil bargain, yet it becomes impossible to rescind it, or to enact a law to restore the immediate parties of the agreement when dissatisfied, to their original independent condition, without probable injustice to their children.

This seems obvious enough to everybody. Nevertheless, in a very learned report of a Judiciary Committee to the Legislature of the State of New York, upon the subject of a new divorce law, the possible existence of children, as a feature of the *sui-generis* contract of marriage, was not even alluded to!

The rights of woman were little heard of, until she herself took up the pen, and even mounted the rostrum in her own behalf. Before this was done, men thought she could get on very well with the share of duties allotted to her, without pestering us with talk about her rights. We try the same policy with children. Still, some may say, those evils are best overcome which in time find their own cure. Perhaps this is generally true. And perhaps one ought to wait for oppressed juvenility to help itself. Abhorring precocity, however, as we most heartily do, we apprehend it is wiser to protect ourselves against its presumptuous outbursts, by a timely taking up of the cudgels unasked in behalf of the rights of children; otherwise, we may live to hear the common rebel cry bawled into our ears, "it is too late." Nay, the rising generation may yet issue its manifesto, proclaiming to the "millions yet to be" that, "goaded to despair" by a "deep sense of their manifold wrongs," they have "risen" in vindication of the "rights guaranteed" to them by "nature's God." Heaven forbid such uncivil war!

Seriously, however, the neglected rights of children may touch a momentous subject. What fearful suggestions press upon the mind and weigh down the heart, when we contemplate from what unfit and unhallowed hands an immortal soul too often receives in infancy the unhappy impress that colors, shapes and tones its eternal destiny. Nay, when we consider that a child is not a mere finite sequence of matrimonial union, sometimes welcome and sometimes obtrusive, not a mere personal gift to ourselves for pride, joy or profit, but the germ of an existence as important at least as our own, an existence that reaches in

duration ~~from~~ everlasting to everlasting ; that, to no inconsiderable degree, it is a plastic mass of unfinished spirit, and measurably the creature of circumstances, in its ~~shape~~, direction and action ; that its memory is imperishable, and its ~~impressions~~ once formed are never effaced ; that its ultimate line of motion is ~~the result~~ of a composition of forces made up of all the events and experiences of this life, external and internal, sensuous and spiritual : when led to consider thus, one almost shudders at the fearful responsibility incurred by even interfering at all with its action. Nothing but a sense of sacred duty, and a hopeful trust in a Providence :

—"from evil still educing good,"

could reconcile the thoughtful to undertake this perilous task. Indeed, in this lofty spirit alone should the labor be attempted.

Viewed in this aspect, it appears to be no slight matter to check, or lead the infant mind in any direction whatsoever. Perhaps, too, one shall say, it may be no light thing to stand by, and witness its blind and heedless choice of that which may hereafter cost it ages of pain to undo, without stretching out a helping hand to warn or guide the erring innocent as best we may. The argument is strong on both sides, and one winces at taking either horn of the dilemma. Unless we address ourselves to the work in that reverential spirit already spoken of, inaction seems the least culpable course, far oftener than we are apt to suspect.

Let us canvass this matter a little. Our guides to right and wrong, except as instructed in general by Revelation,

are fallible. Our lights in these matters are feeble, and cross-lights. They not unfrequently dazzle and bewilder us until we ourselves are misled. We are apt to look only at present effect. In the ordinary affairs of life, with a wise recklessness, we may safely leave much of ultimate sequence to take care of itself. Here, however, in the case of a child under our government, is a little stream flowing on with unerring certainty, and no ebb, toward the ocean of eternity. A pebble dropped into this stream seems only to break its surface into dimples for a moment, or to turn its tiny current awry, and then to lose its effect; but though imperceptible now, it imparts a motion to that current, never lost, until the stream has permeated the remotest sea. If, in our essential ideas, we shall chance to be astray, is there no terror in the reflection, that we may duplicate the error, nay, more, multiply infinitely the ugly images of that error, by thus perpetuating them? Even if we be right, are we sure there is but one highway to truth and rectitude? May not many divergent ways converge to a common centre at last? Beside, the world is ever learning—not, perhaps, new ultimate or new radical truths, but new systems for finding out and reaching truth, and new modes of applying it. We are aiming to acquire nowadays the art of concentrating the ideas of myriads of generations into the duration of a single earthly life. May we not overrate the value of the past, as represented by our merely personal experiences, and seniority? The true measure of duration of time being the succession of ideas, may not another mind, starting from the stand-point of our acquisitions, reach with clear vision and vigorous grasp at twenty, that which we see but dimly at forty?

Nay, may it not make even this discovery the basis of further explorations? What then? Shall we not distrust, with deep humility, our ability to perform the part we assume with such assurance, of unerring guide, in all things, to the young mind and heart?

Let us, however, come a little more to particulars. As minds are complex, and faculties variable in their proportions, it is an absurdity to apply the same rule to all: and as we cannot, during the childhood of the mind, accurately discern the precise degree of complexity, or the exact proportions of its various faculties, is it not unwise to give to all the same iron rule, which may indeed check and control, but cannot regulate, their movements? Why not enlarge the liberty of childhood? Why not, in a devout spirit, trust more to nature? Who can tell what beautiful and intelligent instincts childhood may develop, if not exposed to bad example, nor yet smothered with too much learning and discipline? The tree trained to the wall cannot stand erect in the blast, and will perish in the storm. But youth, we hear, is prone to err. What matters it if childhood do go somewhat astray? May not its very wandering be its destined pathway to rectitude? May it not be that we are sometimes sacrilegiously interfering with the ways of nature, in thus mapping out, arbitrarily, the travels of an immortal soul? May it not be, that while seeking to make the crooked straight, we are, with unhallowed hands, confusing an ultimate harmony?

What is a child, that we should thus dare to tyrannize over the defenceless subject of our caprice! A plaything? A gift for our amusement? One whose "chief good and market of his time" is "but to sleep and feed?" "A

beast?" No more? A property of ours? Is it not rather a double trust—kinsman and guest, a trust next in importance to our own souls; confided to us, to be answered for hereafter? Oh, that men and women would think thus!

What more mischievous error is prevalent in the social world, than the not uncommon opinion of very intelligent people, that the dispositions of men and women are absolutely created by the discipline of childhood? As if immortal beings could be, in their entire shape and every feature, of necessity, the wares of our paltry handicraft; the sport or victims of our imperfect guidance. All physical nature that perishes has the divine impress upon every lineament; but the immortal soul waits the stamp of a human die before it can pass current! Each beast that goeth downward has its distinctive traits and disposition, which fire cannot burn out of it; but a man, forsooth, is a piece of sodden clay, that is angel or devil, as parental discipline may determine! Is not this Atheism, or worse? One could sooner believe there was no future, than believe that He, who created the universe, would create a human soul without giving it a purpose, and seeing that purpose indelibly stamped upon it. Let us stand up for the toleration, to some extent, of the individuality of every human being. In that we may reverently recognize the image of God, in which man is created.

Really, this matter of training up a child, in the way he should go, may easily be carried too far. It has been too often the sanctified pretext for a galling domestic despotism. You may, and very likely will, train him down in the way he should not go. Every created being is, to some extent, a law unto itself; and a large portion of the life-

time of most reflecting men is exhausted in discovering (amidst the rubbish and confusion of ideas and opinions derived from parents and teachers), what that law is ; and in emancipating their minds from the tyranny of this foreign yoke, and subjecting themselves to the dominion of their own real nature. It is time for fuller recognition of individual moral instincts. It is time, more generally, to teach children principles and laws, instead of facts and precedents ; and to point out to them the end to be arrived at, and the means of its accomplishment, instead of authoritatively laying down maxims, to be blindly adopted. We set the body free from the leading strings as soon as possible, rightly judging that self-dependence will create strength and suggest the means of supplying whatever is needed ; but how often do we neglect to set free the youthful mind, until, in spite of enervating and perhaps corrupting influences, discovering its deterioration, it rebelliously breaks away from mistaken tenderness, and bitterly begins life in downright earnest, upon its own resources and responsibility.

It is odd, and it is humiliating, too, that extremes should so often meet in social, as well as in political rules of life. Perhaps the fabulous hiding-place of truth would have been better described as being at the end of a circle, than at the bottom of a well. Is it not a melancholy fact that, in this latter part of the fifty-ninth century of man's history—after myriads of hecatombs of human victims have been slaughtered, and offered as sacrifices, in the pious endeavor to establish strong government—political philosophy should in our day complete the circle, and, returning to the starting-point of pure nomadic life, build its theories upon so

primitive an axiom as, "that government is best which governs least?" Is it not appalling to contemplate the oceans of treasure squandered, the bankruptcy and ruin evolved, in teaching the commercial world to seek of the powers that be, as the best boon that can be awarded, the same thing that must have been the instinctive prayer of the two men who made the first bargain: "let us alone?" Were it not too simple, and the illustrations too trite, one might easily press this view. In one word, think for an instant what a vast proportion of the toil, sweat, blood and treasure of the heroes, patriots and martyrs of the world has been spent, in emancipating mankind from the bonds of those political and social errors they have inherited almost without a fault of their own. Looking back through the ages, what a dismal scramble do we see—the blind leading the blind, the sage in chains in a dungeon, draining the poisoned cup, or the madman rioting on the throne, and convulsing the world with his mandates: poor Truth chained like Prometheus to a rock in the ocean, and tyrannical Error, vulture-like, eating out its heart.

Now, it may well be suspected that childhood, in many well regulated families, is too often the suffering victim of this prevalence of hereditary error; and that a larger allowance of the "let alone" policy in the nursery, the school-room, and at the fireside, nay, the leaving of nature a little more to her own resources, would better subserve the interests of humanity, than all petty embargoes, bounties and stop laws. Let us have a little less materialism, and a little more faith, hope and charity exercised towards these little folks. Let us not crush the heart out of youth by discipline, brutal in character or excess, however well in-

tended. Let us never degrade, or humiliate the man in miniature. Let us trust more to nature and time, and less to compulsion. Let us have a separate key curiously adapted, with cunning design, to unlock every little heart ; and not seek to force them all with the same crow-bar.

In fine—without subtracting from parental authority or discipline, in cases of evil inclination, or abnormal temperament—let us still protest against all tyranny exercised over childhood. While deprecating neglect of parental duty, and the ills of mischievous license, and while cherishing and encouraging filial obedience, let us nevertheless advocate the right of a child, within certain limits, to grow up somewhat naturally, instead of being brought up too artificially. Let us resist the baleful influence of all petty domestic despotism. Let us discourage alike the misconceived pride, or misplaced fondness that tortures the infant brain into preternatural precocity, and the heedless or wilful violence, or privation, that torments the infant heart into despair and possible diabolism. In behalf of young humanity, let us claim a larger liberty, and ask to have the individuality of each child recognized, and made the basis of a peculiar and liberal treatment.



MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

(*N. Y., A.D. 1856-7.*)

I.



WAS not born for this. No. One odd circumstance with another, a lack of self-reliance and an infirmity of will—signal vices of my character—have stranded me upon this queer occupation. My friends say of me : “ He has no energy, and he is fit for nothing better.” Well, so be it. Here I am, and here I seem likely to remain. My life has been a rambling and unsteady one. I have read and seen much of men and manners, and something of books. Having a tenacious memory, and being accustomed to minute observation, besides possessing a taciturn disposition, a habit of musing upon what is passing around me, and of silent garrulity, has grown with my years and become inveterate. My present way of life is surely monotonous enough in its routine : the tread-mill excepted, I can scarcely fancy any more so ; yet it affords me much food for my peculiarity to feed upon. I have here a sort of familiar footing with the extremes of society in this metropolis. Many trifles are dropped in my hearing, in the casual talk of men and

women, who are my temporary guests, that give me a clue to dispositions, habits, character, modes and phases of life, and traits of men, that might be sought in vain, from observation of people in their more studied intercourse with the world. One-half mankind are always wondering how the other half live. From my point of view, I look on as their gaze of wondering curiosity is fixed upon each other, and by a mystery of my own can often unravel the secret web of both, as they thus unconsciously betray it to me. When I was younger, I had a passion for omnibus-riding. However, the rattling noise of the huge wheels over uneven pavements, and the shortness of the ride, often interrupted my opportunities for observation, and cut short my meditations sometimes in the very crisis of the little dramas my characters were performing. In my rail-car much of this difficulty is obviated. Here I have an endless chain: beside, I see, hear and muse more: whether my musings be worth the jotting down—with a doubting mind—I leave others to determine.

II.

Here we are at Barclay street, going up. It is a close damp evening in October. It is growing dark. The car is filling: that is to say, the seats are filled, and some of the sitters are holding children, or parcels as large, in their laps, or between their feet. Now the aisle is full, and short men are hanging upon the leathern straps pendent from the rails at the top of the car, while tall men are knocking their hats over their eyes, against the same rails. Women are crowding in, looking around, with any but approving

eyes, upon the men quietly seated and staring at them, as they enter and pry their way, wedge-like, through the living mass. There is yet standing-room for a few more, by encroaching a little upon the toes of those who are seated. By closely packing, after the manner of smoked herring in a box, still a few more may be "accommodated."

On we go, stopping at every corner for more passengers. In and in the crowd pours, till the wonder is that one small car can carry all. The poor little mules strain, as they go up the ascending grade, sometimes pulling themselves off their feet, before they can move the great load of humanity: finally, aided by a lifting hand from myself and the driver, they stagger on. The car is now getting full: I mean the inside is packed to its utmost capacity, and the platforms are full to overflowing; but there is yet a little hanging-room upon the steps, and this must not be lost. Those who sit by the windows are very likely aged, feeble, rheumatic, or consumptive; at all events, the windows must be kept shut. Those sitting by the front door are dapper old clerks in down-town banking or counting houses, who never "take exercise," and to whose frail carcases a puff of fresh air is as terrible as a blast of keen and nipping nor'west wind in January; and so the door must not be opened. The car is almost airtight, except at the back door. The forward motion of the car prevents the access of air from this direction, and the mock ventilators at the top are inoperative. I stand compressed upon the hinder platform. A hot gust of foul "second-handed" air pours out from the back-door in my face. Faugh! it stifles me. The reek of mouldy dripping umbrellas, the aroma of decomposing India-rubber, the

exhalations from the bodies and clothing of sixty human beings in various conditions of cleanliness, the odor of innumerable parcels of mysterious contents, fill the atmosphere—if this clammy steam that is stenographing epitaphs upon the windows can be called atmosphere. This vapor is warmed to almost blood-heat by animal contact, in passing through the furnaces of so many pairs of lungs, in every state of soundness or unsoundness, and is not made more aromatic or savory by the contact. Hot, moist and stagnant, it sickens me. But this is my cross, and I must bear it. How the passengers endure it voluntarily, passes my comprehension. Surely New York must be a healthy city, if the inhabitants can endure this.

It may be a fancy of mine, but the undertakers' shops always look more bright and cheery as the cars, thus crammed with living freight, labor on and pass their doors. They seem to be on the look-out for a good time coming. It has been rumored they pay us toll to secure the "good will" of a little trade in their way. But this is a slander, and so far from the truth that I am half tempted to reveal the fact, that we secretly pay them for holding themselves in readiness, in case of any little accident occurring on the road to any passenger, being obliged to be set down for want of breath. But I must not betray secrets of my employers.

I open a window occasionally to let loose the pestilential gases ; but instantly some lover of fœtid air closes it, with an imprecation against the Conductor. I carry my point only while collecting fares of those who, having a sense of cleanliness, prefer to stand upon the front platform with the driver. It is often a matter of wonder, and always of great impatience to some within, that I am so

long occupied in taking these outside fares. I have the door open to do this, and as the fresh current cools my face and fills my lungs, I am in no hurry to close it. I feign never to perceive the shivering, grimaces, stamping of feet and rubbing of hands of my little shrivelled friend, who always monopolizes the first seat by the door at this end of the car. I know he selects this place so that his gallantry may not be disturbed, by seeing the women compelled to stand near the other door, while he retains his seat. But a good airing will not harm him. A man whose habits of life have generated in his peculiar mind an antipathy to ventilation, has no right to mount guard, and keep sealed up the only place the breath of life can enter to those who are famishing for it. If it be necessary to his distempered sense of comfort to inhale the effluvia, he has no right to compel his neighbors to endure the nuisance. "I may be wrong, but that is my opinion." It makes me maliciously merry to see him wince, kick and stamp as I let, sometimes, a snow-drift come in upon him on a raw day in January. Now I let a breath of air pour in, and give those who have sound lungs a chance to fill themselves with fresh draughts. I leave the door ajar, and proceed to collect the fares. I am scarcely inside myself, before up pops my little friend, and, with an angry anathema and an impatient jerk, slams the door tightly.

On we go. I work, and worm, my way through the conglomerated mass, bundled together like trussed hay. Occasionally the car is brought to a full stop, and the "standees" are thrown against each other, like alley-pins by a "ten strike." They would fall to the floor were it not that, like a row of tenement-houses in our upper wards,

they support each other. Clinck ! the bell strikes, and on we go again. We are getting up-town. The crowd standing, or hanging in the aisle is growing thinner ; the riders on the steps drop off ; and only a few women are standing inside. The men, being the stronger, have fought their way, each into a seat as it has been vacated, and as the car stops suddenly with a jolt or a bump, the poor women get a momentary rest, by being thrown upon the laps of the kind-hearted men, who blandly smile, and do not resent the familiarity. Thus we jog on to the end of our journey. Blessed be the man who invented cars ! Did he ever fancy he was inventing an engine for Burking sixty human beings at a time ? Thrice blessed be the man who invented the straps and poles upon which to hang passengers !

III.

We are going down-town on a bright crisp morning in December. The car is half filled with well-dressed, gentleman-like men, and a few ladies, looking gay and cheerful. Some old foggy guards the front-door, as usual, and of course not a whiff of fresh air is permitted to enter. This is all very well, until every seat is taken, and the cramming of the cars begins. When the aisle is crowded, and the straps and rails are all hung full, it begins to be oppressive. Now a man squeezes in, dressed in black (a color in woollen clothing remarkable for its tenacity of bad odors), reeking with the stale miasma of dead tobacco-smoke. Some, who are only half-pinioned by the proximity of a neighbor, or do not require both hands to hold up by the straps or other support, are picking their teeth ;

while the exhalations of many half-digested breakfasts are moistening the car-windows with a thick perspiration. Some read a damp newspaper ; others hang their heads in patient submission. The atmosphere becomes intolerable, and some passengers, being in the full vigor of the morning, can endure it no longer. One makes desperate lunges at the windows ; another contrives various subterfuges for getting the front-door open, again and again ; and a few get out and finish their journey on foot. These latter gain time ; for about this point the little mules begin to grow weary with their disproportioned burthen, and move at a snail's pace. These are my trials. The passengers expostulate, but it is "the custom of the country," and can't be helped. The railroad company can't afford to lose a passenger. It is said the corporation was created in a very remarkable way. The "cats and dogs" that made up the capital stock which the present owners' money went to pay for, it is shrewdly suspected had so little intrinsic value that, when they who organized the company had been paid off, at their own fabulous estimate, for their "live stock, etc.," the real capital of the company was but "a beggarly account of empty boxes." And thus (those who claim to be in the secret say) it happens while a less rate of fare would enrich a company that had an honest start, we starve upon high prices, and enormous contributions from those whose good-nature we abuse so abominably. This is a deplorable state of things, but what genius will help us out of the dilemma ? I look forward trustingly, into the dim future, for that Utopian day, when the number of cars shall be doubled, and a Conductor shall not incur the risk of his discharge by refusing to take up passengers while the

cars are properly filled. I talk occasionally of this matter. But, you see, I am careful to speak only to those who have discretion, so that it shall never get to the ears of my employers. If they should get wind of my revolutionary principles—handy-dandy! what would become of me? Ah! I fear I should be arrested for embezzlement, and—discharged.

IV.

Sympathy is the electric chain that links humanity together. Call it animal magnetism, spiritualism, or what you will; there is a power of recognition in every faculty and attribute of our nature, that enables it to detect and appreciate its fellow whenever and wherever encountered. We are more or less interesting to each other, as we have many or few points of psychological contact. The more we know of each other, if we have affinities, the more lively and active are our sympathies with each other, the better we are able to approximate to that desired craving of the heart, a reflex of ourselves—a thing to study and to endeavor to comprehend. Real self-knowledge is the broadest earthly wisdom, inasmuch as it involves a knowledge of our fellow-beings and our reciprocal relations to each other. The self-knowledge taught by solitary meditation, however, is one-sided, imperfect, and often totally false. It is apt to be morbid, misanthropic, desponding and melancholy. After much experience and intercourse with the world, a man may sometimes profitably shut himself out from its sympathies and give his life to meditation; but he must be a man of rare powers of memory and imag-

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ination. Ordinary men, however, are not safe, if left wholly to themselves alone. By keeping our sympathies vigilant, the spirits are kept in tone, and cheerfulness, which is the wine of life, is maintained.

It has always appeared to me that men differ more in the faculty of appreciating each other than in any other respect. Perhaps it is because this embraces all other differences. Many men there be who walk together through a long life, as utterly ignorant of the real nature of each other, as if they belonged to different species. It is, indeed, sometimes as if one were arrayed in the colors of the rainbow, and the other were blind ; or as if one sang like the carol of morning birds, and the other were deaf. Yet some have the power of seizing and appreciating character at a glance, and in the twinkling of an eye. How they come by it, they know not. This capacity more nearly approaches what we call instinct, than any thing else in our nature. It is a marvellous power. It unravels mysteries, cuts its way through disguises, brushes aside all the shams with which men deceive themselves, and dives at the kernel of the character of a man, with unerring certainty. Men often possess it to a great degree, who can arrogate to themselves neither talent nor genius. My humble theory is, that it comes from an active self-consciousness sympathizing, by a sort of animal magnetism, with the self-consciousness of others. Once brought in contact, and the electrical chain established, the hidden secrets of a man's heart flow imperceptibly from him, the most watchful guard sleeps at his post, and the treasure is betrayed to the gaze of the fascinator. A man thus often finds himself seduced, as it were, into imparting the most

sacred confidences to one of an hour's acquaintance ; and will sometimes stop and start, and rouse himself quite ashamed, as it suddenly flashes upon him that he has opened the window in his soul, perhaps, to the gaze of idle curiosity. Has not the reader seen or felt this ?

V.

I hear so many persons talk over their affairs together, that I have become acquainted with hints of numerous family histories and private biographies while my unavoidable eavesdropping is little suspected. From constantly watching faces (aided, perhaps, by powers acquired through careful early education, which, however, I have unprofitably wasted in an idle, purposeless life) I have become, I fancy, a tolerable judge of physiognomy, and can easily piece together, to my own satisfaction, the scraps I pick up from their talk, and make out a character for many of those who ride in my car. Here now comes with mincing, measured steps, a spruce-looking little chap, very tidily dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons. He carries a small gold-headed cane as if it were a rod of iron—so stiff it looks. He wears a huge diamond breast-pin, and his whiskers are cut quite fantastically, showing the chin and leaving the mustache. His pantaloons are black, strapped down over obsolete patent-leather boots. His vest is rather flashy, his sleeves rather looser than those most men wear, and his shiny silk hat of a rather stiff, flat-brimmed, Canal-street look. What a careless, happy dog he is to be sure ! With what self-gratulation he bends his eyes upon his neat-fitting green kids, and nurses that succulent knob of his cane ! I

know by an intuition I cannot satisfactorily account for, he is a clerk with a moderate salary. Whenever I see a young man riding down to his business, carrying such a cane in such a way, with the marks of so much labor bestowed upon his personal appearance as to give him the jaunty air of our little friend, I know he is a clerk. He has no care. Care be hanged ! Care killed a cat. The toil of life sits easily upon his soul. Be the times hard or not, he gets his salary. This enables him to keep soul and body together after his fashion, and he would not rouse himself to do more. Not he. This is your boarding-house sybarite. His chief care is to decorate his person, fill his maw, smoke his cigar, and do as little work as possible. In the sight of his master I warrant you he is a model of diligence, but in the absence of his employer I would not wager odds upon his fidelity.

I knew such an one many years ago. He was my fellow-clerk in the office of a popular broker of this city, named Johnson. Fag, like myself, was a broker's clerk, and nothing else. Fag's own elegant person was his empire. His time was chiefly occupied in cultivating that domain. He was very skilful in what he undertook, and that was watching the movements of Johnson, which he knew to a nicety. In the morning Fag arrived a few minutes before Johnson, and in the afternoon Fag left about two seconds after the door closed behind Johnson. Our employer's hours varied. He very often left the office quite early in the day ; but I verily believe if he had quit at ten in the morning, it would have been the signal for the flight of my fellow-clerk. Johnson was an absent-minded man, and often forgot accounts and books he purposed taking home ;

it used to make me laugh outright when he returned suddenly and met my worthy fellow-clerk just emerging for the day. Our office-hours were nominally fixed, but Johnson came down late and left for home early. Fag's hours were the same as Johnson's + two minutes and one second. Johnson was compelled to be 'on 'Change' the greater part of the day ; and as soon as Johnson quitted the office in the morning, Fag popped down from his high stool, and abandoned his high desk and his books of account. Lighting a cigar, he seated himself in a softly-cushioned chair, and, placing his feet upon a table, with a new novel or the newspaper, made himself comfortable. Sometimes he would send out the errand-boy for a few friends of congenial tastes, and have a rubber of whist or a hand at "all-fours." Literary reading and dawdling over newspapers were prohibited in the office, and so these things were kept out of sight—except in Johnson's absence. Often, however, he returned unexpectedly when the novels were in full view ; still Johnson never seemed to observe them, and indeed they disappeared with a facility that Signor Blitz might have envied. Fag fancied Johnson never saw his duplicity and eye-serving ; but the truth was, Johnson was a kind-hearted man, and could not muster the courage to discharge a clerk. Beside, he well knew if Fag were set afloat in the world, the "poor devil" might find it difficult to get his bread, as he could not fairly or prudently be recommended for fidelity or diligence to the employment of another ; and poor Fag seemed, like myself, to lack the energy and independence to make his own way. So it happened that Fag continued for years in the employment of Johnson, seldom missing an opportunity to evade

his duties when not openly liable to detection, and rewarding forbearance by ingratitude. This character made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it, and having marked his manner, I know the type the moment I see one of the sort. They are not uncommon in this community.

VI.

I have many a pleasant acquaintance who is not too proud to talk with the Conductor, and who prefers to share the platform with me rather than sit or stand inside the over-crowded car. Oftentimes I have a chat with them, and some are as communicative as if there were some mysterious relationship between us, which they took pleasure in recognizing. I am a sort of major-domo in their eyes, and they have a smile or a jest for me as often as we meet. Here comes one stepping on the car this bright morning. He is a cheery, chattering old gentleman that has seen seventy, but is as brisk as a bee and as gay as a morning lark. Time has already snowed him under, but his step is vigorous and his grasp is firm. He is of small stature, and has the activity of a boy. His eye is twinkling, and he is looking about for a chance at fun in some direction. The first time I saw him upon my car he found it pretty well filled, but he pushed and crowded about so vigorously to find verge enough, that he jostled me rather more than is customary. I stood with my back toward him, and turned to see what rude boy was making such a commotion. When my eye met his he put on such a roguish look. and he poked me in the ribs with such a

merry, ringing laugh, that I was quite charmed with him; and bore his pressure against me with good-nature, and presently ventured to address him some passing remark. He then fell talking to me of the times when he first came to New York, in 1799, when there were but two brick houses from St. Paul's to the old New York Hospital in Broadway. From this he passed to the changes in the times in the matter of extravagant habits of people, and so on. Then he began to remark upon the frequent bankruptcies among young merchants.

Said he: "When I was a merchant in William street, some forty years ago, there was a young fellow who failed in business rather unnecessarily as we thought, and Jeemes H—— and some others, including myself, his creditors, had a meeting to overlook his accounts. We took up his ledger, and the account of A—— was turned to. Well, \$500 due. Was this good? Afraid it was all bad. B——'s account of \$300. How about this? Might get it, but doubtful. A third; very similar. A fourth ditto, and so on, showing a bad state of things and a recklessness in dealing with irresponsible men. However, the accounts were none large.

"Presently we came to the account of 'Messrs. Carco & Cohi.' Well, who were they? Their account was some \$3000, and if good would make something of a dividend. Their names were unknown to us. Were they foreigners? After some preliminaries the debtor said: 'To tell the truth, I am ashamed to confess it, but I have spent this amount frolicking with certain ladies whose society I might better have let alone; and this account stands for 'Carnation Company & Coach-hire.' " How the old gentleman

laughed as he told me this ! We were getting to the end of the route, and there was no time to say more. " But," said my venerable friend, " I am satisfied that this firm of ' Carco & Cohi ' figures as largely in the books of our young bankrupts nowadays as it did forty years ago."

VII.

Our cars are an element in New York life. It would be impossible to get on without them. Our distances have become so great, and our people so numerous, that no stages, cabs or coaches could accommodate us. If we continue stretching out upon this narrow island, what shall we come to ? Perhaps the Harlem River ! Perhaps a further change in business hours. In the early days of New York men had their homes within a block of their counting-rooms or offices. The space between the breakfast table and the workshop was accomplished by the time the cob webs of sleep were brushed from the brain.

Oh, the early hours for business ! When I was a clerk, I used to be the envy of my fellow-clerks and the wonder of everybody. " How could I accomplish so much of daily routine, and yet find so much leisure ? How did I manage to master the involutions of such masses of complexity and detail, yet keep so calm and cool ? " I was never hurried, always ready, always found time for every thing, and every thing under my care was done in its appropriate season. I was set down for a man of great talent for dispatch of business. Had I adhered to an occupation to which I was adapted, I might have kept up the illusion to this day, and perhaps grown rich. At least, I might have been spared

much pain and affliction my vagabond life has betrayed me into. Some fancied I worked late at the office, and outwatched the stars. This was an error. The whole secret lay in my early morning hours. For the purpose of rapidly disposing of business, I always found an hour at the desk before nine o'clock worth any other four in the day. Then the mind is calm, the head cool, the thoughts clear, and the memory tenacious and exact. Then ideas are easily concentrated, confused details assume order, and the guiding clue to the abstruse is readily detected. Later in the day, noise, interruptions, and a thousand disturbing influences dissipate the attention and distract the mind, making fretful the temper that tries to resist them.

I once read law for a little period in the office of a gentleman, afterwards an eminent judge of this city, whose habits were the reverse of mine as I have described them. He kept very late hours in his study at night, and reached the office just before eleven o'clock in the morning. He would then fly about the room from desk to table, and back again, in a nervous twitter. Some dozen people would be waiting to see him ; all spoke to him together, and he answered all at once. Hurry-scurry, he gathered up his papers and rushed away to the City Hall Court rooms. Half the time he forgot the papers he wanted most, and oftentimes he might have sent a clerk, and saved himself the trouble of going at all. But he had not time to think of what he required to be done, or what he might leave undone. If engaged in a trial or an argument in court, there was always something he had neglected, and his thoughts would often stray away from the business in hand until he lost his presence of mind, sometimes at a most

critical period. When he returned to his office it was in the same mood—hurry, excitement and anxiety. He had nothing but nerves—no phlegm, no composure, no serenity, no time. All day long it was the same. But for all this, it was not his real nature ; and when the business of the day is over, and now he rides home in my car, he is quite calm and serene.

Capacity for detail is a useful, desirable and much-coveted talent ; but very often, I suspect, it is merely the result of a habit of doing things in season, and of beginning the business of the day early. On the contrary, the custom of late morning hours, and the vice of procrastination, beget an incapacity for the management of detail, make a man fidgety and nervous, take away his power of effectually disposing of business, or of clear, connected thought, muddle his brain and darken his memory, nay, I will add, carry many a capable man and fine fellow to a premature grave. All these results the "magnificent distances" of our city are begetting among our citizens. "Why don't you do this or that? Why don't you come and see me?" The universal answer is: "I have no time." The child gets "no time" to visit his parent ; the friend is a stranger to his friend, except as they meet in business. All the sweet family cares of the householder are intrusted to servants ; for he has "no time." The thousand familiar trifles of domestic life, that go far to make up the honey of existence, are omitted from the catalogue of human affairs for want of time to give them attention. Domestic economy, from becoming impossible, is growing obsolete. Two or three hours each day are consumed in going to-and-fro from fire-side to ledger and from ledger to fire-side. This

time being cut out of the best working part of the day in the morning and the better part of the social hours in the evening, leaves little opportunity for pleasure and recreation.

We are sadly in want of a reformer who shall take in hand our new circumstances, and make us comfortable. At present, the business man of 1856 in New York is very far from it. Look at the merchants and professional men of former days. They were a hardy race. Born before nerves came so much in fashion, there is no hurry or bustle in their gait or manner. They transacted vast affairs and amassed large wealth, while bankruptcies among them were comparatively rare. They found time to think ; and a half-hour's thought is often more effectual in business than six weeks' hurried, ill-planned labor. I cannot believe they labored as assiduously or incessantly as the business men of our day, yet I see no reason to doubt they effected as much. They lack the nervous quickness of the men of to-day, but to my thinking their sober judgment was more reliable. If they moved more slowly, they moved more steadily, and by looking carefully about them to see whither they were going, they lost less time in making up for improvident deviations from the true course.

There is my friend of "Carco & Cohi" memory, a type of the class I speak of. It is an early hour in the morning, but he has already taken his seat in my car. Time has furrowed his cheek, but he is hale and hearty, and merry as a cricket. He goes down-town every morning at the same early hour, although no business calls him. He has a smile and a cheerful greeting for everybody he meets, be it friend, acquaintance, or stranger. No moody cares knot

his brow : he is no mere anatomy of man, whom fiery excitement and feverish anxiety has burnt out. He was formerly very extensively engaged as a merchant in this city. He amassed a large fortune by his care, assiduity and attention to business. Still I am told by those who knew him that he was always the same pleasant, happy being as now. There were many more such who have borne the heat and burthen of the day, and grown old gracefully. But I have my apprehensions as to whether the system of doing business in our days is not exacting from youth and middle-life some of the stamina that should be husbanded for declining years. I fear this feverish fretfulness that worries us at thirty will tell upon our constitutions at fifty.

VIII.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the luxury of living in a great city, is the constant pressure of human suffering upon the sight. Not only have you the poor always with you, but the sick, the disabled, the decrepit, the oppressed, seem to swarm in the atmosphere, and to dog your heels whithersoever you go. You wish to relieve, and constantly your heart aches at the spectacle of poverty and apparent misery : you do give ; yet while you give alms, you may encourage a thief in disguise, or pay tribute to a brutal task-master by making profitable the gleanings of his slave. The cupidity of debased natures has found commodity in human infirmity and misery ; a running sore is "floating capital," and a wooden leg is "stock in trade." You feel the impulse of charity, you are pained at the

spectacle of human woe ; it costs you an effort to resist the promptings of your nature ; but you feel you are likely to be cheated, that you may be doing harm instead of good, and yet you are unable to distinguish between real and feigned misfortune. By degrees, from being constantly deceived, you become indifferent, and then seem almost brutal, when alms are asked of you. Your heart recoils at yourself, but habit now makes you act before you think. If you happen to have a country-friend with you, he stares at you and wonders if he has so misunderstood your character : he thought you kind-hearted ; you are sinking in his opinion rapidly : magnetically you are conscious of this ; you endeavor to explain or philosophize about it ; you don't, however, satisfy yourself ; you are very far from satisfying him : then you avenge outraged human nature by giving doubly to the first unworthy importunity that thrusts itself upon you. Gradually your heart grows harder, sentiment dies out, your sympathies are deadened, and your moral nature withers under this blighting treatment of its promptings, and the unsatisfactory casuistry that puzzles the will but does not convince the heart. It is a perplexing dilemma. Although many wise heads and sound hearts say indiscriminate charity is worse than never to give alms, it is a dangerous doctrine for the giver.

IX.

We have a receptacle for lost property, since many a strange article is picked up in these cars. It would astonish the curious to see the odd combination of waifs

that lie in confusion in this treasury. The limbo of Milton is commonplace in the comparison for variety :

“Cows, hoods, and habits, tossed
And fluttered into rags : then relics, beads ;” etc.

Such incomprehensible little articles of apparel ! What abstruse mysteries are revealed ! What fruitful suggestions are furnished to those curious in that way, of the myriad appliances necessary to compose the human figure ! What tell-tale discoveries of fanciful wants and necessities ! What odd juxtaposition of things abhorrent of each other ! Fancy, for instance, a lady's silken girdle lying in dumb unconsciousness between the thumb and finger of the glove of some careless gentleman ! But I will resist the temptation and not disclose too fully the secrets of “our mystery.”

I see a good deal of the softer sex in the routine of my daily duties. I watch their movements when they little suspect it. I am their companion and guide in the business hours of the day, when husbands, fathers and brothers are safely boxed up in counting-rooms, offices and stores, and when butterflies instinctively spread their gaudy wings in mid-day sunshine. I claim to have a boundless fondness for the whole sex, and if what they sometimes compel me to think of them seems to have a dash of bitterness, I beg they will believe I say it more in sorrow than in anger.

I have of late been musing much upon “woman's rights,” and I desire the privilege in these flying leaves to jot down, in a loose way, a few hints and suggestions for the benefit of whom it may concern. I desire to talk a little while and say (fancying I have a good listener) a few words bluntly and without gallantry. I have the immense

satisfaction of knowing that my sentiments are very unpalatable to one and very unpopular with both sexes. I know I shall write myself down—something not very complimentary—in the estimation of one sex at least, and very likely of both. I shall of course be esteemed deficient in that chivalrous regard for every thing that bears the name of woman, which is the peculiar boast of the native American. I don't mean the aboriginal American. His ideas, I am told, were rather different. I shall be accused of want of gallantry, and perhaps considered destitute of common humanity. Still I shall shield myself behind my insignificance and let fly my arrows from my hiding-place, trusting solely to the merits of my shot to find any appreciation it deserves.

I shall endeavor to tell, in my humble way (if a poor Car-conductor may be heard upon such a mighty theme), how I fancy, nay, apprehend, too great a zeal for woman's rights may overlook men's wrongs. I wish I could call attention to what I believe to be one of the greatest social errors of our time. I refer to what I conceive to be the great inequality of the sexes, with respect to the relative share and proportion they bear of the cares and duties of life in some circles in large cities. To my thinking, woman, by assuming or accepting the position of the ornamental part of creation, if she has impaired her freedom (as she now complains), has become the pampered slave of indulgence rather than the victim of oppression.

My observations are limited to American women, or rather women in America, for I claim to know but little of any others. I am serious, if I know how to be so, when I avow my apprehension, the human race is deteriorating.

Indeed I have looked at this matter until I am in danger of becoming possessed of this one idea as of a devil. I am in fear it will be a hobby with me. I hate a hobby. I never before could hold an idea long enough to be in danger of its becoming a hobby. But the best way to break a hobby into a steady, useful roadster, is to ride him often in public. Now I do think, and will say it, woman is not "fulfilling her destiny" in our day—I do not mean to utter these commonplace words in the old Broadway Tabernacle sense of the expression—I say more, woman is not doing her practical duty.

To strike at once at the root of the tree, without further tiresome preliminary, I suspect the great mischief is, that, as a general rule, women in our community commonly terminate their intellectual life at the very period they ought seriously to begin it. To illustrate, ask any intellectually-cultivated man what proportion of his acquirements he has learned after he left college or attained majority, and he will doubtless tell you "every thing." Ask almost any woman you chance to meet, what solid acquirement she possesses which is the fruit of cultivation after leaving her school, and an hundred to one she will be forced to say, "nothing." The human mind is so constituted that it cannot remain stationary. Like the body, it must have food or it languishes. Like that, too, when it ceases to grow and mature, it begins to weaken and decline toward decay. Now the difference between men and women starting from their days of early tuition, results in just this: while one advances the other retrogrades. The man by cultivation grows to full stature, and perhaps carves his name, high or low, deep or shallow, as the case

may be, upon the tablets of his time. The woman is liable to sink into insignificance and whimsicality, or if a good wife to merge her individuality in that of her husband, and becomes his diluted shadow.

This should not be. I advocate human nature. If woman has a soul (as is generally believed) she should claim a recognition of it, and it must be allowed. If she has no soul, and is not a separate individual being, with duties and accountabilities (as might fairly be inferred from her mode of self-treatment), then there is an end of my chapter, and the less said on this ticklish subject the better. But I repudiate Mohammed. I beseech the sex to ostracize him utterly. I claim to be woman's friend. Perhaps my advocacy is an unsavory tonic, and perhaps I had better mind my own business, and "stick to my last." Still I dare stand forth as the uncalled champion of woman, and claim for her a share of that priceless heritage, the new right, added by the last French Revolution to the catalogue of human rights, that "right" which is the characteristic of our day and generation, I mean "the right to work."

There : the murder is out, and I breathe more freely. I have done it. I would set woman at work. I would have a wife—a helpmeet unto her husband—a veritable coworker in the garden of life. I would elevate the gentler sex from the equivocal position of mere playmate and toy, up to the level of coequal and companion in deed as well as in name. Not only companion in pleasure and hours of idleness, but companion in sympathies intellectual, and companion and yoke-fellow in toil and care. I would go back to the habits of the fathers, and reduce this in-

equality of the sexes and set them upon a level ; as in joy and sadness so in earnestness and reality of purpose, in burthens to bear as well as in songs to sing.

There, now, is the charming Mrs. Plympton, who often rides in my car, could tell us something of this matter if she would. I dare say she has thought of it. She has an honest heart, I believe, or she could not have so sweet a face. Still she lacks energy and invention to break through routine, and so she flutters her way through life as happily and as unconcerned about the great wrong she daily inflicts upon her husband as if he were born her natural slave.

Mr. Plympton is head-clerk of the heavy mercantile firm of "Starbuck, Murray & Co., importers of laces, embroideries and British goods," in Dey street. He is a very good-looking fellow, about five-and-thirty. He is a little worn and languid, and gives you the impression of being a man who has seen service, and perhaps sown wild oats in early days, extra-territorially. You see, too, he has gotten a few premature crow-feet in the corners of his eyes from hard work, etc. He is rather plain in his dress, but has a half-studied neatness in it that is betrayed chiefly in the freshness of his linen and gloves. He is comely and quiet in his manner, but there is a resoluteness there that tells you he is a worker.

You meet him in the street, and you might be half-inclined to suspect him of being an educated man of fortune, so collected and well-gathered is he ; but you would be quite sure, that though a gentleman, he was not an idle one. He impresses you unmistakably with the notion that he leads an active life, and that duty, and not pleasure, is his soul's mistress. I have half a mind to step into the count-

ing-room and see how cheerily and yet how steadily and laboriously he travels around in the mill of his daily occupation.

But while Mr. Plympton is hard at work at his daily task, let us avail ourselves of this bright noon and peep in, Asmodeus-like, and see Mrs. Plympton. I know her in a moment. She is often my guest on the rails. She is now boarding at one of our large family-hotels in Broadway. I'll not say whether it be St. Nicholas or Metropolitan, lest I might offend by drawing attention to her. Well, we look into her parlor. The nurse has gone out with her children, and thus early in the day she is free as a bird. The cares of maternity are borne by deputy. She is a small and pretty woman, you see, with a very dainty air. Her dress is very lady-like and *comme il faut*, except, perhaps, too costly for any but a princess. You cannot fail to perceive she conceives herself to be a woman of taste, and so indeed she is—in dress. Her air and manner are graceful and easy, with a very copious dash of the *dolce far niente*. I beg pardon for travelling so far for the terminology of the type about which I am so querulous ; but it is an unnatural product of American soil, and I am compelled to seek an exotic from a worn-out civilization for a parallel. To return to the “fayre ladye.” Her bonnet (perhaps I should say head-dress, were it not a self-contradiction) is on, and she is gloved and shawled for a walk or a call. Thus she is every day. In the evening she coaxes poor Plympton to accompany her to a ball, or a party, or some public place of amusement.

She “sings, plays and dances well.” She is a fond, loving and trusting wife, and she and Plympton are, I dare

say, very happy. But is this her destiny? Plympton works each day "from morn to dewy eve," and never murmurs. She, "like the lily, neither toils nor spins." Is this fair? Is this equality? All his earnings are freely, not grudgingly, surrendered to her, that she may live in beautiful idleness. His thoughts are full of care. And she flatters herself that her "chiefest good" consists in squandering his money, and making herself a beautiful toy to soothe his tired spirit, and to wheedle him into temporary forgetfulness of the calls of time and circumstance upon his exertions! Does this woman bear her share of the yoke? If her husband is fated to be a shop-keeper, what right has she to set up herself for any thing better? If labor is too vulgar for her, why not for him; and why should not the twain that are one flesh both abjure toil and starve in harmony? Is there not a radical unsoundness here? Does not this savor of the harem? Is not this rank Mohammedanism after all?

Was the "other half" of this man meant to be a mere play-fellow? Does Christianity suffer woman (in every sphere of life where she can extort the sacrifice) to be merely the petted darling of indulgence?

While it recognizes the possibility of rights, does it not, too, point with unerring certainty to the absoluteness of obligations? Is there any thing compatible with good sense in the idea of a manacled slave of toil and a gilded puppet of indolence being made yoke-fellows in the race of life? Is it God's purpose that he should coin his nerves and heart-strings into "money," and that she should spend it in millinery and manteau-making, ribbons and laces, fringes and flowers, wasting her time in idleness? Has

he no old age to provide for, no quiet to anticipate, no time of contemplation to be allotted him? Can she not by task-work lighten his toil, or by cultivation learn to share his higher sympathies? Before Heaven it seems to me a sorry destiny for this woman (who plumes herself upon being, and in truth is, such a "glorious creature") that the partner of her life should be a pack-horse or beast of burthen, while she idly flaunts in the sunshine and out-vies the butterfly in ephemeral gauds or purposeless existence!

But my theme expands before me into a territory where I have no time or ability to follow it. I do not stop to define obligations, or attempt to map out the work that may be done by idle wives and sisters. Such matters must vary illimitably, and depend necessarily upon the circumstances of each particular case. Let this scrap of illustration suffice.

X.

We have had a reform in our arrangements. We have begun to give attention to some of the little things which are essential to our passengers' comfort. Americans are proverbial for indifference to little things. It is so important for us to get a railroad route quickly in running order, that we strain every nerve to attain this, and wholly neglect minor matters, such as dust, ventilation, care of baggage, and the thousand and one petty details that specifically and directly "don't pay." We shall look after these things by and by, as our people grow more luxurious, and

the competition of rivals tempts patronage by superior ministrations to comfort.

We have begun with the cushions. Some ingenious manufacturer has prepared for us a stuff for the covering, stamped or woven with bright and narrow transverse stripes that stretch across the cushion at proper intervals. Between the stripes is a lawful seat, so that a man can no longer sit upon two seats, or a woman upon three, without such "a spread" being apparent and open to observation. This is a great deprivation to many. That class who luxuriate by sitting lengthwise, are obliged to give up one of their proclivities, and to try and sit up and be decent in spite of their nature. Passengers can no longer place a parcel, a dog, or a child beside them without palpably encroaching upon a seat worth "five cents." Any one coming in can detect in a moment, at a glance, whether there are vacant seats. When one is asked to "move up" he cannot simply jump up and down in the same place, as was the custom of many; but if he sits out of a slip, or astride a stripe, you can fasten the trespass upon the wretch by ocular demonstration. So much for our new cushions.

We are getting up a new set of by-laws for passengers. We don't allow men to sit cross-legged. It has cost me a deal of trouble to cure this detestable habit in my male guests. There is scarcely any little matter that gives so much offence to the ladies, or is so annoying to gentlemen. Some people will sprawl over several seats; still, on sitting down upon them, they move into their places. But the cross-legged sitter, deaf and impenetrable to a hint, defies practical rebuke. He swings one leg and foot

leisurely across the aisle, and by a masterly inactivity, assaulting the shins of all who pass in or out of the car, brings down his victim at his feet without seeming to strike a blow. He would seem to be monarch of the car. He sits in sublime unconsciousness of the comfort or even existence of any other. He is at ease, reading his newspaper, picking his teeth, or gazing listlessly at the passing panorama. What though none can pass him without stepping high and wide enough to cross a gutter, and perhaps be laid by the heels at that! What though he trip up every passenger who has not successfully studied with the acrobats! What though he leave the prints of his soiled "brogan" upon your pantaloons or your daughter's stockings, or make a breach through your wife's flounces! He is comfortable! It does not suit his style of *posè* to sit up like a man who has not inherited consumption, but has the use of his muscles and limbs. He has a *posè* of his own. His shoulders are thrown forward, his head and neck are bent over in the same direction, and he seems inclined to double up like a baboon.

I once had a car filled with West Point cadets. You should have seen them sit in their places. They were entirely at ease, and full of spirit, fun and frolic; but each man sat in his seat like a gentleman. I was never so astonished as then at the capacity of my car. It seemed impossible the seats were all occupied. Each person had more room than he required. No one jostled another, and each sat in his place. If our passengers cannot learn better manners, we shall have to have a school set up and have them drilled and taught the art of sitting down. "A very little and paltry matter for a Conductor to bother

his foolish head about," says some one, perhaps. Not at all; it is a great matter. Aside from the comfort of others, it is a part of the "unbought grace of life." Is it not written as part of the imperishable fame of the great Siddons, that she knew how to sit down? Has not Fanny Elssler brought down the house as she sank into a sitting posture, gently as a cloud? Siddons and Elssler had overcome the vicious awkwardness that results from bad education (if they ever had it), and sat naturally. Does anybody suppose twenty North-American Indians would sit cross-legged in a narrow car, to the imminent peril of each other's shins?

I never heard but one defence of this miserable vice of car-travellers. William St. Augustine Wiggins, Esq., a lawyer (of the modern school) "by trade," lives just in the outskirts of the city. When he gets in my car in the morning, he is usually the first passenger. He formerly sat near the rear door where he entered. His shoes were, for the most part, covered with dust when he got on the car. When he left the car near the City Hall, I frequently observed his shoes were quite fresh and clean. How did he manage this? I wondered at the mystery. Did he use his handkerchief? Not he: that was his own. I kept him under close *surveillance*. I watched vainly for several days before I discovered it. He was an inveterate cross-legged sitter. He was so seated that all who passed in or out of the car must span his extremities. *Horrible dictu!* His shoes were brushed by every lady's skirts and many gentleman's pantaloons that entered the car! I pointed out this little piece of ingenuity to a few gentlemen, who afterward made it a point to step high as they passed him,

and come down with full weight upon his toes. The rascal saw he was detected. He tried for a while to brave it out, and feigned unconsciousness ; but the trick was too gross, and he gave it up. Now he sneaks down to the further end of the car, and indulges his cross-legged propensities at the expense of only the Conductor.

When some half-dozen or more of these contemners of Chesterfield are seated in the same car, it requires great courage in man or woman to encounter the barricade. Few have the hardihood to risk life and limb through this *chevaux-de-frise* of legs. The bold pay dearly for their courage in bruised shins and soiled garments. Fie, gentlemen ! is there no sense of shame in you ? Can you not see, or be taught, that where so many human beings are huddled together in so small a space, every one must give up a great many of his personal peculiarities, and perhaps peculiar comforts, for the general accommodation of all ? Suppose each person in a crowded car gave way to his inclinations, and indulged, regardless of others' convenience, in all the favorite little habits that conduce most to his especial comfort, what a precious scene we should have ! There might be among the crowd those who have habits and inclinations as disgusting to you as, to your victims, is your favorite luxury of raising one foot in the air to kick the shins and lift the skirts of other passengers.

For instance, there is Charles Vellum, a petty broker in Wall street, who has a peculiarity. See that small man in black, with dark hair and eyes, and sallow complexion, with angular limbs, and haggard countenance, sitting near the remote corner of the car. His breath is not naturally

suggestive of a "thousand flowers," and he mends the matter by constantly munching baked pea-nuts. I read once a very learned essay upon the "*Æsthetics of Eating*," and I dare say human feeding is generally a rational matter. Men do not all eat as pigs. Like other animal instincts, by cultivation and refinement, it loses half the grossness of its original character. In fact, in all pleasures of sense we may rise above our animal nature. We may luxuriate in our sensations, and revel in our emotions. By the power of memory and imagination, we intellectually distil, as it were, from our physical pleasures, while in the very act of enjoyment, a secondary refined ecstasy. Charles Vellum has not risen to this. He takes things as he finds them, and a baked pea-nut is still a baked pea-nut unto him, and nothing else. In the morning he has a few, which he crushes sparsely, now and then one with a suppressed crackle, shying a shell furtively first to the right, and then to the left, and again in the aisle, or out the window. In the evening, riding up, he is in his glory. His pockets are full, and he devours with a greediness worthy a better fruit. "Shucks" and "chads" fly on either side, while his jaws move with a rapid, grinding noise, as if he had a small coffee-mill in his mouth. A special by-law we shall have for this fellow. His speciality being pre-eminently disgusting, entitles him to an exclusive styte. He must be penned off from the general company, where he can have a trough to himself.

XI.

Here comes, sauntering in a dreamy maze, a sentimentalist—Mason Lickbarrow. He is a bachelor, and the world uses him pretty tenderly. He is six feet, and carries his head a little upon one side, rather lack-a-daisically. He is very neatly dressed, and I would wager neither smokes or chews tobacco. He is not far from thirty, and is handsome. He has a dainty look and a very deferential manner that is quite taking with the ladies. He is very popular among them, and I don't wonder at it. He usually knows every well-dressed lady that comes into my car. He has a profession of some sort, I believe, but his head is in the clouds half the time. He scribbles cleverly, it is said, for the Ladies' Magazines, Graham and Godey. I see by his high color and browned cheeks that he has just returned from a trip into the country: full of rapture and fustian, I haven't a doubt. I know him well, and will borrow a leaf from his note-book to enrich my musings. Here is a specimen of his style of sentimentalizing; I am half inclined to express the same kind opinion of it that the poet Willis gave of some verses of my own which a friend handed him anonymously. "It would be poetry," said he, "if it had only some imagination, passion, diction, or rhythm." But to the note-book of Mason Lickbarrow, the transcendental sentimentalist.

"AMONG THE KATTSKILL MOUNTAINS! The July sun is harmless here. The very air has a genial and soothing purity among these hill-tops. It is much rarer and dryer than the breeze by the sea-side. It has a pleasant earthy fragrance too, and an aromatic savor of the piny forests it

has kept company with. The sun pours down his glittering arrows in ceaseless volleys, and where the wind is cut off and there is no shadow, the earth is arid and parches in the torrid air and blazing sunshine. Seek the shady hill-side, or the cover of these matted evergreens, or anywhere escape from the direct glare of the sun, and the cool, dry, thin, pure, impalpable air that blows and rushes upon and past you is so delicious you are exhilarated with new sensations. The enjoyment, too, is but half physical. The mind arouses and craves food and exercise. One is not, as at most summer haunts, listless. You are not content to let the livelong day slip by lounging under trees—or by an effort nerving yourself to take a drive in an easy carriage over a level road. Long, contemplative, lonely rambles, over rough hills, are sought and accomplished with an ease and absence of fatigue that fill you with surprise at your new-born powers of endurance. You drink up the serene beauty of the vast landscape that spreads panorama-like at your feet, and the gorgeous cloud-scenery that rolls majestically athwart the distant mountain-tops, while your thirst for the sublime and beautiful is awakened to new vigor. The ceaseless carol of myriad wood-birds charms your appreciating senses with new power. All the kaleidoscopic changes of grand, natural scenery are broadcast about you with so liberal a hand that man and his works are atomized in the contrast. Involuntarily you surrender self and give a loose rein to every impulse that is intellectual, imaginative or reverential in your nature. I mentioned new sensations. Do you recollect what came over you when some of the sublime aspects of nature have been for the first time revealed to you?—a thunder-storm among the mountains,

if you had never been beyond city walls ; Niagara, upon your first visit. What a sensation filled you, and at times vibrated through every fibre of your frame ! How, in its very physical intensity you could feel something seem to start at the roots of your hair and creep perceptibly between your shoulders ! Have you ever been in love ? Do you recall what novel emotions sprang up in your nature ? Can you bring to mind how you were at times half dizzy with a sense of the unrealness of all that once seemed most real to you ? Do you remember when sudden appreciation of the electric spirit of one of the great poets first flashed athwart your mind ? Or when the lofty theme of some great orator was first unfolded to you in glowing speech ? Or when the triumphal notes of heaven-born music first rang and echoed through the chambers of your soul ? What was all or any of this, if not a new sensation ? Who could have convinced you of your capacity for this ? What teacher of such seeming apocrypha, except experience, would you not have ridiculed as a fabulist ? If this small dull routine-nature of ours may be, by a slight change of circumstances, so suddenly gifted with new capacities—if in this brief life we know so little of ourselves—if progressive cultivation, or accidental juxtaposition to merely natural objects and ordinary events may so easily startle us into recognition of measureless capacities before unknown, who then can believe the spirit finite ? Who shall say that new and extraordinary changes of condition may not reveal to us powers and capacities beyond the scope of imagination to conceive ? If we may thus become conscious of new sensations that have no type in our experience and are not the result of old combinations, but are

novel and original, and are ever springing up within us as the shifting scenes of life dissolve, renew, or pass away from view—who shall say the fountain is not inexhaustible? If this life be not merely physical, or a phase of the physical—if we are more than “the beast, whose soul goeth downward”—if intellectual experience and spiritual sensation are life and the true consciousness, then who shall tell me that the recognition and experience of a capacity for illimitable novelty of sensations is not a high proof of immortality?”

“SUNRISE AMONG THE KATTSKILL MOUNTAINS! Glorious sunrise! It is but three o'clock, and in half-an-hour what splendor is lavished upon us!—first the early streaks of light tint the upper edge of the filmy clouds that lie scattered about the horizon, and then a deeper, golden flush, glowing in the rifted piles of rock-like forms that crowd the gateway of the sun, betoken his coming. The deep valley stretching away below is full of a thin translucent mist of blue (the day has not dawned there)—the nearer hills beyond wear a dark cerulean hue, almost purple, and the more distant hills have a rich green color that seems liquid, like the look of deep water. The magnificent Hudson winds its way through the valley, dwarfed to a silken skein, with bright threads now lying close and again tangled and scattered over a broader space. Here I stand upon this platform, lifted several thousand feet in the air. Behind and on either side of me, except where the Mountain House stands, the primeval forest rises all emerald. Hark! Hear the whispering leaves of ten thousand forest trees waving in the light morning breeze far down beneath my feet, with a sound not unlike the

rustling of many wings in the air. Now the song of "earliest birds" rises with such multitudinous strains that, though here and there a brief note or a clear stream of liquid harmony rings through the upper air, yet, the endless, undistinguishable volume is poured forth in one unbroken chorus that calls to mind the interminable cry of the many voiced insects of an autumnal evening. Peep! peep! chirp! chirp! the mingled cries hail the coming morn. How cool the early breath of day comes lispig among the tree-tops! Hark again! what cry was that far down beneath my feet? Again a distant cock-crow! An echo? No, another has caught the sound and answered; another still more distant, and another, until the shrill clarion cry dies away in the distance. By holding your breath you can just catch the faint notes of some barn-yard king who, though still in darkness, has caught the herald cry from his lofty neighbor perched higher up the mountain, and has echoed exultingly the shout of joy at the coming break of morn. A little longer and the "king of day" parts the crimson film that lies close to the horizon; the roseate hues that were spreading over the whole heavens, fade away into the yellow light that streams and flashes up where the day is coming. In an instant the blazing orb bursts forth and the sun is up!"

XII.

We have made a great reform also in our dress. It works admirably. We wear an entirely gray suit—a frock-coat with bronze buttons, and a soft hat of a neutral tint, somewhat between drab and gray. It shocked our Amer-

ican notions at first to be put in uniform, and some bolted ; but their places were supplied by better men before we had missed them. I did not dissent, but secretly claim credit for having made the suggestion, although of course I did not make it directly, or seem to acknowledge its paternity.

I discovered early in life that it was not my fate to send a thought into the world as my own. The only way I ever could succeed in obtaining a hearing for an idea, was to procure some man of great assurance and reputation to stand godfather to it unconsciously. It has been my cue to make him think it his own—perhaps to swap in the cradle one of his own for it ; while he, poor man, not knowing the theft, and not wanting what was stolen, felt not robbed at all. I have always found a skull empty enough to hold such ideas as I chose to inject into it upon such shoulders as could bravely carry out the hint. Methinks every very modest man like myself should keep a block-head of reputation and character to father his ideas, and to give them a respectable outfit whenever they are launched into life. For you may rest assured it is far less important in this world's affairs, what is said, than who says it.

Well, this time I selected a retired dry-good merchant, who is one of our leading stockholders, and after half-an-hour's conversation with him, he very frankly began to tell me the advantages of such a costume, and how desirous he was I should be convinced of its propriety, and that "my objections to it" would soon wear off ! All this and much more he said to convince me—being all the while wholly unconscious that every word he was uttering had been

coined in my own brain-pan and sucked up by the sponge of his own. "Is it not a capital idea?" said he when we parted, as he slapped me on the shoulder, and rubbed his hands as if actually in the glow of invention of an original notion. He advocated it at the board and it took marvellously. He was a very respectable man, and so the motion was carried; and now, in my railroad suit, I am in dress as gray as a goose.

The Conductor is exposed to so much dust, and formerly always looked so travel-worn, that it is quite refreshing to see him now in his more tidy habiliments. They are adapted to the occupation, and that is the key to their success. We were a sorry-looking troop in our former garments. There was Tim Buckbee, for instance, who wore a suit of black. The collar of his coat had come in contact with his hair, and the dust of the road had met both, and the combination was a permanent asphaltic surface. If he had been thoroughly brushed every half-hour, he would have been more becoming in his appearance; but as he was, he looked like a dirt-cartman gone to seed. His black hat took the hue of the pulverized yellowish compound that usually floats in the air of our avenues, and wherever a friendly tallow-chandler had grasped his arm or coat-tails, to assist himself in getting to or from a seat in the cars, the prints of fingers became embossed in dust as clear as footprints in the geologist's old red sandstone. Where a slatternly cook had greased the leg of his pantaloons, they had gone out of mourning on the spot.

Holly Hopps affected a different costume. He had a passion for colors. I fear he did not always study to harmonize them successfully. In his "Sunday's best,"

his blue cravat and red vest failed to soften, or be softened by, his green coat and yellow pantaloons—especially as they were all made of figured stuffs. Still, when he was fresh from his tailor's hands, he was not to be despised, although somewhat tropical in his feathers. But then look at him when he had gotten his "toggerly" fairly into everyday wear !

I tried to reason with him : it was in vain. His argument was : "Does not young Darg, who sits there talking so merrily with your friend Fag, dress in more colors than I, and surely he looks like a gentleman?" It was idle to say to him, young Darg had just come into possession of a large estate by the death of his uncle. It did not open his eyes to point out that young Darg spent five times Hopps' wages in adorning his person, and was gotten up by an extravagant but skilful tailor at ruinous prices, and changed his apparel every day, so that he never became identified with his garments, and always cast them away when their first gloss was gone. It was nothing to the purpose to tell him that young Darg seldom combined more colors in a week than Hopps in a day, and that, too, every day of his life. No, Hopps was like Burke's madman, who had a right to shear the wolf, and would shear the wolf, no matter what were the consequences. Hopps had as good a right to dress to please himself as anybody else. He was an American—and a sovereign, in this matter at least. As for material and style, he knew a tailor in Broadway could not make better clothes than an artist of the Bowery or Catherine street. He had tried all this, and knew all about it. So my neighbor Hopps stuck to his colors, and though the dust of the road generally

bestowed upon him the look of a peacock "turned out to die," he was game to the last. When, however, the new regulation came in force, and it was a pure question of bread and butter—"obey or leave," he succumbed quite gracefully, and is now an ardent advocate of the Reform.

Good example is the next best teacher after experience. I believe I got these ideas from observing the dress of European travellers, and now the neighboring farmers are adopting our costume from seeing its admirable adaptation to a service in which we have many things in common. Ten years ago when a farmer came to this city (especially if he had ever lived, or had friends or relatives here), he was dressed in black from top to toe. He verily believed that his respectability depended upon it. It was meant as a show of the kindest and best of feelings. He did not wish to shame his city-bred acquaintances. He thought to pass himself for a citizen—as if that were something to be desired! He quite forgot that his dress never was well made, but was unmistakably provincial. He left out of the account altogether the fact that rough country usage had destroyed its fair proportions, and that time and the tailors had changed city fashions so that he was quite out of date. There was no fitness in his costume to any walk in life. If there ever had been, it would have been left far behind in the "rogue's march" of tailoring.

Riding to church on Sunday over dusty roads, going to the village on market-days, and other uses on dress occasions, soon soiled his holiday garments beyond redemption; and they steadfastly maintained their shabbiness to the end of the chapter—that is, until the wearer could afford to contrive a new use for them, in his corn-

field. This is now rapidly changing; what with dusty railroads, and the more promiscuous mingling of trade and agriculture upon a footing of equality, and the high cash value the farmer has been taught to set upon the fruits of his toil, he has begun to think he may have an intrinsic value and respectability, and that, dressed in a costume becoming his occupation, he is as suitably attired to meet men in the city upon all business engagements, as if he had made himself miserable, in a soiled and cheap imitation of an obsolete fashion of dress. When he dresses himself for the presence of ladies, if he has an acquaintance with those who are punctilious, of course, like any other gentleman, I suppose he must accommodate himself to the customs of those with whom he claims to mingle on a footing of equality. What I refer to as an improvement, is the costume of the farmer when attending to business. He now selects a set of neutral tints, light grays or drabs, and always looks neatly and becomingly. I do not discover that he has lost a particle of regard. Self-respect he has gained, for in his former caricature of a shabby-genteel, broken-down citizen, he always looked as if he "felt cheap," and out of place. Now he bears himself proudly enough, as if he had the spirit of a man within him—not ashamed of his calling.

XIII.

I scorn to attack a man for a profession, or a profession for a man. All general and sweeping assertions are, for the most part, false. There is probably no class, or set of men, so wholly bad but there are good men among the

number. Nevertheless, I must utter my solemn protest against homœopathy—as I understand it. It may be a science ; I dare say it is. It may be very wise, and learned, and scientific ; I am not prepared to say it is not. But I put it down from observation. I say boldly I have seen it tried and fail. I do not condemn from personal experience, else I should distrust my judgment ; since from temperament alone I avoid new-fangled notions when old remedies and old ideas are effectual. Yea, verily, I have seen homœopathy fail signally ; where old-fashioned remedies did the business, without any flourish of trumpets, and without announcing to the friends of the afflicted patient that he was at the point of death. Now I know I am treading upon delicate ground, and I am careful what I say. I weigh every word. I have not yet said (and I don't mean to insinuate it), that all, who practise the healing art upon the homœopathic plan, pretend to find every patient at death's door, so as to leave him, if restored to health, so much the more struck with the marvellous power of infinitesimal globules. I don't say that.

Nevertheless, I have seen the experiment of the homœopathic treatment attempted on two signal occasions, and I feel it my duty to give my observations to the world. The first case was, some years ago, in the village of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I was startled one night at my boarding-house by a fearful noise in the adjoining room. It was occupied by a young student-at-law, with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I arose quickly and went to his room. I found him half-dressed, moving about, with his mouth distended, gesticulating most violently. I knew him as one who sat up very late, but I was surprised to find him

almost in the dark, and the more astonished that he did not speak to me. He made such a noise as a man might make with his mouth upon the stretch, without control of his teeth or lips. He seemed dumb with fright and perplexity. His eyes and tongue rolled about in his head as if they had broken loose from their nerves, and were beyond the reach of his will. He made gestures toward me, and I confess I was frightened. I thought he was gone stark mad. He tried to take hold of me, and this alarmed me the more. I rushed from the room, and aroused and alarmed the family. The landlady, a kind-hearted, good soul, was up and dressed in a trice, and fearlessly entered the room of my neighbor. She soon ascertained that, so far from being dangerous, he was comparatively helpless. She got him ink and paper, and he wrote in a hurried manner some hints of his difficulty. It appeared his version was, that sitting up late by his cheerful wood-fire reading law, and becoming overpowered with the leaden dulness of his author, Grotius or Puffendorf, I think he said, he had dropped into a gentle slumber, which outlasted his candle, when upon arousing himself he had unconsciously yawned and gaped to such an unusual extent that to his bewilderment he was unable to close his mouth. This story might answer for my landlady, who was merely a woman, but I was not to be taken in, thus. I had my suspicions he had dreamed what he told as a fact, but a paralysis of the jaw had really taken place, or that he was indeed raving mad. I inclined, however, to the former opinion.

I seized my hat and dashed into the street to look for a physician. It was pitch dark. I had no clue and knew

not whither to go, but pushed blindly on until I saw a light in a window and boldly knocked. Pretending I had mistaken the house for "the doctor's," and availing myself of my blunder, I inquired of the murmuring inmates the residence of the nearest medical man. I was directed to one near at hand. I soon found him, thumped loudly at his door, got him out, and on his way to my friend. We were quickly on the spot, and found him as I had left him, staring with mouth distended, looking like a fool. The doctor understood the case at a glance. It was, as he said, a spasm at the root of the tongue. Something after the manner of the famous dog's tail, that curled so tightly as to lift him off his hind legs. This "medicine-man" was, as he said, a homœopathist; and he had to ponder a little time over his book before he could select the appropriate dot. At length he hit upon it. It was "donabella," or "arabella," or something of that sort, and he placed one upon the end of the patient's tongue, and sat down to wait its effect. He said that in about half-an-hour it would be time to take another of the pillulets. Before morning he hoped the patient would begin to find the strange tension of his jaws relax. We all sat down quietly, and gazed in each other's faces.

At first it was very solemn. But I soon began to grow nervous, and drawing the landlady aside I begged to know if there was no other physician near. She told me of a medical student, who had just come in the town to finish his studies, but he was no homœopathist, and she presumed from my selection he would not be satisfactory to me. I waited no longer, but proceeded forthwith and fetched him in. He lectured me on the way about my disregard of

professional etiquette, and showed me to a demonstration that I was blasting his prospects for life, by compelling him to save a victim from professional murder. But I would not listen to his scruples. I meant to get him on the spot, whether he would act or no. I detailed to him the symptoms of the unfortunate young man. But he was very grave and dignified until he entered the room.

I had heard of "inextinguishable laughter," but I never felt it, until I heard the obstreperous roar of this medical student, as he looked in upon the solemn midnight assemblage in my friend's room. The homœopathic practitioner was sitting in dumb and profound study; the patient a model of patience; my landlady almost in tears. This sudden laughter was like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. I cannot stop to describe its effects. The medical student asked for a couple of forks, or spoons, and without saying as much as by your leave to the Æsculapian before him in the field, he thrust them in the mouth of the patient. In a second, crack went his jaws, and his teeth snapped upon his benefactor. A benediction to the newcomer, and a hearty curse upon the homœopathic *savior*, almost simultaneously gushed from the mouth so suddenly released from durance vile; while the man of pills gathered up his box and book, and departed hastily without uttering a word.

The truth of the matter was, as had been asserted in the beginning, the law-student had studied rather late, and had yawned so terribly his jaws could stand it no longer, and showed him they were "put out" about it, and would not "shut up" when he willed it. This was the first successful failure of practical homœopathy it was my lot to

witness. I afterward was told by the discarded pill-man that if let alone he would have cured my friend ; and then he gravely told me he had been administering such "remedies" as would have produced lock-jaw. He proceeded upon the principle, as he said, *similia similibus curantur* ! What all that means I don't pretend to know. Probably he was scientifically right, and would have murdered my friend, in a very learned fashion.

The second "case" was more striking. I'll give a hasty sketch. Late one very hot day last summer, a young father was carrying his child upon his knee in my car. The child was quite a baby, and being warm, tumbled and fretful, he cried and bawled lustily. He had evidently been out upon "an excursion," and having had a hard day of it, he was trying to avenge abused nature, by this baby demonstration. The father had a little box full of lilliputian vials, and a little book. First he would read awhile from the book, and then selecting a tiny globule from one of the vials, would give it to the child. This was repeated again and again, but without effect. The child screamed louder and louder. The passengers in the car looked to me for relief from the nuisance. The father got quite out of patience. Homœopathy, as he practised, would not answer. The father held the child before him firmly in his arms, and gazed steadily in his face, as if to read his disorder in his eyes. Instantly a thought seemed to flash across the parental mind. A remedy was suggested to him that the wisdom of Solomon has perpetuated, and which will outlive all the nostrums of all the schools. He threw the child, kicking and struggling, across his knee, facing the floor, and then, lifting its drapery, his hand rapidly fell

thrice, with a sounding thwack ! The uproarious screams of the little sufferer soon subsided into sobs, and in a few minutes the child slept upon his father's bosom in sweet and happy unconsciousness. Now, am I not fully justified in setting my face against homœopathic practice, both lay and professional ?

XIV.

We have a Lord High Chancellor upon our line. "A what ?" quoth my friend Pembroke. A Lord Chancellor—a keeper of our consciences : not indeed a live man sitting upon a wool-sack, and buried in horse-hair. That would be rather expensive for a corporation with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, and real assets of only twenty-five thousand or less ! We never could pay a ten per cent. dividend, although we do carry sixty living passengers in a space adapted to only twenty (beside paying coroner's fees for inquests upon the bodies of those who shuffle off the "coil," from suffocation and tainted air), if we had a live Lord Chancellor, at a salary of twenty thousand pounds per annum. Our conscience-keeper neither eats, drinks, or wears clothing, and has no expensive "small vices." The directors and managers of our company, I am ashamed to say it, have found such inequalities in the cash receipts and returns of the fraternity of Conductors, they have gone all the way to Paris for a Yankee invention, to keep us in check. This curious device is meant to typify justice, I suppose, as having but one hand, and that one hand always pointing at its own face. For our conscience-keeper has a face like a time-keeper,

and having but one hand, is not exposed to the temptation of double or cross-purposes. As you enter the car you see hung up, about the top border of the inside of the car, a clock-face, and as you fancy you are spelling out the time of day (may be you have an appointment, and are nervous on the subject of clocks at the moment), to your astonishment it strikes, "one." This makes you look at your own watch, and you "pshaw!" at such a falsehood, when another passenger enters, and the clock strikes, "one," again. This makes you look up and reconsider, and upon closer inspection you perceive a dial with numbers from one to fifty on the outer margin, and a single hand that moves, upon an axle in the centre of the dial, like the minute-hand of a clock, from dot to dot between the figures, until it completes the circumference of the dial; and as it moves each time, its bell strikes. As often as a passenger enters the car, this hand moves over one space, and a bell strikes, "one:" thus denoting how many passengers enter, from the setting out of the car until it reaches the end of its route. At each terminus of the road, a book-keeper steps into the car, unlocks our conscience-keeper, takes a note of its tally, sets the hand back to zero, and the faithful creature is ready for its task again. We Conductors are responsible for as many half-dimes as the bell has struck, and the hand correspondingly indicates. It is set up in a conspicuous place, and the Conductor can't, if he would, avoid its gaze. If he has a capacious boot, and a hole in his pocket, whence five-cent pieces are prone to drop through, they do him no service any longer. He must fish them up, at the end of the route to answer to the numbers on the dial. "But," says Pembroke to me, "who keeps

the tally and strikes the bell? Not the passenger, for then that irresponsible personage might, for his own amusement, or through carelessness, saddle you with a debt you do not owe. What, then, holds the universal solvent? Who keeps the keeper?" "Why, my jejune friend, the Conductor keeps the tally, and pulls the bell as each passenger enters." "A marvellous invention, truly: set a thief to catch a thief! The Conductor watches himself! Quite a miracle of ingenuity, and almost equal to the worthy expedient of that wight (Rowland Hill, I believe,) who discovered a short method of making shoes; *videlicet*, cutting off the tops of ready-made boots." "You think so. Ah! you little know the human heart the Conductor carries. His conscience-keeper is ever before his eyes. If he fails to pull the bell when he ought, its mute face, dumb and uncomplaining to the ear, looks reproachfully at him, and its thin, warning finger points remorselessly, as if in derision, to the number he knows is false. With such a mutual consciousness that it is false, does he see it point as if in mockery, that, poor fellow, he cannot stand it, and to ease his conscience he pulls the bell, and is himself again."

Holly Hopps told me how it affected him. He despised the machine. On his first trip, with a conscience-keeper, he was just beginning to coin a white lie. He omitted one stroke of the bell; he thought it quite easy to forget just one passenger; several had gotten into the car at the same moment, and he had counted accurately so as purposely to omit one, and so at least not to make too many. He thought he could soon forget that he had not struck the bell, as many times as he should. But his memory

served him better than ever before. He could not forget ; every time he pulled once, he felt an unseen hand twitching at his sleeve, as if jogging him for forgetfulness, and reminding him to pull again. Every time he looked at that pale face upon the side-wall of the car, and saw the skeleton finger pointing to a lie, he felt as if it menaced him ; and the rigid little pointer seemed to him bristling in anger at his treachery. Every passenger into whose countenance he looked seemed to eye him with savage and contemptuous distrust, or with a disparaging pity that was worse. Sometimes he would feel his own face burning, as a confused consciousness of his faithlessness came over him ; and he felt as if he stood confessed a self-convicted, guilty thing, and that every man, woman and child in the car knew of it. Fighting this down, his ears tingled, and he thought somebody had pinched them, when turning sharply round upon his imaginary adversary, he encountered several pairs of eyes staring rudely, with very "detective" looks, as much as to say: "We see how it is." This made him turn as suddenly back again, and keep his eyes bent more upon the ground ; but as he moved his head away, sounds caught his ear of half-smothered hisses and suppressed mutterings. He was afraid to turn again, and so made an effort to keep his attention closely upon his business, and see and hear nothing else. All would not do : these sounds and sights multiplied upon every hand : the very atmosphere seemed to grow conscious that a thief was in the midst : a cold shiver, shuddered through his frame, and he began to feel a sickening faintness come over him. The effort was too much for human nature to bear. Murder would out. So he grasped the

string convulsively and pulled the bell. No passenger had recently got in. The movement attracted the notice of several, who started as if a pistol had exploded in the car. They looked inquiringly at poor Holly Hopps. But he felt better now, and returned their gaze quite impudently and impenetrably. "So I got out of that scrape," said Hopps. "*Sic me servavit Apollo*," said Pembroke. "But I never tried it again," said Hopps.

From the experience of poor Hopps, one may see how it works. Whether the passenger see or note the peccadillo of the delinquent Conductor or not, still the delinquent Conductor suspects he does. Every man who speaks to him he fears may be an accuser; every eye turned upon him he fancies has detected him; every whisper he hears he conjectures carries some illusion to his knavery. He knows not how many spies, under pay of the company, may be at any moment riding in his car. He knows not how many passengers have nothing better to do than to watch if he be faithful, and to report him if he be not. So you may be sure it operates as a marvellous check upon petty thieving. Holly Hopps says: "There be no doubt many honest men on the line; yet it pays the company well to watch the whole class."

Now don't let me leave any impression that railroad Conductors are worse than any other class of men. They are not. Their life is a hard one, and their pay is insufficient. They are often men of very great necessities; and where this is the case, and the facilities for pilfering small sums of money (which are so constantly handled) are as great as with this fraternity, very many, in a thousand other walks of life, yield to the temptation, or even meet

it half way, and are never detected. Servants, clerks and agents, both of individuals and corporations, must confess, how almost universal is the habit of appropriating trifling articles, as perquisites of any situation. But with us all is money. And although to appropriate money's worth, of considerable value, is considered by some a venial offence, yet to take money, be it ever so trivial an amount, deserves, in the estimate of all mankind, ignominious punishment. Still it is better as it is ; and I am heartily glad the temptation is now overcome, by my frail brethren, more easily, through the guardianship of fear, and so I say with all my heart: " Long live our Conscience-Keeper !



A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF A HERMIT.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them ; and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

BRYANT.



YOU have now heard the few brief events of my story. Further than this, mine has been a shadowy existence. I have sedulously avoided the faces of my fellow-men. I rushed hither in a blind frenzy. Every thing human was hateful in my eyes. I hoped to bury myself amid these solitary wilds, apart from every association connected with the terrible event that so suddenly snapped my heart-strings asunder. With Hamlet I groaned in spirit, 'Oh, that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter!' With the mad logic of a hot-headed boy, I flattered myself that I might here, without violence and at no distant period, terminate a life so burdensome, and avoid incurring the responsibility of the suicide. These

notions, false as they were, prevailed in my mind so long, that when I began to doubt both the wisdom and uprightness of my conduct, pride, obstinacy, or a fear of the jeerings of former companions, coupled with a perverse acuteness of reasoning, that has many times blinded me to truth—all these, I say, contributed to prevent a return to my former companions or pursuits. By degrees I lost all desire to return. I persuaded myself of the emptiness of this life. With this paralyzing philosophy I have, however, dreamed away many a long year in rapturous thoughts and glorious reveries ; still panting after a future state, as the ‘heart panteth after the water-brooks.’ Now, however, as death approaches, upon reviewing the few events and the many mental vicissitudes of my life, I have been led to perceive my folly, and how I have sinned against the great Author of my being.”

“The poor atonement left me, for the years of useful labor of which I have cheated society, is to offer my example as a warning to others ; and it is for this reason alone that I have subdued that shyness, and aversion to the faces of my fellows which has grown to be a second nature with me, and made you my confidant. Still, I cannot think my life has been wholly wasted to myself. Could I discharge my conscience from the obligation of service to my fellow-men, I should have much to console me.”

“Could I look upon this existence as having no higher purpose than that of merely preparing us for a future state, in our own way, I should have little to repent. Where I most wincingly feel my shortcomings, is in my neglect of the duty of doing good to others. Here was the error of my logic. I looked upon this life merely as

preparatory to a higher state of existence. I deemed the whole duty of this life to be, to fit myself for that, in such a manner, and by such means, as were most pleasing in my own eyes. But my philosophy was quite selfish. I utterly forgot that there were others in the world to whom I owed the service of my life ; that I was God's creature, placed here for His own purpose—subject to His laws ; that I was a rebel in daring to be a law to myself ; that His own glory, and not my happiness here or hereafter, was His object in my creation, and that I owed, as the price of my existence, a ceaseless endeavor to do good to others, for His glory. This fatal mistake now overwhelms me with a sense of anguish, compared with which the affliction that befell my youth seems, at times, almost too trivial to be considered."

"It seemed to me that the pursuits of mankind were wholly frivolous, and a wasteful use of the modicum of time allotted us in this world for the cultivation of those faculties which will shape our destiny in another. It always appeared to my mind a plain proposition, that life in the spiritual world must be but a continuation of life here ; in short, that immortality is but a perpetuated consciousness. For, if, by immortality we do not mean a continuing conscious existence—if my future be disconnected from my past—if hereafter I shall be unconscious of what I am now—if memory and association and developed intellectual power expire with my body, then the so-called immortal soul will not be mine ; but there must be two separate souls, and it is a matter of entire indifference to either, whether the other ever had or will have an existence. Looking from this stand-point, I could but also

believe that in that better state there will be, as here, different degrees, and orders of intelligence ; and that this difference must result mainly from cultivation and development begun here."

"Thus I reasoned ; thus I wholly forgot the moral part of our nature, and all those ties, sympathies and associations which are the foundation of sentiment, virtue, duty and love. Had my theory been correct—were there no part of our nature worthy of cultivation except the purely intellectual, we should be almost unnecessary to each other, and I should be equally isolated as a spirit, as I have been as a man. It is humiliating to me to have been so long wandering in the mazes of error, without sooner making this discovery ; and it more fully illustrates the folly and wickedness of my conduct in abandoning my duty and flying from mankind. Had I passed my time in the active duties of life, this lesson would have been taught me every day ; but by shutting myself up from contact with common things, I have involuntarily excluded from my apprehension a common truth."

"Had my views of life been sound, I am still confident my mode of seeking the attainment of truth would not have been incorrect ; at least in my own case, constituted as I was by nature, and afflicted as I was by fortune."

"The first few years of my life, after the storms of passion had subsided, were spent in a candid and careful review of the past. Then I reviewed, in solemn procession before my mind, all the human beings I had ever encountered, and one by one analyzed their characters, motives, conduct and probable destiny here, and in a life to come. Then I marshalled in order, under their proper heads or

classifications, all ideas of which I had ever read or heard. When some years had been occupied in this labor, I began to reflect upon the truth or falsehood of these various ideas, rejecting what I deemed false, and embracing the true. Having thoroughly fixed in my mind the limits of my acquired knowledge, I began with my own strength to essay to dive deeper into the mysteries of things."

"I have never flattered myself that I was possessed of any of that peculiarity of mental conformation called talent; except, perhaps, a very strong memory, a capacity for analysis, and a facility in discovering resemblances. These together produced a degree of mental power which started objections to disagreeable theories, and reconciled the apparent inconsistencies of those which followed my inclinations. This mental peculiarity, however (which doubtless would have earned me a reputation for talent in the world, as it had done in some degree already, while I was yet a stripling in college), I soon learned to distrust to that degree, that I have sometimes thought the power wasted in watching its vagaries, and detecting its fallacies, was fully equal to the substantial benefit derived from it. However this might be, I am satisfied that my mental power, whatever it has been, was the growth of discipline and cultivation—the result of exercising my own thinking faculties alone. In the active pursuits of life this would have been almost impossible. The thousand requirements of life, the myriad daily occupations of the mind and attention, are incompatible with pure, connected thought. But the course of mental training I had pursued brought forth fruits. It enabled me to reflect upon whatever subject was suggested to my mind without interruption, until I

had followed it out in its various bearings and relations, and to survey other thoughts cognate to it. I could hold an idea so before my mind for days and weeks, with a clear, steady, strong light intensely bearing upon it, undisturbed by irrelevant or impertinent shadows. This has been my revelry and delight. It has seemingly exalted me to such a degree—so far rendered me the tyrant and not the slave of my physical nature—that I have seemed oftentimes to myself not unlike the first-born walking in the garden of Eden, in the footsteps of God.”

“Nay, I have come to think that the great difference between men, in respect to intellectual force, depends upon the degree to which they become masters of themselves—the degree to which they subject to their will the attention, the memory, and the other intellectual faculties they possess.”

“But I fear I grow tedious, and will not, therefore, now dwell upon this matter further than slightly to illustrate what I have said by bringing before you, by way of example, a classification of the ‘motives of mankind,’ which I once thus partially followed out in the method I have described.”

“It is a subject upon which my experience is limited, and I may have fallen into mistake ; but I believe it to be substantially correct. My speculations ran much as follows : Within every man’s breast exist cravings after an ideal something, which he seeks to satisfy. This undefined something, which he strives to realize, is the source of his ambition ; the attainment of it, his happiness ; the pursuit of it, his pleasure. Thus happiness may differ in kind as well as degree ; according to its subject, object, or means of attainment. Men desire, either,

or,
 To do good to others,
 To do good to themselves.

The means by which either of these desires may, to any considerable extent, be gratified, are three —

- I. Wealth.
- II. Fame.
- III. Power.

Indispensable to the acquisition of either,

‘Orandum est, ut fit mens sana in corpore sano ;’

comprising :

- 1. Ambition, Energy, Industry, Perseverance, Confidence, Prudence and Courage.
- 2. Skill and knowledge.
- 3. Virtue, cheerfulness and affability.
- 4. Health and good-fortune.

The requisites peculiarly necessary for the acquisition of

- I. Wealth, are cunning, and knowledge of human nature ;
- II. Fame, are learning, intellect and thought ;
- III. Power, are self-possession, consistency and wisdom.

“ In this manner I pursued a subject ; and having projected such an outline, I would spend months in filling up the details. Thus I learned how infinite are the resources

within our nature, lying hid, waiting for opportunity and reflection to call them forth : and thus was I taught to reflect into what ecstatic bliss this intellectual being of ours may be exalted in that future state, when the discipline of our task-work is accomplished, and we are relieved from the embarrassments of this earthly life."

The old man, having proceeded thus far, ceased speaking, and sank back upon a projection of rock that hung over the rude seat upon which he had rested, apparently much exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of his unaccustomed task. While delivering the observations which I have but imperfectly repeated, he appeared frequently to forget my presence, and with eyes uplifted or gazing on vacancy, although uttering aloud his thoughts seemed rapt and communing with himself. Again at times, hurried away by the ardor of his enthusiasm, his speech would flow rapidly, and he would fix his eyes upon me with such intensity of unearthly expression, that I trembled, awe-struck at the sublimity of his appearance. His clear blue eyes at such times would brighten, and his whole face seem to kindle as with a blaze of light.

Be the cause of these impressions what it might, I was spell-bound, and my attention was so riveted upon the events as they occurred, that though many years have since passed away, the impression upon my memory is as fixed and distinct as if it were the occurrence of yesterday. I fancied that this aged man had been originally of a powerful frame, with a tremendous will and a giant-like force of character, and that this power, which in actual practical

life would have made him a triumphant conqueror of fortune, had been almost wholly exhausted in their own discipline, if not systematic self-destruction. Still the phenomenon of a man of clear intellect and resolute purpose, setting himself apart from his fellows, and giving himself up to a life of holy contemplation and pure reason, fascinated my imagination.

After the interchange of a few words of courtesy I left the spot, and having promised to repeat my visit, prepared to return to the neighboring city. Upon emerging from the cave of the hermit, peculiar sensations came over me. I seemed awaking from a dream. Now, as I walked on and stood upon the brink of a bold summit that rose like a sentinel's watch-tower over the city below, and looked out upon the broad champaign country beyond, I felt a thrill of pleasurable emotions pass through my frame as the thought recurred to me, how different was the stand-point, where I looked out upon the world, from that of the singular being with whom I had just parted! Naught was left to him but contrition and sorrow, in this life for wasted opportunity. He had nothing to return to his Maker, to show his gratitude for the gift of an immortal existence. Like the unprofitable servant in the Christian parable he, thus far, had buried his talent!

Such scenes as these had, however, been the companionship of the hermit for many a long year; and no doubt the endless variety and ever-varying face of nature around him had kept his mind and heart sound and clear, and thus he had escaped that apparent annihilation of the intellectual life that is apt to overwhelm the melancholy victim of human cruelty, who, being, as it were, buried

alive in a dungeon, is at the same time denied the society of his fellow-men, and shut out from the works of nature.

The charms of solitude are more fanciful than real. As a state of negation, at times, it fascinates the imagination. When disturbed by any grief, so deep that human sympathy is a mockery, we long to steal away from the haunts of men, and indulge "in the luxury of woe." But this is selfish and unmanly—a dereliction of duty. Affliction, borne with manful resignation, purifies, elevates and energizes to nobler action. Solitary repining perverts our better nature, and leads us towards despair.



MY FRIEND, BOSWORTH FIELD.



FIRST met my friend, Bosworth Field, at a time when he was likely to have made an impression upon me. He did make an impression. We swore eternal friendship, and it lasted with his life. He is gone now, poor fellow, where friendships are indeed, not in name merely, sempiternal. I sit down here to jot a few hasty lines to his memory. Who could then have thought such a joyous, rollicking spirit as he, would be making draughts upon the tears of his sorrowing friend, before he had half reached his prime!

I shall never forget our first encounter. We were Freshmen together at Yale college in 183-. It was the evening of our first day; always a memorable period in the life of a college-student. We each had rooms assigned us on the ground-floor front of the oldest of those prison-like buildings that divide the college-green, "Old South Middle." Our rooms were on opposite sides of the south entry. It was about nine o'clock. I had been "studying

hard " at my tasks for the ensuing day. I was badly "fitted " for college, as the phrase is. I wished to make the best appearance I could. The task was light enough, if I had been permitted to give my attention to it ; but therein lay the difficulty.

It was the first night of an hundred students' Sophomore year. The " Sophs " had just ceased to be " Fresh," and by virtue of a time-honored custom in the college, this night was a Saturnalia among them. If all the practical jokes in the world had been put in use that night at once by the " Sophs," it seemed to me as if they would not have given vent for all the mischief the rogues contained. We miserable Freshmen were their victims. Field had a " chum," or room-mate, whose visage was suggestive to the " Sophs ;" it invited experiment ; it held out opportunity for their peculiar deviltry. This " chum " was a green back-countryman, who had grown and lived to manhood, but was yet in the leading-strings of Minerva. Barnabas Rock was the name he rejoiced in. Rock was typical of his mind ; for a more impenetrable sterility I never encountered, in a human intellect that fell short of idiocy.

If I were a serious man, and not disposed to be a trifler, I would cut short the thread of my story and moralize here for an hour or more upon the criminal folly so often exhibited by foolish parents and kind-hearted, charitable old ladies, in persuading or permitting such men as poor Rock to undertake the toil of a collegiate education. Poor fellow ! he labored like a quarry-slave four long years, and at the end, although in his thirtieth year, a studious boy of fourteen would have nonplussed him in his favorite studies.

As I was saying, Field's "chum" had been found out by the "Sophs," who marked him for their own. Field's room was the principal scene of action, and the shadow under my windows they had selected as a place of ambuscade. Their mode of warfare was of the guerilla order. They trusted rather more to the agility of their heels in eluding pursuit after a stealthy onset, than to any valiant prowess in cutting their way through opposition. They would make a brief bombardment, perhaps carrying the door from its fastenings, and extinguishing the lights in Field's room, and not unlikely following it up by a shower of unsavory missiles; and then retreat to their hiding-place. Whenever the infuriated victim attempted to detect or capture his assailants, they sprang upon him from their place of concealment, under cover of night, and soon made him repent of his bravery.

This border warfare upon my neighbor's territory might not have disturbed me greatly, had not the spirit of mischief abroad been too violent to be satisfied with a modicum of fun. The mad-caps, while maturing fresh plans of assault upon my neighbor, diverted themselves by an occasional sortie, by way of interlude for my benefit. At one time a cane would be poked through a pane of glass in my window, with a startling jingle; at another a syringe would be thrust into the friendly aperture, and a stream of fresh water would describe a graceful parabola over my reading desk, falling in a drizzling shower upon my head, and through my hair upon my books.

I had prepared my mind for this sort of petty annoyance, and believing the shortest way to prevent its continuance was not to heed it, kept on with my studies, and

bore it very philosophically, apparently giving no attention to the matter. I determined to finish my task for the next day, come what might. After a period, through much tribulation this was accomplished, and I then began to feel that as I had borne my probation, it was unnecessary to endure these one-sided practical jokes any longer.

However, for a little time there had been a cessation of hostilities, and it being now about eleven at night, I began to believe the storm was over, and was thinking about getting to bed, when I was startled from my fancied security by a most tremendous crash at my neighbor's door, as of a catapult discharged, which must, at least, have carried away its hinges (if any had survived to this time), and a Parthian kick at my door, in passing, that smashed its barricade into fragments, and sent it spinning and trembling open into the room. I rushed spasmodically into the entry, fully determined to inflict condign punishment upon the first wretch I overtook, and clasped a youth in my arms. It was my neighbor, Bosworth Field! He had emerged at the same tocsin as myself. He was vowing vengeance as he rushed headlong in the dark, and his meek "chum" Barnabas was bringing up the rear, snivelling in meek despair.

I invited Field into my room. A fellow-feeling made us friends from the start. He recounted the perils of the night. He was far more observant than myself. He had recognized the voice of the ringleader of the gang of his tormenters, who occupied a room on the floor over our heads. He had, as he said, "come the King Alfred over them," and had entered their camp in disguise, while they lay entrenched under my window. He had learned all

their plans. He unfolded them to me, and we set our heads at work to devise means to give them a repayment in their own coin.

Their mode of proceeding, as revealed to Field's espionage, was this: after they had plagued us to their satisfaction, they were to adjourn to the "Quinnipiac House" (a favorite hotel in those days), have a jolly supper, and, on their return, call and see us, to condole with us concerning the scandalous doings of their class-mates, which they (poor lambs!) had partly heard of, and partly restrained, but could not prevent! While expressing their profound sympathy, they were also each to be supplied with a large pipe, filled with a coarse common kind of tobacco, and to give us a benefit with their score of smokers, in our small, close chambers, just as we were about to retire for the night. Having driven us from our rooms by the smoke, they were to lock our doors, carry away the keys, assemble in the room of their companion overhead, and with cards and wine make a night of it. A pretty beginning, truly, for a year's study by these fledgelings.

Finding it useless to attempt resistance, without an unmanly appeal to the authorities, we set about preparing a suitable reception for our distinguished guests. As soon as they had fairly gotten out of hearing, Field forced the door of the rooms of the Στρατηγός of the party of marauders, and with the aid of a class-mate who dropped in my room, just as we had matured our plans (De Graffenried, a tall, handsome fellow, who afterwards left college prematurely, by reason of some unworthy distrust of the Faculty), Rock, Field and myself soon quietly emptied the rooms of their contents—even to the carpet. We noise-

lessly carried all the furniture into the middle of the college-green, and piled it up in a pyramidal shape, making a mound some ten feet high, and surmounting the whole with a calf's head, taken from the stall of a neighboring butcher.

The steward's cow was dozing in the street near by, and by Cyclopean efforts we managed to abduct her, and tuck her up for the night in the empty bed-room of our hero. The next step was to perfume the room for the retreat of our friendly revellers; after their return from their orgies, and paying their *devoirs* to us. Field was absent a few moments, and returned from Dow's drug store with a capacious bottle of *assafoetida*. This he dispensed liberally up and down the room, with as much unction, as if it had been myrrh and frankincense, in the bower of the lady of his heart. Lest there might be a charge of partiality, he reserved a portion, which he bestowed upon the pyramid on the college-green.

What devilish engine might next have been contrived by the fertile brain of Field, is left to conjecture; for at this stage of our proceedings we heard the voice of the merry party returning across the college-yard, singing with discordant voices, echoing far into the depths of night:

"Roll-a-roll-a-rido, ring-a-ding-a-dido," etc.

We beat a hasty retreat, and retired "to our respective rooms" to wait the reception of our guests. They soon arrived. With pipes in hand they swarmed into my room to honor me with the first visit. I invited them, some twenty in number, to sit as they best might, upon chairs and in the window-seats, and upon the bed. They offered De Graffenried (who stopped with me to see the fun) and

myself pipes. To their surprise, De Graffenried accepted, and being an inveterate smoker himself, smoked freely (though he afterwards told me their tobacco was the vilest he ever smelt), throwing out immense whiffs and clouds of smoke, which he carelessly puffed into the faces of those on either side of him. They grew a little uneasy at this ; but we talked so innocently of the outrages that had been perpetrated upon us by some persons to us unknown, their suspicions were allayed.

Still they glanced from time to time at the meek and sober face of De Graffenried, when he would utter some equivocal, as if they were not quite assured of his seeming ignorance. At length, to amuse them, he read some words from a quaint old author lying upon my table, and dwelt with such peculiar emphasis upon them, that a thrill went through the party, that made it evident they began to fancy they were being quizzed. The words were somewhat like these : "There be sometymes manye, that do goe oute to gathyer woole, yet do come home shorne." Things had just reached this crisis, when, bang ! swizzle ! swash ! the door flew open, and two immense buckets of water were discharged into my room. By a marvel (I guess), De Graffenried and myself were the only dry parties in the room. The fluid was as effective as the boiling oil upon the forty thieves. The lights were out, and the pipes too, while the band fled like drowning rats from a sinking ship.

They rushed up stairs in "most admired disorder," leaving De Graffenried, Field (who was witnessing the cascade), and myself dissolved in most immoderate laughter. They plunged pell-mell into the festal hall, so daintily arrayed for their reception, to drown their sorrows and

dry their clothes. Here was a scene. They were crowded in the narrow hall in the dark, as they fell back dismayed at the perfume that saluted their nostrils, and at the spectacle of the bare walls and floor of the room which the light of a match revealed to them. What an infernal uproar !

“ Within that dark and narrow dell,
At once there rose as wild a yell,” etc.

Stamping and stumbling headlong down stairs, they came and set about searching for the ravaged contents of their friend's room, but were unsuccessful. By this time, too, their noise had waked the drowsy tutors, who were rushing about frantically, capturing whom they might, and placing the prisoners in custody of each other, until, like the boys sliding on the ice, who all fell in, all were caught, and “ the rest did run away ;” so that, when the captives were counted, there were none left, except the tutors themselves.

Where the Agamemnon of the valiant party pitched his tent that night we never knew. But the next morning (for there always will be, as Bulwer says, “ a next morning ” after a revel), the Freshman class had many a merry jeer at the crestfallen hero, and his prospects in rural retirement, with his tent pitched upon the college-green, and his bucolic gallantry, that, with a modesty worthy of Don Quixote, had impelled him to vacate his bed-chamber for the steward's cow ! After all, the “ Sophs ” said it was fair retaliation, and confessed themselves “ sold.” Field and myself (who were guessed at as the workers of this enchantment) came into great favor with them, and had many warm friends in their class ever after through college life.

My friend, Bosworth Field, stuck close to me to the end of our collegiate course. He was a hearty friend, and an ardent advocate of my interests on every occasion. He was a fine mathematical scholar, and often helped me out in some of our more difficult problems. It was exhilarating to see him cut his way like an arrow through a mathematical enigma that puzzled me almost to stupefaction. It seemed the work of intuition. It was not an effort of reason or memory. It cost him no time and no labor. A few minutes' glance to see what was the proposition, and *presto*, "Q. E. D." This secured him the favor of the college faculty. He stood high as a scholar, although he really devoted little time to the prescribed course of study. But it was the theory of this institution, that the object of college education is to discipline, and not to furnish or accomplish, the mind, and that the mathematical studies best secure that end. Of course, as in all general maxims touching human conduct, this latter proposition was both true and false. The boys to whom "mathematics" were difficult (*haud inexpertus loquor*), saw the notion was false somewhere, and ignored them without stopping to see precisely where the truth lay. The truth was, I suspect, that those who cried out against mathematical studies as dry or troublesome, stagnating to the faculties and bewildering to the memory, were precisely those who stood most in need of just such discipline; while to those who mastered their labyrinthine mysteries with facility (and had no purpose of pursuing science), they were less useful than the more elegant studies of classic literature, for which they had duller tastes, and less prehensile capacities.

Field carried off some of the best honors of the class. He had the good wishes of every class-mate, and was that rare bird, a man of brains without an enemy. Everybody spoke well of him, and yet he was no fool. How this miracle was managed I never could thoroughly understand, though I often puzzled over it. Had he lived to mature life he would have made his mark. He went to "the South," after leaving college, and I lost sight of him for a year or two, until I heard of his death while prosecuting his professional studies. It was my sad lot to lose nearly all my dearest college friends by immeasurable separation, or by early death. Light lie the earth upon thee. Alas! poor Bosworth Field!



THE DIVIDED JURY.

THE memory of some of my readers may run back to the good old days when "The Superior Court of the City of New York" held its sessions in the westerly wing of the City Hall—when open fireplaces permitted a salubrity to the air breathed by those prisoners of State, the judiciary, as wholesome as sustains the lives of Presidents of Banks and Insurance Companies—when the Bench was not elbowed out of its dignity or poked upon the ribs in uncourtly familiarity by the Bar—when the Bar had space to sit, and was not jostled by the hurtling crowd of suitors and witnesses, or compelled, *stans in pede uno*, to take notes of an argument upon a hat-top for a table, or to gesticulate, in an address to the Court, with umbrella in one hand and hat in the other—and, too, before Judges lunched upon the bench while trying a cause, or lawyers came into court dressed in shooting jackets—when the clerk of the Court could sit at his desk, unmolested by every conceivable form of interrogatory—when the suitors kept their

places behind the bar and did not disconcert counsel by treading upon their heels, or pulling their skirts to make silly and suicidal suggestions—when witnesses sat quietly and respectfully in a remoter part of the room, until they were called to take an oath of solemnity, administered respectfully—when the air was not filled with the infectious breath and fetid exhalations of a promiscuous crowd, packed as tightly as passengers in a city railroad car—in short, when the city taxes were less than one per cent. and the city could not afford to kill or disable, by malarious slow poison, three Judges in a single year.

Happy, thrice happy days! I recall them as the period of my little story, and I linger over the fragrant reminiscence. I see before me the forms of those beloved and departed, whose faces memory will never yield up, and whose voices seem to ring their echoes in that hall, even now as I summon them out of their resting-places.

O terque quaterque beati!

*Queis ante ora patrum Trojæ, sub manibus altis,
Contigit oppetere!*

It was late on a Friday afternoon of the last week of the Term, when the case of Henshaw *vs.* The Enterprise Insurance Company was called on for trial. A pale, spare man, about forty-five years of age, with high, white forehead and large, dreamy blue eyes, a delicately cut nose, and thin, shrewd mouth, sat alone upon the bench. His hair was slightly gray, yet full, flowing and a little curling; he wore no beard, and his teeth were white, regular and beautiful. He sat tall, but his figure was mostly concealed by the desk before him. As he told the clerk to empanel a jury, his voice was clear, sonorous and sweetly modulated.

A little rill of fun spilled itself over the quiet face of the demure old clerk, as he arose in his place, and glancing around the almost deserted room, began to call the names of the jurors who had not been discharged.

The clerk called five or six names before one answered. The seventh responded and took his place as a juror. The clerk continued calling, his voice quivering and tremulous as the absurdity of the dawning fact became more obvious, and the call of the panel was exhausted without another juror answering. The clerk turned to the Court with a stolid stare, and sat down. The Judge brushed his hand across his face, as if to sweep off an expression of levity that was creeping out from the puckering corners of his eyes and was twisting his mouth awry. With a thinly disguising gravity of look and voice, he addressed the counsel for the parties to the cause.

“Will you go to trial, gentlemen, with this jury—under the provision of the new constitution?”

Within the bar sat some half dozen counsellors, and as many or more attorneys, most of whom were lookers-on who had lingered to see what would come of the cause. Two figures were a little more conspicuous than the others, and I must try and outline them. The one, whom I used to hear called Brother Montrose, was a man of about forty—tall, thin, sallow-faced, long-limbed, and awkwardly dressed. He wore, as did all the lawyers, black clothes, and he had no beard except a little tuft at the extremity of his chin. His nose was aquiline, indicating great energy and determination, while his blue eyes and fair hair softened the impression his visage would otherwise have made upon you. He still had the look of a jovial spirit,

who might have found a more genial pursuit than ransacking dry parchments, or wrangling in the forum of a petit jury. There was a lurking trace of mischief entangled in the meshes of the exquisite net-work of almost imperceptible lines that lay athwart that face. And there was also a look of weariness, and a settled and wan expression, that sometimes accompanies the energy that springs from fatalism, and not from hope, stamped upon this countenance—deepening and darkening the shadows below the eyes—that interested, while it puzzled you to guess its source. He was evidently a lawyer in full practice, and a greatly overworked man.

Brother Montrose spoke a few words in a low tone to the attorney on whose behalf he was retained, and then turned to converse for a moment with the counsel for the plaintiff, who sat near him.

Counsellor Thorpe was some five years the senior of his opponent. He was scarcely above middle height, rather thick-set, compact and agile, dark complexioned, but with a healthy glow of color upon his well filled face. His hair was dark, and combed close to his face and head. He wore no beard. His eyes were large, dark, penetrating, lustrous, and at times quite luminous. He seemed full of animal life, and moved about upon his chair, as if sitting still was a penance. He had a nervous habit, too, while thus imprisoned by decorum, of tearing paper into shreds and biting and chewing it—showing a charming set of regular and white teeth. There was a pliancy and suppleness in all his motions that seemed incompatible with his great reputation as a *nisi prius* lawyer. You would have been more apt to conjecture that the sports of the

field, or the rod and fly contributed to that jubilant, generous look he wore, than the dust, red-tape, knotty quiddits, quilllets, cases and tenures of the law. Though much shorter of stature, he was still so erect and bold when standing to address a jury, that he seemed almost as tall as his compeer in this cause. In short, while every look and movement of Brother Montrose smelt of the lamp, the gay bearing and manly beauty, that effloresced from Brother Thorpe, was redolent of the turf.

After a few moments' consultation, the lawyers stipulated to proceed with the trial with a single juror; when Brother Thorpe arose, and looking pleasantly, began to open his case to the jury somewhat in this manner:

"May it please the Court and gentleman of the jury, this is a plain case and the facts lie in a nut-shell. This suit is brought to recover three thousand dollars upon an insurance-policy made by the Enterprise Insurance Company to insure my client, Henshaw Henshaw, for that amount upon his dwelling-house in Murray street of this city, against all losses or damage which he (the plaintiff) might sustain 'by, or by reason, or by means of fire, including fire by lightning.' In the month of August last this dwelling-house was struck by lightning, during a violent thunder-storm that you may remember by reason of the great destruction to property done at the time in this city. The house was rent and torn to pieces, and was a total loss to my client. There is really no defence to this action. The pretence set up by the defendants is one of those frivolous pretexts that have already rendered Insurance Companies contemptible, and a by-word and reproach in the community. The defendants will not, however, be

able to gainsay or dispute in any way, shape or manner this statement of facts, and I shall expect at your hands, sir,—I beg pardon, gentleman of the jury—without leaving your seat, a verdict for the amount of the plaintiff's demand with interest."

After a brief opening, Brother Thorpe called several witnesses and proved what he had stated to the jury. With all his ingenuity, however—although he put the words into the mouths of the witnesses, and asserted the fact himself times innumerable, and as often when rebuked protested it was totally immaterial—he was unable to prove any actual *burning*, or that the building was in any respect either burnt or consumed. He did, however, succeed in getting one witness to agree with him that at the time of the demolition there was a sulphurous smell, and a play of flame and some appearances of smoke about the ruins.

The plaintiff looked on during all this puzzling and confusing of witnesses, and wondered what it was all about. He did not seem to have comprehended the point of the case that his counsel was so dexterously trying to conceal, and at the same time bring to light.

When Brother Thorpe had gotten in this testimony, a leer of satisfaction flitted across his face, as he turned to Brother Montrose, saying: "That is the plaintiff's case. We rest."

Brother Montrose moved the Court for a nonsuit, and argued that there was no proof sufficient to go to the jury that the building was destroyed by fire. "Fire," said he, with a degree of simplicity of language worthy of so important a fact, "is the ordinary phenomenon of combustion. Lightning is an electrical phenomenon. Now, it is

not fire, but that wonderful and mysterious principle, the *electric fluid*, that produces the shock, and rends or demolishes whatever obstructs its course. To entitle the plaintiff to recover, there must be proof of *ignition*, and a destruction of the property *by heat* or *mechanical force* is not within the terms of the policy. *Fire* means *combustion*, and is synonymous with *conflagration*. Mere *heat* or *caloric*, however destructive, is not enough. Damage done by *violence* of lightning is not a *loss by fire*. If the word fire includes lightning in some artificial or scientific sense, still the popular signification is to control and prevail over the nomenclature of science. Lightning destroys by *mechanical* effects. Fire is only one of its possible *chemical* effects. The policy insures only against this specifically."

The learned counsel proceeded in this strain, until the President of the Enterprise Insurance Company, who listened with great interest in the beginning, began turning uneasily in his chair, and occasionally looking up into his counsel's face with an expression of anxiety, as if he thought his senses were deserting that skilful advocate. At length, however, the idea seemed to occur to him that perhaps he was going mad himself. He seized his hat convulsively, and walked rapidly out of the court room.

Brother Thorpe rose to reply. After a few premonitory flourishes and expressions of indignation at the paltry subterfuge of the defence, he said there were two short answers to all the suggestions from the learned counsel opposed. "*First*: If there was any color for the very astute distinction sought to be established—being a disputed question in science, (God save the mark!) it was not matter of law for the Court, but of fact for the jury; and

he was prepared with abundance of testimony to show that, as matter of science as well as of fact, *lightning was fire*; and that the chief characteristics of each were identical in the popular understanding, as well as in scientific use of the terms. *Second*: There was already some evidence to go to the jury upon the question of the actual visible presence of fire, and the Court had no power to withdraw that question from the jury. Besides, he felt confident that in the hands of the enlightened and peerless jury he saw before him, the question might be safely placed."

All this while the solitary juror sat unmoved. He was a portly man, dressed in a complete suit of dark brown clothes, and beside him lay a broad-brimmed hat of nearly the same color. He had an ample pleasant face and a very large head, with shaggy brows and projecting forehead, rising quite high. He might have been fifty-five years of age, and his features were plain, but massive, and not over handsome. His hands and feet seemed unusually small and well shaped, for so large a man. He sat with arms folded most of the time, apparently giving profound attention to the testimony of witnesses and language of counsel. His clear gray eyes, though uneasy in their look, were yet always riveted upon the speaker with interesting fixedness.

The Judge having heard the respective counsel, glanced at the notes before him, which he was then preparing from a large pile of opened books—brought in by one of the officers from time to time during the trial—spread opposite him upon the table, many of which looked more like the contents of some circulating library than of the Law Institute. "The Penny Cyclopaedia" and several

familiar "Hand-Books of Useful Science" seemed to be of the number. He hesitated whether to say any thing. After a moment, a shadow went over his slightly smiling face, as if he had caught the spirit of fun within him, that was just breaking loose, and chained it down once more. He remarked, slowly—as if fearing the tones of his voice might betray the mixed feelings struggling within him—that the case might go to the jury.

Then Brother Montrose, as his compeers used to say, "mounted his high horse." He addressed the jury, and retorted all the abuse that had been thrown upon his client, the Insurance Company. He would demonstrate, by evidence, to the jury, as plainly as if written in letters of lightning upon the sky, that there was a total want of the presence of fire in the destruction of this building. He was glad the case had gone to the jury, as he should now get a verdict for the Company that would put the plaintiff's case at rest forever. After proceeding in this strain for some time, he sat down, and called several witnesses. They testified to having examined the ruins with great care, and expressed their undoubted conviction that no part of the building had been either burnt or consumed.

Then came the scientific witnesses on both sides ; and there was testimony as to the calorific, magnetical, chemical, mechanical, and theological properties, and qualities, and effects of lightning. There were quotations from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, and Sturgeon's Electricity, and Lardner's Transactions of the Royal Society of London, Farraday's Researches, Metcalf on Caloric, and Lectures on Electricity ; Webster's, Walker's and Richardson's Dictionaries, Olmstead's Philosophy, Silliman's Jour-

nal of Science, Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, and Brooklyn-Merriam's Weather-Clerk's Pocket Companion. The witnesses being paid experts, many of them, as is usual, entertained diametrically opposite opinions. They seemed only to agree upon one point, as to the question upon which they were called to enlighten the jury, and that was they were all equally and profoundly ignorant of the real nature of lightning—in short, knew nothing at all about it, which they could explain.

At length the evidence closed. In this satisfactory state of facts, the counsel asked the jury if it was prepared to render a verdict. It calmly said it preferred to have the case summed up.

Then commenced a logomachy, which it would carry me too far to follow. The counsel summed up the case at great length, and with minuteness of distinctions that made confusion worse confounded.

As the learned counsel flew with a flippancy, that nothing but disdain could have begotten, from one abstruse treatise or opinion to another, the Judge's countenance lowered. One by one he pushed from him book after book that laid open beside him. As he saw the passages he had conned, now and again, quoted in the noisy harangues of the advocates, he frowned with the dismal conviction that they had stolen most of his thunder.

At length, too, the arguments of counsel closed, and the Judge again asked the jury if it was ready to render a verdict. The man opened wide his gray, dancing eyes, and said he would like to hear the "charge" of the Court!

The Judge paused a moment—glanced again at his

notes—opened three or four books that still lay before him, and with a gravity that seemed quite beyond his habitual manner, arose in his place to address the jury, which also arose and gave him great attention.

At first he briefly recapitulated the facts as proven beyond dispute, and then telling the jury it would be a question for its decision whether, under all the facts and circumstances in the evidence, the loss occurred through fire by lightning, the Judge proceeded to unfold some of the scientific views of the case that he supposed (as he said) might clear up the obscurity of the question.

“Lest I should become too diffuse, or wanting in precision or appositeness in what I purpose to say to you,” said the Judge, “I shall make a very liberal use of the language of our highest Court in a case where a similar question arose.

“First, the plaintiff has the *onus probandi* upon himself. Here he must prove that electricity, of sufficient intensity to rend a building, is fire in the popular and ordinary signification of the term. It is not sufficient to show that fire is one of its constituent principles. He must be able to demonstrate that the rending and destruction of the building were the result of that particular principle. Of the actual nature of what is called electricity, but little is known with certainty among scientific men, and among lawyers, if possible, still less. Its phenomena may be divided into four classes—the mechanical, the chemical, the magnetical and the Biblical, to which I am disposed to add a fifth—the poetical; the propriety of which latter distinction will presently appear. M. Arago insists that the mechanical effects of electricity are produced by its calor-

ific properties. It may, however, be safely admitted that nothing whatever is known of the method by which heat is evolved in electric phenomena.

"If we turn from these valuable results of scientific research to the ancient Scriptures, and to the writings of the heathen philosophers, and of the modern poets, our labors are no less well rewarded."

Here the learned Judge, with a quizzical smile, took up a large volume bound in calf-skin, and seeming to read from it, proceeded:—

"In the First Book of Kings 'the *fire* of the Lord' is mentioned as a destructive agent; and at an early stage in the afflictions of Job he received intelligence that 'the fire of God is fallen from Heaven, and hath burned up the sheep and the servants, and consumed them.' If the 'fire' thus spoken of were atmospheric electricity (which there may be some reason to doubt), still, according to the same book, the voice which answered Job out of the whirlwind designated it as 'the lightning of thunder;' and, as if in derision of all human effort to understand or control its actions, inquired: 'Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee here we are?'

"A conjecture as to the identity of fire and lightning appears to have been indulged in by the ancients. Seneca maintained it as probable, and stated that the Stoics believed that air was connected with fire and water during a thunder-storm. The Epicureans are represented to have taught that lightning consisted of fire alone, which was derived from the sun.

"In figurative speech and poetry, lightning is designated by a variety of terms. Milton, in *Paradise Lost*,

speaks of the collision of two bodies grinding the air
 'atritte to fire' :

———' as late the clouds
 Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame driven down
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine.'

"Spenser alludes to a person dying 'as one with lightning fired;' while Pope, in referring to death caused by lightning, does not suggest the idea of fire, but describes the fatal influence as the 'touch ethereal,' which seems to be a poetic term for one of the mechanical effects of electricity. Byron in the third Canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, has this expression :

'From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
 Leaps the *live thunder*.'

And again :

———' as a tree
 On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
 Kindled he was and blasted.'

"To these might be added an allusion to the business language of the day in this country, in which often occur such expressions as 'lightning express,' and 'greased lightning,' indicating perhaps that electricity is generally associated rather with the idea of swiftness than of combustion.

"From these references, however, we derive but little aid in ascertaining either the popular acceptance, or the true meaning of the term lightning.

"Descartes has said that 'there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions,' and in the present state of science and of the

law, the proximate cause of the destruction of this building cannot be regarded as a successful exception to this remark.

"Electricity is defined by one scientific writer as 'an invisible agency everywhere present,' and this 'omnipresent and invisible agent' is declared by another scientific gentleman 'not to be electricity, but caloric.'"

It would carry me quite too far in this slight sketch, were I more fully to trace the wandering mazes of the profoundly learned, and wonderfully lucid, "charge" of the Judge to the jury, upon this abstruse question. Suffice it to say he exhausted the subject. He submitted it to the jury to determine upon all the evidence—taking a general view of the whole case—under the instructions of the Court, whether or not the plaintiff's house in Murray street had been destroyed by fire, or by lightning only, without fire.

The learned gentlemen conducting the case stepped up to the desk of the Judge and requested him to note their various exceptions; which, taken together, embraced the whole of his charge except the paragraph in which he stated, that from his references to poetry and scientific treatises no assistance could be derived in the consideration of the question. To this conclusion, strange to say, having themselves out-Heroded Herod in profuseness of quotation before the jury, they now assented.

Having dispatched these formalities, the Court and counsel turned to the jury to learn the verdict. The Court asked if the verdict was ready, but the jury desired to retire to the jury-room for the purpose of deliberation!

The Judge stared and the lawyers looked as grave as

they could, and the officer in charge retired with the jury.

An hour passed. Judge and lawyers were very tired and hungry—the jury did not return. The Court became impatient, and perhaps thought the joke was being carried too far. The Court directed that the jury should bring in a sealed verdict and then adjourned. The court room was deserted. The jury was notified of the order of the Court, and the officer in charge intimated that unless a verdict was rendered very soon the jury would be locked up for the night. The jury soon called for pen, ink and paper, and a sealed verdict was delivered to the officer, and the jury was discharged for the day.

The next morning the Court was opened merely to receive the verdict. The jury was called in and the verdict handed to the Court. The Judge opened it, and his countenance portended both thunder and lightning while he read the verdict as follows :

“ The jury cannot agree.”

It would be idle to proceed and relate how the wrathful Judge at first ordered the jury committed forthwith to prison for a contempt of Court ; and how soon afterwards his sense of the absurdity of the whole affair, and his appreciation of the really sincere embarrassment of the victim of his anger, and a dreamy suspicion that the man might be insane, softened the sentence into a reprimand ; when the divided jury was permitted to disperse.



FISHING WITHOUT A MASTER.

THE "THOUSAND-ISLANDS" IN MIDSUMMER.

Piscator.—Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it; for angling is somewhat like poetry—men are to be born so.

IZAAK WALTON.



HANCE led the writer, seeking rest and solitude one July, to Alexandria Bay, on the right bank of the St. Lawrence River. Formerly the opportunities of this place were monopolized chiefly by a few experts in the piscatorial art. Now, however, all is changed, and it is no longer suggestive of quiet or solitude.

An untold charm hovers about the scenery of the thousands of pretty islands here dotting or diversifying the broad expanse of this majestic river. Reflecting that this immense volume of water, poured out of the vast inland sea of Superior, and traversing other intermediate inner-oceans, has rushed in magnificent torrents over the precipices of Niagara, one is filled with wonder at its power, while

pleasingly soothed by its beauty. The rapid sweep of this tremendous current, when agitated by storms or swollen by freshets or roughened by ice, has, in the course of ages, washed the shores of these innumerable little oasis, until they are fretted into a picturesqueness of rock-bound margin that constantly surprises and pleases, without tiring the eye. Their numbers are, if not countless, uncounted. They vary in size from a few square rods to twenty acres or more in area. Some few, however, are much larger, and one or two are some miles in length, but of little width.

Their towering rocks, enveloping cedars, pines and oaks, grassy slopes and stony hills, bold bluffs and cavernous indentations skirting or overhanging the channels, bays, coves and inlets made by the islands in this clear bright water, add the delight of endless variety, instead of wearying the attention with a monotonous prospect of mere land and water.

A day's sail in and out among these green-wooded isles ; now upon the broad and rippling stream that glitters and shimmers in the summer's sunshine, and now gliding under and into the cool shadow of some beetling cliff ; at one time borne through a narrow, swift channel, and at another over a wide expanse, still, smooth and apparently land-locked as a mountain lake ; here with the water many fathoms deep, and there with the fern-clad river bottom brushing the rudder of your keelless boat ; with blue sky and fleecy white clouds overhead, the primeval evergreens everywhere bounding the shifting horizon, and the description-defying, but deliciously beautiful, water filling up all the open places of the picture ; such a day's sail is a treasure in the memory.

Here, too, may the fastidious find dainty fishing. Yea, verily, though one has never studied the "Complete Angler," or indeed never so much as heard the name of Izaak Walton, here he may practise successfully "the art of catching fish"; without undue exertion, or early hours, or tired limbs, or wounded fingers, or wet feet, or even with unappeased hunger and thirst.

"Shall you fish to-day?" After a reasonable breakfast, without either premeditation or hurry, you step into a boat with your wife or daughter or friend—unless you have a weakness for solitude—and sit down each in a cushioned arm chair, face to face. The oarsman takes his place, facing the back of the middle seat. Three persons in all are a boat-load. While you were quietly eating your egg and toast, the boatman, not doubting the temptation of this fine day, has laid in a goodly store of provisions, together with cooking-utensils, condiments and ice. He now rows you quietly into the stream, where the fresh morning air crisps the sparkling water, and you feel delicious sensations, vibrating between rest and rapture, creeping over you. The boat is as light as a cork, and the skilful hand at the oar sends it like an arrow over the tiny waves. It is neat and tidy, like a lady's summer carriage; and, as you rest upon your cushions, and look out from under your sun-umbrella upon the enchanting scene around you, and see, with only a half-conscious feeling, that you are in motion, it seems to you that driving in a city park would be little better, in the comparison, than trundling by a wheelbarrow.

Anon you have reached the fishing ground. The brisk breeze now fans your face, until the sun gives you only a pleasant warmth. Involuntarily you lower your parasol,

as no longer useful. With unstained gloves you uncoil and throw into the crystal water a line white as snow, with a silver or golden spoon attached, concealing a triple-barbed hook amid a flutter of gaudy feathers. Your companion does the same on the other side of the boat, while your faithful Palinurus, by means of brackets, of polished wood, and silver prongs joined to either side of the boat, now adjusts the butt-ends of the rods holding the fishing lines, so that these rods are fixed and stationary at right angles to the boat, hanging over the water ; while the lines are running out some two hundred feet behind it. You have now furthermore nothing to do, but sit, look, wait, expect and enjoy.

Steadily, with gentle dip and measured sweep of the well-handled oars, your boat now skims along, the parted water gurgling musically at the prow. Your companion in pleasure watches upon one side and yourself upon the other. The almost metrical monotony of sound is soothing you into forgetfulness, and your mind wanders afar amid revery and day-dreams.

Occasionally you rouse yourself and look intently backward. The lines are strained just tightly enough to make a barely perceptible bend in the rods. The alert rower keeps his trained eye upon each of them. Your boat is now passing around a pretty headland that juts from a rocky, cedar-crowned islet into the liquid emerald, so picturesquely mingling its cool shadow with the waving weeds beneath the stream, that you are blind to every thing else, when you feel a slight tremor pulsate through the delicate framework of the little boat.

At first it is bewildering, but it arouses no apprehen-

sion beyond an instant flash of delicious terror. Suddenly you perceive the rod under your care is bending into a hoop. As by an inspiration, novice as you are, you instantly comprehend the situation. You glance at your gloves. If they be of kid they are in peril, but if of silk or cotton they are comparatively safe. In less than a second from the bending of the rod, you are pulling the tightened snowy cord through the bubbles, and coiling it, in irregular loops, at one side of the boat, by your feet.

Now it comes more hardly or suddenly stops, as if it would escape from your unpractised fingers. You gripe it more resolutely ; you must have grappled a sea-monster or a river leviathan. There is a struggle at the further end of your line ; the cord cuts your unused hand a little, but you would not loosen its tension to avoid a blister ; you let it run backwardly a little, but not at all slackened. Do not be afraid ; there is no serious danger ; now it pulls more easily—too easily, you begin to fancy—no ; again something heavy, and not far off, surges and flounders, like a log rolling at the end of your line. “A muscallonge !” shouts the oarsman. An icy sensation, beginning at your scalp, creeps with great rapidity down your spine. It is the first realization of self-consciousness, since you began to pull. Your face flushes, as you look furtively at your wife, to see if she has detected the tickled vanity that is making a boy of you. Though now putting forth great strength, and steadying your nerves for the shock of fruition—as something huge, and splashing like the screw of a steamer, throws up a cascade of foam a few feet astern of the boat—you almost let slip the cord with dismay at discovering your wife, not at all flustered, but engaged quite

as earnestly and satisfactorily as yourself with the rod and line, upon her side of the boat. "Eheu!" You stoically subside into recovered self-possession, and now each pulls as for dear life. The boatman has fastened his oars, and with a club and landing-net is everywhere at the same moment; until, amid a flurry and a flash, so instantaneous you could not realize or describe them, he has landed from your hook a seven pound pickerel. Meanwhile, however, your wife is looking serenely at one of twelve pounds; which, with dexterous aid of club and gaff, the boatman is just bringing over the other side of the boat into his arms. That will do for the beginning of the day's trolling.

Again the lines are thrown out as before, and you sail and fish. The hours pass on; sometimes you take a bass and sometimes a pickerel—usually weighing from two to four pounds each—until you feel a little weary of much sitting, and a sharp appetite suggests a change.

Now the oarsman turns the boat into some rock-ribbed, petty harbor, where overhanging trees darken the color of the deep water, and the grassy slope of the shaded bank invites you to stretch your limbs, while the soft breezes of this pure atmosphere shall fan you. Here you land, and your commissary debarks his cargo of stores; not forgetting a selection of the finest bass of the morning's catch. While you ramble through the woods or lie prone upon the grass, a fire is built; ham, eggs and chickens are cooked; coffee is made, and a chowder, fit for Venus' bridal breakfast, is compounded by your many-handed boatswain, until in an hour you are invited to eat. St. Lawrence's sauce,—a hunter's hunger,—gives a zest to the repast beyond calculation, but in due course you are satisfied. Another

hour or so passes, and you take to the boat again, as the sun is wheeling down the slope of the western horizon. Perhaps you stop upon the outer edge of a shoal, or near the margin of a meadow under water, just beyond the wavy sweep of the long sea-green grass and submarine foliage. Having anchored, the boatman now puts live minnows upon your hooks, and you pull out pickerel or bass, from time to time, which he dislodges, again rebaiting your hooks, until you are content. Up comes the anchor, and away you speed toward home. The same kind of scenery charms the eye once more, although your route now is upon another side of the river. These islands, that look so familiar, are indeed of the same family, but all new to you. Moreover, at this hour a hazy splendor softens every object, and the golden tints of the setting sun are reflected here and there, while green and purple, blue and crimson, mingle and melt into each other upon the surface of the color-varying river. Safely landed, you learn with surprise that the day has been hot, upon the mainland. There is but little trace of it, however, remaining.

Now when evening comes on, you sit upon a broad piazza, overhanging the water that is gently chafing the rocky shore some sixty feet below you, and give yourself up to the memories of the day, and recount or listen to fishy tales of marvel, or watch the changing hues of this opalescent river—as its warm color fades while twilight wanes into cool starlight or moonlight, and the mild, undying breeze, tempered by these broad moving waters, and scented with this perfume of cedar and pine, passes along—until a placid feeling steals over you, suggesting that there is something in life besides “business.”



DID YOU EVER SEE THE DANUBE ?

LET us have a talk about the Danube. Always a mysteriously romantic name ! The Rhine, on the contrary, somehow has a sound and meaning pleasant and familiar—even from childhood. It seems easy to comprehend it, as a tortuous river, with rapid currents, crossed often by pontoons or flying-bridges, and in some parts having mountainous, castle-crowned and picturesque banks. One takes kindly to the stories of its Lurleys, and other water-spirits. We think fondly of its ruined turrets, breaking the monotony of its gentle, vine-clad hill-sides. Of the Danube, however, speculation is apt to conjure another shape. My own curiosity to see this river was perhaps morbid ; indeed it was greater than I can now readily explain. I trembled when, as a child, I was told it arose in the Black Forest of Germany : while my notion of it was always indistinct, still in my imagination, it was prefigured as sometimes deep, often swift, and always gloomy and terrible.

I remember as an early impression something indefinite of the “deep-rolling,” “dark-rolling Danube.” I had

learned, too, in my youth, that there was but one, if any, river in Europe its superior in magnificence, or in political and commercial significance.

"Le Danube est le fleuve le plus grand de l'Europe," said the pretty widow, Madame Beaujolais, smiling mischievously, as she sat opposite me at breakfast one summer day in Vienna.

She must have had wonderful powers of penetration to have guessed my thoughts, for I had not spoken a word aloud upon the subject—so far as I knew. Perhaps it was uncivil in me, to say the least, to sit there, musing speechlessly, breakfasting with a lovely Frenchwoman, who wore such an exquisite cap upon a head that was Rachel's from the eyes upwards, and Sontag's from the eyes to the throat. Yet so it was. Indeed I must have been in a semi-comatose state, for I soon fell off again into my reveries, vouchsafing scarcely ten words to Madame; and these doubtless unmeaning, if even coherent.

This great river had besides been often compared, in respect to picturesque beauty, as I remembered, with the Rhine between Mayence and Cologne. Enticing descriptions I had read of its neighboring forests and meadows, of its Roman relics, its antique cities, its legends, its ruined castles and its monasteries; also of its cataracts and narrow channels, at times roaring through bold and abrupt mountains, or foaming beneath the base of steep rocks; of its crooked and rocky bed, in many places noisy and dangerous. "It is surely a river to know more intimately," said I to myself—perhaps aloud.

"Between Passau or Linz and Vienna," said I, turning my eyes upon Madame Beaujolais, "its beauty and gran-

deur are easy of access, while its localities are full of tales of celebrities, and romantic story. Doubtless you have heard of the "Strudel," near the petty village of Struden, nestling upon the river's brink. This Strudel is a sort of 'Hell-Gate,' as a New Yorker would say. A boisterous current tumbles and tosses along, threatening to overwhelm a little spot of resisting castle-crowned rocks and earth, called Wörth Island. Here was once a very hazardous pass, and many a tight little craft has had its bottom thumped out, while endeavoring to shoot these rapids. These middle-Europeans were, I fancy, always clumsy boatmen, and never had such skill and precision, as the Canadian Indians have taught us Americans, in these matters."

"But I don't care needlessly to expose myself and only son to such perils," said Madame Beaujolais, looking tenderly at an olive branch that had just come into the room; and gently reminding me she had been placed under my protection by her father, who long ago, in my youth, had been my fellow-student in Paris and Vienna. It was quite evident, from her glance at my snowy locks and beard, she had expected better things of me.

"Nor I," meekly responded your narrator, placidly smoothing his grizzled mustache. "However, it is no longer dangerous, for the rocks have been somewhat broken out, and a steamer now easily glides in safety along the side of the islet."

"Is that all?" said Madame.

"Nay, there is more, if one were disposed to hear of it," quoth I, perhaps a little pettishly. "Beyond this, toward Vienna, is the 'Wirbel.' A whirlpool, you know, is always

an exciting spectacle. This, however, is not very large ; still, the passage of the boat across it produces lively sensations. As you proceed you will perceive the little old village St. Nicholas. In the primitive days of Danubian navigation, as a vessel passed, it is related, a small boat might be seen, shooting out from the shadow of the queer little houses that crouch along this shore, to meet the voyagers. This little skiff was usually managed by a man, who also carried a small box for the reception of offerings. Everybody naturally felt grateful for the miracle of preservation from shipwreck, and contributed somewhat to the box.

"Do you think travellers make a better use of their loose money nowadays?" said the widow, looking inscrutably mischievous. I could not have answered this to her satisfaction. "Seriously, however," continued I, striving to pique her curiosity, "there was once, it is said, much exhilarating danger, in this part of the river, to these rude boats and unskilled fresh-water sailors, from the fact that upon these adjoining summits once dwelt a race of noble river-thieves, who took toll of the passing commerce. Not unfrequently, to prevent idle disputes about 'salvage' and 'general average,' they seized the entire cargo. In case of non-intervention of St. Nicholas, where the vessel itself suffered a serious damage, she too was, by an impromptu 'decree *in rem*,' adjudged a 'total loss,' and all the 'laws of Oleron' could not have saved her."

"Oh yes," said Madame Beaujolais with a smile of triumph, "mais *nous* avons changez tout cela."

"Well, then, there are things yet more attractive to be seen on the Danube. There stands, crowning one of the

loftiest heights of the river, the magnificent Monastery of Mölk, and a little beyond it the castle of Dürrenstein, with the ruins of the secret rocky prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose dungeon the faithful minstrel Blondel here discovered. Indeed there are numberless stories of love, war, cruelty and passion associated with almost all the rocky heights, and gloomy glens, that hem in this winding, tumultuous, swift, turbid, varying, endless, inexhaustible river."

"To leave the glaciers of Switzerland, and springs and swamps of the Black Forest, out of view and begin, as one may say: Ratisbon you have heard of as containing still in perfection (though disused) frightful instruments of torture. If I mistake not it was here Napoleon I. was wounded in the foot."

Madame Beaujolais sighed, and wiped a tear from the right corner of her left eye, with a handkerchief which I might guess was knitted of bleached cobwebs, so arachnoid seemed its texture.

"In one of the decayed cities upon the river, lies buried that Mary of Brabant, whose husband caused her to be beheaded, upon an ill-founded charge. Learning too late her innocence and fidelity, his grief and anguish so tormented his soul, and body, that his hair became at once white as snow."

"Tout le monde sait cela," quoth Madame Beaujolais, with a smiling expression of satisfaction.

"Well, further on is the castle which was the hiding-place of the beautiful and good Agnes; the daughter of 'poor but honest' parents. Of course you remember the story, although it happened more than four hundred years ago,

how she was married secretly to Albert ; how the savage Duke, his father, was exceedingly wrathful when he discovered his family escutcheon confused by these clandestine nuptials ; and how, during his son's absence, he caused the wretched little wife to be arrested and falsely adjudged guilty of a crime she had not even dreamed of ; and how, under pretence of legal punishment, she was cast, naked as she was born, and bound hand and foot, into the roaring waters of this fearful Doneau ; how, as she sank into the troubled waves, water spirits came and cut the bands that held her pretty limbs ; how she shouted for mercy and called upon her absent husband—her darling Albert—to rescue her ; how the citizens of this petty town joined in her cries, and made the valley echo with their wailings, and lamentations, but dared not interfere to save her ; how she struggled with the current, and had almost reached the shore in safety, when a ruffian, ' with a hooked pole, caught her long hair, and dragging her back into the stream kept her under water,' until she was quite dead. Do you wonder that the bereaved husband, when he returned to his ravaged dove-cot, took the oath of a parricide, and attached himself to the mortal foe of the Duke ? Would not you have done as much ? ”

“ Vraiment, Monsieur. Dût-il m'en coûter la vie,” said Madame Beaujolais, showing a set of teeth as white, if not as sharp, as a dog's, while half rising in her seat, she shook threateningly her left forefinger in the air.

“ Well, to proceed,” said I. “ The Danube breaks through a narrow defile, whose sides are perpendicular walls of solid rock more than five hundred feet high—the summits often overhanging the river. Again, further on, if you look

narrowly into the tributaries of the Danube, you may espy the 'Isar rolling rapidly.' Then there is the spot where dwelt that old cynic of whom it is said, 'having discovered the infidelity of his wife, he caused her to be walled up' alive ; while, to show his want of faith in the sex, he lived unmarried ever after."

"C'est grand dommage," murmured Madame Beaujolais, dropping her eyes, and bringing the shadow of their long black fringes upon an almost imperceptible flush that tinted the upper curve of her cheek. "Mais n'aurait-il pu lui demander ce qu'elle voudrait dire?"

"Perhaps," said I, soothingly, "he was glad of an excuse to be rid of her."

"Or was afraid she might beguile him to forgiveness, if he listened to her story. *Stranger* things have happened," suggested Madame Beaujolais in English.

"Yes, indeed," continued I, with a pertinacity worthy of an Ancient Mariner. "Besides, I know that Madame is a reader of Chateaubriand, and being partial to the wild and picturesque, will certainly appreciate the cataracts of the Danube."

"Thus you proceed until you come at last, at the end of a journey of over two thousand miles, to the muddy, sprawling, unhealthy 'Delta,' where the Danube becomes many-mouthed, and buries itself oozily in the Black Sea."

"It seems," said Madame Beaujolais in her prettiest English accent, looking inquiringly, "that Monsieur has already seen the Danube."

"Oh no, Madame ; but I have read tourists' books giving marvellous accounts of it, wherefore I wish the more to see it."

So after some discussion and much persuasion, in which I found an ardent ally in Master Beaujolais, it was agreed that, before quitting Vienna, we should make a short experimental excursion upon the Danube, and it was left for me to choose the route.

Monday, July 16th, —. I had fixed upon this day to begin our little journey. I feel, however, half disposed to abandon the excursion, when I awaken this morning in the hotel "Arch-Duke Charles." The sun is blazing its earliest rays over the roofs of the opposite houses in torrid fury. The air is already very thick and hot. I melt at sunrise. The atmosphere is full of vapor or steam. The selection of a specimen part of this river of a thousand picturesque miles, from which to choose, seemed not a little embarrassing. The route, however, over the greater part of it, is difficult, disgusting and distressing, to say nothing of the vast unrecompensed expense involved in overcoming some of the impediments of travel. I incline to be indolent and luxurious, in my declining years, as a traveller; and as Madame Beaujolais' son, a youth of sixteen, who is to be one of the party, cannot be long absent from his school (like many a lazy tourist before and since this day), I have selected as easy of access, and as a fair "sample brick," the part between Vienna and Lintz, "to see the Danube."

Hot though it be, it is nevertheless pleasant here in this cheerful breakfast room of the hotel. The night was cool enough, and the heat of the early day has not yet penetrated these thick walls. On this shady side of the house Madame Beaujolais is quiet this morning. She never gets excited when the day promises to be hot; per-

haps she has too much good taste. It is rather early, and there is only one other party in the saloon. Several pretty young women, with an elderly one, are breakfasting at a table near us. They chat in German, musically as only pretty young women can chat in that tongue; usually so horrid to one who, not understanding it, hears only sound without meaning.

Breakfast over, we take a cab, and for a florin soon reach the railroad station, and are ticketed "first class" for Lintz. Some prudent travellers may tell you to ride in the "second class" carriages. Though an economical traveller, in all prudence I would say: "Don't get into them, here or elsewhere upon the continent, upon any other plea except necessary economy, especially if you accompany ladies—unless you are partial to mixed companies, with garlic and tobacco-smoke *à discrétion*. The sun gives augury of a dog-day, and we shall want space. There are not many passengers this morning, and we three shall have a carriage to ourselves. Thus we have each a double upholstered, high-backed arm-chair, and a vacant one for shawls, books and other appurtenances of travel. We sit facing each other, and each near a window. Madame cannot ride backward. I choose to ride thus always, so as to avoid having the dust blown in my face. The carriage chairs and ceiling are lined with fine blue broadcloth, and the curtains are of the same color—grateful to the eye. We settle comfortably into our seats, and, as we were hurried at this early hour, complete our travelling costume by putting on fresh gloves. Madame Beaujolais is a finished traveller, and has taught me always to begin a journey with a pair of new kid gloves. "It is, I believe, an

exclusively English custom," she said, with eye-brows arched like a cat's back, "to dress like Robinson Crusoe when you travel."

The hand on the clock has reached the precise second of departure. A bell rings. A horn is blown. A shrill steam whistle shrieks. A grinding sound of wheels is heard beneath us. We feel a hitch, a jolt, a jump of the carriage, vibrating along the whole vertebræ of the train,—to say nothing of our own vertebræ—and we are off.

How cool and inviting the heavy shadows of the trees fall upon the soft green turf yet moist with dew,—trees scattered here and there over the meadows, standing sometimes singly and sometimes grouped in groves! How the little streams we cross, or follow, sparkle and toss their crystal wavelets in the morning sun! They are as transparent as the trout streams of the White-Mountains or of the Berkshire-Hills at home. Why should they not be? We are now passing through a valley of gentle green slopes, varied with meadow woodland and Indian corn-fields. The scene looks very familiar to my American eyes. The trees are chestnut, oak and ilex. I could readily believe myself in the neighborhood of Sharon, or Coopers-town in New York. There are no rocks. The land is undulating. We see no horses or cattle in the fields, but plenty of crows.

Now I perceive we are not in America. We are passing rapidly, by an express train, some queer antique petty villages. They stand aloof from the railway, as if shy of that stranger. The new station-houses, however, are models. They are pretty, being ornamental in shape and color; besides spacious, solid, cool and neat. All the rail-

way ground and spaces about them are graded, cultivated and in good order. These houses are built of red and yellow brick, artistically laid in alternate rows about the doors and windows. They are not mere square boxes with square holes, but varied by gables and porches and towers and oriels and balconies. There are no unsightly heaps of rubbish or *débris* of unfinished work along the route. All the banks of the road, too, are graded and turfed or gravelled, beside being enclosed by a white wooden picket fence. Assuredly we are not in America.

Master Delapoule Beaujolais touches his cap as we pass the peasants, or workmen upon the road side. They place their hands to their hats, and invite the salutation. What do they find in the visage of that ingenuous youth to awaken their universal reverence? We are going very rapidly, and I wonder they can distinguish him in the flying car. He at length gets weary of their polite attentions, and growing hot, throws himself back in the seat to avoid their view, and, moreover, shuts his eyes. His mother suddenly breaks into a musical laugh, and while her face sparkles with fun she points out to me, how the polytechnical schoolboy had mistaken the meaning of the efforts of the men on the roadside to keep their hats upon their heads, against the rushing blast of wind made by our train as it shot by them. How very green the landscape is! Fields and trees are all emerald; no dry twigs, no dead limbs of trees, no bare ploughed or brown fields, no stubble; all are meadows, with here and there a growing crop. We might for this almost fancy ourselves in rural England. The enclosures, however, are very large—fences are rare, and when seen are built of rails. Still no cattle or horses.

How very quiet and peaceful is this pastoral world we are flying through this hot summer day! How Arcadian it seems, too, to see these women at work in the numerous hay-fields, we are constantly passing!

Journeying on, at the end of an hour, we pass through two little tunnels, perhaps two hundred feet each in length. By this token we know the country is growing more rocky and hilly. Again something suggests home. Looking down into the little valleys, I see how, like our American first-settlers, the farmers here build at the foot of the hills. The Italians are more picturesque, if not wiser. They always seek to build on the breezy hill-sides or summits. These Germans (except princes and nobles, or priests, building castles or monasteries), seek the valleys, where there is more shelter from wintry wind and storm. Here are no Italianesque houses. They are not flat-roofed with thick earthen tiles. They have, as you may see, at their gables, a desperate pitch toward their low eaves, betokening snowy winters. The houses are painted white and the roofs red or black. We turn a sharp bend in the road. Here are more grain fields and fewer forests.

"This part of the world seems very well wooded," I remark to Madame. She replies: "It is well wooded; and the *savans* of France say that condition is an accompaniment of great national strength."

I do not wish to be betrayed into an allusion to the pipe-stem forests of France, and so drop the subject. Again, as we speed along like a bird skimming over a meadow, I dream I am in American New-England. These apple and pear trees look so like old acquaintances, I gaze around, in vain, to find any thing to tell me these fields have been tilled for a thousand years.

I am suddenly reminded we are not far from the castellated banks of the Danube. As we rush past the station Veerlen, I see upon a hill a little distant upon the right a spacious stone edifice, quite palace-like in its figure, proportions and commanding look. I wince, too, as I see women, with shovel, pick-axe or hoe, at work making repairs upon the railroad track. What an immense plantation we have now before us on our right. The valley of the Danube grows broad, the hills gently slope away but are not high, and the fields look very rich. Here is a landed proprietor who throws more than an hundred acres into a single field. Here are immense tracts of grass, and grain, and orchards, and corn-fields, all within one vast enclosure.

In the distance, erect and in military file, I see Lombardy poplars, "native and to the manner born." And lo, there is a bell-tower—a veritable campanile! Ah, I sigh for Italy again. Why did I ever quit it for the "frozen Danube?" My attention is soon diverted by seeing a curious method of supporting the surface of a steep gravelly embankment beside the rail-track. The slope is covered with narrow strips of tough turf laid transversely, or in diagonal lines zigzagged like saw-teeth, or in diamond-shaped plats; so that the heavy rains do not break the banks or undermine and carry them away.

How brilliantly the sunshine spreads over this serene landscape. How grandly the snow-clad tops of the Styrian Alps loom up in the south. Is not this the land of abundance and content? Certainly all is fair to the looker-on. I am happy to-day and admire this beautiful world. Do I not idolize it? When affection, or reverence,

and imagination are aroused, and the barometer is high and ascending, is not every one who is happy an idolater? What a philosophic and kind-hearted man was he who invented this foot-scraper at Pölten Station. It has a friendly handle by which to steady and hold yourself up when, using it you are half asleep, and leg-cramped from a long ride on the rail.

Here is a beautiful basin of rich and cultivated land, apparently some ten miles in extent. It looks like Otsego County in New York again.

Now we are at Mölk. High-seated on the right is the Monastery. It is of a singularly massive style of architecture. From this point we see it has one large and two small turret-shaped cupolas. It stands upon the brow of a rocky hill, at the foot of which flows the river beside the village of Mölk. To-morrow we shall see these things better. We are perhaps half way from Vienna to Lintz. The river may now be seen here and there, winding about like a glittering snake in the grass. A little further on my companions point out, upon a huge bank in the distance, on this side of the river, a fine castle or château, with square-sided and peaked towers. Now we come upon another splendid Convent, crowning a high hill, with two piles of Turkish-fashioned steeples, and we are at Krummersbaum. How sluggishly this great river flows in muddy silence at the foot of hill and castle, among those sprawling low islands. Once more our track breaks into fertile plains. Is this Austria? All the way we have travelled, smiling plenty has been impressed upon the landscape. The owners of the soil and the tillers thereof are surely a thrifty people. Still, I miss the insignia of the

voluptuous climate of Italy. The blue hills are not here. I remember the double-sashed windows of Vienna, and I shiver, even upon this scorching day. Why is it so universally customary for people to sit at the windows in Germany and Austria, while in Italy they are never there to be seen until after sunset, and then only upon balconies outside? Is it because, in the soft atmosphere of the South, people may live so much in the open air, they sit out of doors when they would see or be seen?

The third station hence is Lintz. As we approach, I see, upon the left, high mountains rising, while beyond are ever glittering the snow-covered summits of the Styrian Alps again. Halt! We are at Lintz. Let us dine and sleep long, after this hot day's journey, for to-morrow we set out early by steamer for Vienna. Then ho for the Danube!

Tuesday, July 17.—We have embarked. The morning is already very warm. The day will be hot among the hills and high banks of the river. Yonder, sharp against the sky, on our left, is a castle, partly in ruins, standing up on a hill behind a little island. As we set out, the river, sweeping in a graceful crescent, is shallow, its bed gravelly, and its banks are quite low and flat. Behind the green shores skulks the village of Steyeregg, so low as to be almost hidden from the river. Now, looking forward, we may see rising in the air the square towers of another odd-looking castle, much dilapidated—the circular masonry of whose walls bespeak its ancient splendor. Some little hills just here vary the monotony of the left bank of the river, but on the right the land lies flat and low. The river twists and squirms like an eel. How shoal the

water ! Our boatmen are feeling their way, not by heaving the lead, but with long poles thrust into the pebbly bottom of the meagre stream.

As we press on, there comes at the right hand, briskly flowing into the all-embracing Danube, a small river of bright pale green water,—the river Traun. This coquettish stream hesitates to mingle its pure chlorine-colored current with the muddy waters of Father Danube. It flows along unstained, cutting its independent way through the turbid mass for some yards, before the stronger flood overwhelms and devours it. It is just the reverse of the scene at Geneva, where the bright blue Rhone grandly sweeps along, disdaining the touch of the dirty little Arve.

There is nothing further to interest the eye in these parts. All is flat, and flat. Now we pass a dingy, dull, drowsy village ; then a flying bridge of boats. The scene is calm and peaceful, the river sluggish and glassy ; meadows slope very gently from the river side ; trees stoop and dip their foliage into the stream ; and there are indications on either hand of a rich soil and careful tillage. One is reminded of the Thames from Richmond Hill to Kew. We meet and pass a small iron steamer, with a "tow" of laden boats ; then another steamer, struggling with a like load up the river.

Onward we go. The scene is changing. The river is getting narrow and crooked, but it still seems shallow. The sailors are kept busy feeling for bottom, and trying to keep our uneasy steamer in the devious and elusive channel. Now the river banks have become so low and regular it seems as if we were in a canal. Again the current broadens, and we pass a little island, and near it

some petty but treacherous rapids. Upon this island stands a rusty, time-worn castle, whose most prominent feature is a gray round-tower, peering into the sky, set off with a conical top or cap, like a huge extinguisher. This Castle of Spielberg had for its early proprietors a lineage of chivalric ruffians, who, in this retreat, watched their chance to prey upon the river freights.

Look out now. While we were musing, our boat has moved on. What do we see yonder upon the hill? It is an ecclesiastical looking building, and stands out as prominently as a distant ship at sea. The spires of the Abbey or Monastery of St. Florian are the first objects hereabouts on the horizon to salute the rising sun. In this you recognize one of the splendid chain of sacred palaces hanging upon the heights of these Danubian hills hence to Vienna.

Beyond we soon begin to descry the rectangular château of Tillysburg, whose four turrets at its corners might dispute sovereignty of the air with the Monastery, were not these castle-buildings almost buried in the opulent forest about them.

Here comes a change. There is a sharp bend in the river, and now it becomes a narrow rocky pass. On both sides are steep wooded hills, almost rising to the dignity of mountains in scope and sweep, although not very high. The Enns, a tributary, here adds to the volume of our river. We are pressing close upon a tiny village, built upon the water's edge, and almost crowded into the water by the impending hills. The roofs of the cottages are very steep in the village of Mauthhausen. It is so near the "frozen Danube's" breath, there is need of much facility

for escape of the heavy snows of winter, accumulating over the heads of the inhabitants. Leaving this village behind us, we are now in the midst of water-worn masses of rocks, which mount up to a considerable height, and seem to hem us in on either side, as if we were in an Alpine lake.

A sudden crook in the river, and we are free again. Staring us in the face, built upon a rock whose base is washed by rapid eddies, still stands, though crumbling in ruins, an old castle, flanked by a formidable square tower. The river now bends sharply, first on the one hand, and then on the other. Indeed it runs altogether zigzag, and is full of whirlpools. As we gaze about us, it is quite bewildering to watch the shifting picture. The hilly shores remind one of the Highlands of our own magnificent Hudson. Here bold headlands push into the river, while behind them broad-backed mountains stretch their huge lengths lazily away, like sleeping monsters. Now, on the left, see a handful of little buildings, and again an overhanging castle perched upon a high rock—the village of Grein, and the Castle of Greinberg.

While the river grows more narrow, the mountains rise higher. Some of the glories of the Danube are opening upon us. We are coming into the neighborhood of the Strudel and the Wirbel. Every moment now the river twists more and more, and its rocky banks become more steep. It is alternately lost and found, and we seem breaking our way through rocks, and forests, successively. Again we pass the inevitable hamlet, with its hovering neighbor, the ruined round-tower, reared upon a high rock, above it. How picturesque and harmless now, with its mantle of weeds and wall-flowers. This was a fine point

of observation, from which to keep stealthy watch upon the coveted river craft. It was both a look-out and a hiding, place ; protected by high splintered rocks, vaulting up everywhere from the river's brink. The general scene is quite interesting, while the gray ruins of the frowning old robber's nest, and the steady roar of the foaming current, keep the attention from wandering. A whimsical visitor to these parts once said of them : " I could have fancied myself sitting in some miraculous giant kaleidoscope ; but ruins, castles, convents, palaces, smiling villages, snug towns, hermitages, distant mountains, towers, broad valleys deep ravines, steep precipices, and fertile meadows, were the objects that produced these wonderful effects, instead of fragments of moss, beads, spangles and glass—"

Again and again another castle and round-tower, all in ruins. How hot the air seems ashore, especially on the little islands, and upon yon barren mound of rock crowned with a crucifix ! Here upon this boat, amid the lively, noisy river, the air is deliciously cool. The wind pipes through the rigging of the vessel as merrily as a boatswain's whistle. Yonder, behind the island, is the Church of St. Nicholas ; we have just passed the Island of Wörth ; and on the opposite bank, perched upon those threatening rocks, were the ruins of the Castle of Werfenstein. The old castle we saw on the island, with its crumbling watch-tower, was Struden Castle, and the village below it, Struden. The crazy current we saw flowing rapidly between the island and the mainland was the Strudel ; and then, springing out of the river, we saw great steep rocks keeping ward over the tattered remnants of a once fine watch-tower. Between this precipice and the Strudel, amid

those harmless boiling eddies, we have slidden over the once dangerous whirlpool, the Wirbel. These crucifixes niched among the rocks are significant. Traditions of terror, doubtless, still haunt the spot where these old fortresses, now mouldering in decay, entrenched the ancient marauders of the river.

We are leaving this romantic region, and shall soon be in open day again. Yonder is the Castle of Sarmingstein, with only one round-tower left to tell of its faded splendor. Upon this high hill before us are the obtrusive vestiges of Freienstein, once, too, a hive of noble robbers. The evil they did is interred with their bones. They are like many other famous villains, all "illustrious ancestors" now. At the foot of their grand old eyrie is worked an humble quarry; where were riven from the rock the solid blocks that paved the city of Vienna with "Russ-pavement," many years before the American Russ was born.

Again the river is broad and the banks are level. On either side is a dusty village, and we catch a glimpse here and there of the railway track near the shore. While we are passing the antique castle of Persenberg we may see ahead of us, perched some thirteen hundred feet aloft, an edifice we yesterday hurried by, the twin-towered Church of Maria Taferl. It commemorates a miraculous image of the Virgin, which once inhabited an old oak tree standing on this spot. Even now, pilgrims come here annually (to give thanks or worship, or to seek cure of some fleshly ill by interposition of this image), as is said to the number of over an hundred thousand. It stands so high upon the mountain, the flying crows seem cut in relief upon its walls. Indeed we might easily fancy these clerical looking birds

embody the spirits of departed priests, who have worshipped at this temple—so lovingly do they sweep about its towers, and linger near its refectory and other enclosures.

“Much sight-seeing is a weariness of the flesh,” cried precocious Master Beaujolais, yawning and rubbing his eyes. I turned to see how his worthy mother prospered, amid this gorgeous surfeit of the picturesque. She had disappeared. I then remembered I had seldom spoken to her, except in an abstracted way, musing aloud and pointing out the most significant scraps of scenery, for the past hour. I had been myself so absorbed, watching all the changing glories and ravishing wonders passing in panorama before my eyes, I had scarcely looked down to the seat where my companion had sat, and had never waited for her answers to any observation of my own. Master Beaujolais ingenuously informed me Madame had retired for a *siesta* two hours ago ; and he himself proposed we should now go to dinner.

Hunger satisfied, once more at my post I stand, in a shaded nook of the vessel. My friends have tired of the monotonous variety of rock, river and castle. I will jog on alone. The boat has not stopped that we might dine, but the scenery has been prudent. We lost sight of no interesting object of the grand series unrolled in this day’s journey, for the river is too tame, at this part of the journey, to deserve much notice. Travellers seeking pleasure are not unfrequently thus self-consolated, while they dine, or sleep, upon a journey.

Why need I speak in this catalogue, of the little villages just now in view? Yonder Castle of Weideneck, whose two broken square-towers and walled enclosures, on the

left of us, seeming to spring out of the bold rock at its base, making it one of the finest ruins on the Danube, much more arouse curiosity and wonder. I cannot linger. I am called away to gaze at a grand pile of buildings, with three lofty towers, the splendid Benedictine Monastery of Mölk, that attracted our attention yesterday. I now see how very high it is built above the bed of the river, upon the summit of the rocky bank.

Once more the river is changing rapidly. It becomes narrow and the sides grow steep, rocky and barren. The few trees look stunted and wretched. Now it winds about and is wild and castellated. On the right, another ruin. Upon the summit of a pile of great gray and yellowish brown crags, hanging over and commanding the river from a point inside the bend, stands the shattered Castle of Schönbühl. The big square towers and machiolated walls, now weed-grown and crumbling to dust, might once have held near a thousand persons.

We approach classic ground. We are coming in sight of the immense ruins of the almost inaccessible Castle of Aggstein—a fabled dungeon of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. It seems nearly eighteen hundred feet above the river, rising from a bare conical rock. This rock, for about two hundred feet from the top, except in a small part, is so steep as to seem nearly perpendicular. Horrible traditions of rapine, debauchery and murder cling to this spot. The air now grows dark, and lightning flashes from the clouds, as we leave this bold promontory. The vast rocks in the river's edge look like slain sentinels tumbled from the cliffs above. The walls of the old dungeon are nearly covered with moss and lichens, but two chimneys survive

almost entire. As we are passing, I see above me the fragments of the castle's walls, now standing out sheer against the sky, and I peep through its empty casements, not unlike the eye-sockets of a skull, into the dark clouds beyond, where the lightning is playing.

More ruins. Here on the left repose the remains of the castle of Spitz. It is sitting upon the back of a narrow ridge, that slopes away at right angles to a ravine that seeks the river. A magnificent and picturesque fragment. Time has not hidden the spaciousness of its proportions. Its ruined square and round towers, surmounted, too, by machiolated walls, and the small buildings connecting them, are still visible. On one side they are almost perfect. How loftily it sits upon those old gray rocks, whose rugged ascent prevents all approach except from one side, commanding the river, both up and down, like the stronghold of a kingdom. How suggestive, too, of the chances and changes of time,—its broken arches and crumbling window casements—its choked up passage ways, and weed-grown walls and pavements. How peaceably nestles at its foot the petty village !

Now, as we glide along, how many other villages spring up on either hand at the feet of these hills, close on the river's bank. Again the vineyards of the Rhine are reproduced. On the left the rocks get high and steeper ; while here and there, above all, peep more castle-crowned heights, and the sturdy vine creeps to the craggy summits. As we sail on, however, the rocks grow bold, and look not unlike the Palisades of our own Hudson again.

Hush ! Look up almost into the clouds, among those barren peaks, and you will see, resting like an eagle's

nest, or as if dropped there from above, the crumbling relics of the Castle of Dürrenstein, that famous prison of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, where Leopold of Austria kept him for many a weary month, now some seven hundred years ago. Through the rough handling of time it has almost perished. Part of its tower and walls, however, stand, in which may still be seen windows and arches nearly perfect. Indeed it has even now a high-walled enclosure running over the uneven, craggy surface in a snake-like track, down the steep hill-side all the way from the castle, and into and beyond the tiny village of Dürrenstein below. How grim and skeleton-like its pointed arches and shattered walls lie against the cool sky.

Heigho! How tired I have become of straining my eyes and stretching my neck. Again the river winds about like an uneasy eel. Now you see it, and again you see no water ahead. Upon the right, broad pyramidal mountains descend to the river. Soon again the shore is lower, the water is broad and lake-like, and the scene is tamer. Anon, the stream becomes very gentle. Here on our left, at the village of Stein, is a wooden bridge, and we must lower our smoke-pipe as demurely as if we were passing under London Bridge. The village is a row of houses, with a pretty back-ground of hill-side covered with grape vines.

See there! We are passing another steamer: that is the eighth to-day. But if not too weary with the fatigue of this hot day, it is worth while to look away some three or four miles to the right, at the summit of the mountain. That large congeries of square buildings, with its great array of towers, spires and pinnacles at each corner, has

stood there, some seven hundred feet in the air above where we sail, for the last three hundred years. It is the Benedictine Monastery of Gottweih. We shall see nothing half so fine before reaching Vienna.

Here at Klosterneuberg, some half hour's sail from Vienna, the river broadens, and leafy islands divide the channel. We may observe here, seated upon a high hill, a large convent-looking building—half church and half fortification—an Augustine Monastery. These monks are representatives of a far-seeing order, and perhaps they find more easy *surveillance* over their neighbors of this lower world, as well as dignity and seclusion for themselves, upon these breezy heights. There we must leave them.

Our day's journey comes to a close. How many "parasangs" we have travelled I am not skilled to tell, and too weary to find out. The river hence to "Wein" grows broader, while the shores are flat, and of little picturesque beauty. About the middle of the afternoon, we espy on the horizon the spire of the grand old monument of quaint antiquity, the Cathedral of St. Stephens, and knowing the outline, we welcome delightful Vienna. My young companions and myself soon find our hotel, and we are grateful to reach the end of a pleasure trip. The constant strain upon the attention in such a rapid transit, through such a luxuriant wilderness of the picturesque and beautiful, is very exhausting to the nerves of ordinary mortals. We have had, however, a panoramic view of a fine sample-section of the wonderful river; and from this foot of Hercules one can perhaps form some guess of the shape and proportions of the whole figure. Adieu!



CANOLA: A LEGEND.

THAT New Yorker has not fancied the astonishment of the Dutchmen who sailed with their English captain, Henry Hudson, at the time this glorious river that bears his name was first ploughed by the keel of the white man's ship? When the "Crescent" had come to anchor in New York bay, on the eleventh day of September, 1609, they must, indeed, have felt as if the heavens had opened before them.

As, however, they passed the Palisades, and after admiring the lovely slopes and hill-tops beyond, as they became hemmed in, bewildered and lost amid the magnificent windings of the river, and saw the sky-reaching mountains that on every side seemed kneeling to the water's edge to greet them, they must have almost forgotten their fatherland, and believed that the fairyland German women prattle about, and German story writers tell of, was here all around them. No wonder they called it "the River of the Mountains."

When I was a boy-student at Heidelberg, my companions told me many fanciful stories of the Rhine. With

one youth, who was my favorite, in our vacations, I used to make long excursions on foot on the banks of that enchanting river, stopping from time to time at the villages and cities between Mayence and Cologne.

My boy-friend's name was Hasselaar Coster. He was just fourteen, and a year older than myself, when we first became acquainted. Tall, slim, handsome, with very large blue eyes, fair complexion, the highest and whitest forehead I ever saw, glowing cheeks, he had long, silken, curly, dark yellowish hair, that hung quite upon his shoulders in masses of rings like smoke-wreaths.

His memory was stored with strange legends and romantic tales, such as are associated with almost every wild or pretty nook of picturesque scenery in Germany.

In our rambles, Hasselaar was never weary pointing out to me the famous localities, and recounting the wonderful feats of famed fairies and water-spirits, as we lounged away the lazy summer days along the shores, or sat in the shadow of the ruined tower of some old castle, that from its rocky pedestal once looked far up and down, and into the valley of the Rhine.

Hasselaar came from the old city of Haarlem in Holland. After I had known him about a year, as a holiday season was approaching, he one day asked me to look at a letter he had just received from his mother. I wondered what the letter could be to me. I read, among many pleasant things and much sweet solicitude for her dear boy (such as I think none but a widowed mother knows), these words: "Come and spend all of your vacation with me, and bring your friend Paul with you."

My heart beat very fast at reading this, for I was quite

shy and timid ; besides, I never had known father or mother. The cholera had swept them away in a single week, while I was in the swaddling clothes, and I had been brought up living always among strangers. I thanked him, and kissing the letter, folded it, and handed it back to him. I remember distinctly my heart felt very full at this mark of kindness from Hasselaar's mother, whom I had never seen. I began to sob, and threw my arms around Hasselaar's neck and kissed him, and he, not knowing why, began crying too.

We sat down on the grass where we were walking, just back of the Castle of Heidelberg. He dried his tears, and laughed at himself, and then told me what a dear, good, loving soul his old mother was, and that he was the youngest of eight children, all of whom had been much older than himself, and that their father and all the other children were dead. Suddenly he clapped his hands, and jumping up, began capering and dancing about, joyous as a veritable faun of the woods, and cried out : "Such a time as we'll have ! Mother shall tell you the wonderful story of the ' Dog Maiden,' a wild tale that a queer ancestor of mine, who sailed with Henry Hudson, brought home from America. She tells it to me every Christmas, and she will be too glad to tell it to a real American."

Of course this made me exceedingly happy, for I never tired hearing stories. Soon after this we set out on our journey. After two or three days' travelling over the mountains, down the Rhine, and across to Antwerp, we soon got into Holland, where all the land was as flat as this paper, and where the water ran in straight channels, like the lines upon a chess-board. I should not say water,

for that was frozen ; and here and there men and women were skating quietly along, just as we walk upon our pavements in the cities. The weather was quite cold, brisk and nipping when we arrived in Haarlem. You will remember, perhaps, that it is the farthest north of all the cities in Holland, and lies exposed to the bleak winds of the North Sea.

I will not detain you, by telling how welcome the widow Coster made me, nor what a kind-hearted old lady I found her, nor of all the sports and amusements she contrived for the two rollicking lads that made her house and heart merry with the music of their fun during the Christmas holidays.

On Christmas night, however, after an early supper, we all sat down around a wide fireplace, and while it was cold enough out of doors to freeze the hair off a dog, we were snug and comfortable in an odd little parlor, with no light except the blaze of the coals on the hearth. Most people use stoves in Holland, but the widow Coster would always have bright, open coal fires when her boy was at home with her.

"Now, boys," said she, "you will keep quiet, and I'll tell you the story Hasselaar has been teasing me about all day.

"More than two hundred years ago, an ancestor of mine, whose name, too, was Hasselaar, sailed with some people who left Holland to seek their fortunes in America. This Hasselaar was a gay young fellow, very fond of adventure. He had heard the sea-captains talk about America, and had himself repeated their stories, with many variations, until his parents thought his reason a little

shaken. He was their only son, and they took every precaution to keep him at home. One day, however, he assumed the name of 'Zandvoort,' and got away secretly. In April, 1609, he sailed to America with Henry Hudson in the ship 'Crescent,' when that hero first explored the beautiful river bearing his name, of which the Americans are so proud, and think quite equal to the Rhine. Hasselaar was gone many years, and while absent he spent much time living among the various tribes of Indians, who were then so numerous everywhere in that country. He returned to Haarlem, and passed the rest of his days in this city. Among other strange tales he brought home with him, was one which has been faithfully handed down in our family, and always among us is known as the 'Legend of the Dog Maiden.' This is his story :

"As Henry Hudson and his party sailed up this famous river, Hasselaar was wonder-struck with its picturesque beauty and romantic wildness. Sometimes as the ship turned a sharp bend in the river, they startled a bevy of wild geese. These in hasty flight would form with military precision into a triangular squadron, and then with a peculiar clangor of voices, mingled with a noisy clatter and whirring of wings in their great flight, dash almost into the rigging of the little vessel. By and by one might see the branches of a tree, dipping into the clear water, shake as if more than the wind was rustling there ; and anon, a pair of antlers and black eyes beneath them, sparkling like jet, would disappear in the thicket, as in a dream.

"Then again, here and there, half crouched behind a fallen tree reaching far into the broad stream, they would occasionally catch a glimpse of a man or woman, with long,

straight, black hair, more than half naked, and with skin almost as red as copper.

"Hasselaar now became nearly frantic with excitement, and wanted to leave the ship and get ashore. This, however, the prudent Captain forbade. He knew the youth would starve, if he were not killed and eaten by the barbarians of the woods, and so he told Hasselaar. He might as well have talked to the figure-head of the ship.

"As they got opposite some high mountains, now called Kattskill, Master Hasselaar saw (in the distant shadows the mountains threw upon the water) a young girl swimming in the river. His restraint now became too much for him to endure in silence. He paced the deck in great wrath. Then he brandished his sword and pistol, and swore he would plunge into the river, and swim to the land, if they did not take him; nay, he would kill whomsoever attempted to prevent him.

"Now Henry Hudson knew all the while who Hasselaar was, in spite of his false name. He therefore tenderly tried again to soothe and persuade the young man to stay, but his efforts were words thrown away. Go, he would.

"The good Captain made up a little stock of provisions, providing a blanket and adding a gun, with some powder and bullets for Hasselaar; and after all on board (for he was a great favorite, madcap though he was) had taken an affectionate leave of him, as if he were going to his grave, he was sent ashore in a small boat. He made the sailors pull for the spot where the young Indian woman had been seen swimming. She, however, had fled at sight of the ship. He was soon landed, and the ship sped on its course up the river, and dwindled to a speck.

"Hasselaar felt very sober as the ship sailed away. He sat down on the river's bank, and watched the sail until it was almost lost from his sight. Then he perceived that he had done a very foolish thing, and began bitterly to repent his folly ; but he had the spirit of a game-cock, and choking down his unpleasant feelings, he began to look around him to see what could be done.

"It was early in September, the trees were full of leaves, the birds sang merrily, and the rabbits and squirrels jumped about as freely as if he had not been there. 'At least,' he thought, 'I shall not starve.' He now saw he was not far from a high mountain, and his first impulse was to get upon its top, and make a survey of the new world around him. Then he was troubled to know how he should find his way through the dark and dense woods.

"As he was groping about, undecided what to do, he espied a spot where the grass and earth bore faint marks of having been trodden upon, as it seemed, by human feet, and after following up this trail for some space, he soon found a tolerably well-defined foot-path leading by a zigzag course towards the summit of the mountain. This first night in the woods, he slept undisturbed among the limbs of a fallen tree, wrapped in his blanket, with his gun under his head, and his short sword, or rather knife, in his hand. He slept very soundly and sweetly too (though somewhat cramped in his limbs), until he was awakened, more than an hour before sunrise, by such a din and clatter of the screaming, chattering, whistling and singing of the birds, that he thought, as he waked, he was at home, and his grandmother was scolding him, and telling him what a fool he had made of himself by running away.

"After he had eaten some of his provisions, and drunk from a bright little stream that glistened like cut glass as it flowed from a crevice in the rock near where he slept, singing as it ran and gurgled among the stones, not unlike a real breakfast tea-kettle, he packed his blanket and his 'stores,' as he called his meagre supply of food, and continued his march up the steep mountain.

"It was about noon when he got to the summit, where he found a flat tract, spreading out with a few tall trees, almost like a little park. There he encountered a kind of mist or cloud, that seemed to be constantly rolling up from the east, where he had left the river, like great puffs of smoke from a pipe that must have been bigger than the butt or cask you talk of as lying in the cellar of the old Heidelberg Castle. He could see the sun overhead, flaming amid the bright blue sky for a moment, and then one of these tremendous puffs of white vapor would come among the trees, over his head, shutting out the sunshine, and enveloping him as completely as if he had been wrapped in a fleece of wet wool.

"He turned first to the right, and again to the left, to get away from this blinding land-spray, but in vain. Then he thought to look whence it came, and turning, he rushed into the midst of it, as one dashes into the surf on the sea-shore. He made a misstep, however, and fell flat upon a rock that spread out like a table just beyond the grass he had been walking upon. It was a very lucky fall, too, although it bruised his knees and made his head sing for some minutes.

"After he had rubbed his knees he tried to get up, but at first could not, for his pain. The clouds of mist now

cleared away a little, and he saw them rolling and tumbling over his head, and bounding away among the trees and over the ground, lighter and whiter than paper balloons or huge balls of downy feathers. Then he saw, too, whence they had come.

“What a spectacle! What an escape he had made! A few steps more forward, and the Hasselaar race would have ended in the primeval forests of America! He was at that moment within a few inches of the brink of a steep precipice, descending some hundreds of feet, at the bottom of which lay sharp and jagged stones! As he lay there looking down, smarting with pain, many more of these foam-clouds arose from below, and breaking against the side of the precipice, scattered and flew across the rock where he lay, until he was indeed quite wet.

“He now fell into a reverie—perhaps he was a little faint from his tumble. Still he could not see very far ahead, for the rolling mist made it seem as if he were looking all the while among the clouds.

“Presently, however, the fog was gone, and as he gazed towards the east, he saw such a sight as mortal eyes have seldom beheld elsewhere. He was now many hundred feet high in the air, above the river, and as he cast his eyes down the abrupt side of the mountain, they wandered over many miles of descending pine and cedar forests, until they came to what seemed a plain of vast length, beyond which lay rising and receding mountains upon the other side. These distant summits were wrapped in a thin veil of vapor that appeared made up of the colors of amethyst and gold; while the huge giant-backed mountains, that slipped away from beneath his feet and plunged

far down into that distant valley, bristled and glittered with the bright green of one unbroken forest.

"There, too, in the apparent plain below, so far away that his eye could just trace it, glittering in the noon-day sun, like a whitened skein of twisted silk and silver, meandered for many a mile, dwarfed by distance into a thread, the mighty Hudson.

"At this scene, Hasselaar was both appalled and delighted ; so much indeed that he forgot his sufferings, and lying still, gazed at it, from every side he could look, for more than an hour. It brought to his mind what had been often told him of the marvellous beauty of that strange land ; but it was far more wonderfully beautiful than any thing he had ever believed or imagined.

"Anon, vast clouds, white and fleecy, would sail along, like ships at sea, in the immense abyss-of air between him and the river below ; then, at times, these clouds would darken, and seem to sink and moisten the earth trees and rocks in the valley, and then, as if they had thrown away their ballast, they would rise higher than the mountain, and float away in gauzy vapor, into the distant sky.

"When Hasselaar had grown weary with this cloud-gazing, he wandered away among the trees, to look for the continuation of the path that had led him to the top of the mountain. He thought he perceived now the smell of burning wood, and after groping about a little, he came to another opening in the forest where the grass was long, and a little streamlet of clear water ran gurgling along through it. This, however, was not all. Nearly opposite where he emerged from the grove his eyes found a picture I'll try to describe to you.

"A rough looking hut, about twenty feet wide, and a little longer, made of the boughs of trees, or poles stuck in the ground, bent over together above, and covered with the bark of elm, ash and chestnut trees, overlapping to keep out wind and rain, scarcely high enough for a woman to stand upright in, arose on the other side of the little meadow-like space before him.

"Not far from the open front of this cabin was a heap of stones, in the centre of which were piled broken bits of wood, burning, smoking and sending wreaths of blue curls straight to the sky. Over the fire was resting what looked like a vessel of iron or hollowed stone. In it something was simmering. Occasionally, too, Hasselaar caught a whiff of a savory odor, as of roasting flesh, that made his mouth water—for no doubt he was very hungry.

"A few steps to the right of the hut, upon a mat of plaited leaves of trees lying on the grass, and in the shadow of the dark evergreens, sat a woman, wearing a square cap spangled with shells, her limbs partly covered with a short petticoat of deer skin, very richly ornamented with pieces of sea-shells, while another skin was thrown over one shoulder, and knotted at the waist by a girdle. A child not more than six years old, entirely naked, was playing upon the grass near the woman; and a little further off an Indian man, with a deer skin hanging from the right shoulder, and fastened by a girdle about his waist, was seated upon a fallen tree, scraping a wooden bow with a piece of white flint-like stone.

"This Indian seemed very like any other well shaped man, with broad shoulders, small waist and hips, except that his hair was very straight, black, thick and strong;

and coarse as a horse's tail, while his skin was dark and coppery, except where it was painted with several other colors, and he had no beard. Both man and woman wore shoes of elk skin. Around lay drying half a cart-load of Indian-corn and beans.

"Aside from these strange costumes, the woman and child had something so peculiar about their appearance, that Hasselaar stood quite still, somewhat puzzled, and looking at them in wonder. The woman was smoking a pipe made of clay or dark stone, and her lips, when free from the pipe, were moving, as if she were talking to the man and child. Occasionally, too, some snatches of sound would reach Hasselaar's ear, seeming, however, rather like the baying of a hound than like articulated human speech.

"The woman was not red, like the Indian man. Indeed, Hasselaar fancied her almost white. She sat with her feet gathered partly under her, leaning forward upon her hands.

"Her eyes were dark and large, but not round—they seemed rather long from the nose towards the cheek-bone. Whenever she spoke she opened her mouth quite wide, and showed a full set of teeth, white as snow, and a tongue red as crimson, that seemed always trying to get its tip outside.

"Her hair, though not very long, was hanging in a plait from under her cap, soft and bright, and of a deep chestnut hue, almost the color of her eyes. Her face, with two or three black spots of paint upon it, had a very sweet expression; yet it made Hasselaar smile without knowing why, as he looked at her. There was, indeed, as

he saw when he came to know her better, a wild, gleaming glitter in her eyes, and a quickness in her motions, that always made him feel a little uncertain whether she was not something more than the mere woman she seemed ; and even now her look bewildered him.

“ In fact, Hasselaar had been told of a queer tribe of the Mohock Indians, supposed to dwell in these wild mountains, who claimed their chief Sachem had descended from the spirit of a miraculous dog, and that all who were of this descent had many traces in their looks and habits of their canine origin, of which they were very proud ; and that among other things they arrogated to themselves marvellous powers of prophecy, which they derived from their dreams. All these things came to his mind as he stood gazing at the woman and child.

“ I said Hasselaar thought she was almost white. It would be nearer the exact truth to say she was what we would call a dark brunette, yet she seemed fairer than she was, perhaps because she had not, like other brunettes, black hair. She was much unlike, in her expression of face, any woman Hasselaar had ever seen or heard of ; except when once in a gallery at Amsterdam, he saw a Flemish picture of the ‘ Temptation of St. Anthony.’ There was painted in that picture the half-length figure of a wild looking, weeping woman, singularly beautiful, coming through a cloud against the wall into the Saint’s chamber, and apparently striving, by her looks and gestures, to drive away the imps and monsters who sought by their grotesque pranks to decoy him from his holy studies and devotions. This creature reminded him of the woman in the picture.

"The child looked much like the woman, only its skin was darker, and its hair was blacker and straighter. It was a merry brat, too, and though listening to the woman, who was its mother, it kept gamboling upon its hands and feet, like a cat playing with a ball of thread.

"This was Hasselaar's first introduction to savage life. The appearance of it quite took his fancy, and with a smile of good nature upon his broad honest face, he walked boldly towards the group, and began trying to make himself understood.

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"It would make my story too tedious if I were to tell you how he gradually got acquainted with the forms of speech of the tribe to whom these people belonged, and how he remained and lived with them several years, and learned their traditions and customs, and the many odd legends they used to tell their children of days long past.

"I can now only tell one story, and that is a part of the history of the strange woman I have partially described. She told it to Hasselaar, as a great mystery, after his curiosity had been often aroused about it. She seemed loth to impart it at first, but yielded to his entreaties to tell it, after he had been a long time with her people, and her child had become very fond of him, and after he had himself told her child many German stories of his own native land.

"Well, it happened that one summer noon, as they were lounging about in the cool shade upon the grass, when no person was present, except the mother and child, and the red Indian, who was its father, and Hasselaar, near the very spot where they had been first met by him,

the woman made a promise to Hasselaar, that when she had slept for two hours, if she should have the dream she wished, she would tell him the story about herself, to which she had often alluded.

"Presently the woman went into a cool part of the grove with her child, and lay down, and they slept together.

"Meanwhile, Hasselaar sat waiting, and was wondering what the story could be, and whether the woman's name, 'Canola,' had any connection with it; and whether it would explain the odd circumstance of her being an Indian's wife while she herself was more like a fabled fairy than an Indian.

"He thus got very impatient, and before the two hours had passed he went slyly to look at the woman, to see if she were sleeping. He felt a little ashamed of the intrusion, but his curiosity had gotten the better of his good manners.

"He found mother and child asleep. The attitude in which they lay, however, made him laugh so loudly they both stirred in their dreams, and he came within an ace of rousing them, and perhaps of losing forever all chance of hearing the woman's story. He discreetly glided away among the trees as quickly and noiselessly as he could, half frightened at his rudeness, and sat down again as still as a mouse, to await the appointed time.

"Still he kept puzzling himself with questions, and more than all, he wondered why the woman, instead of resting as an Indian does, gathered herself under the blanket in such an odd looking heap, and lay asleep with her head between her hands, as a dog sleeps with its head

between its paws. He might as well have tried to guess why a goose stoops its head as it goes through an open barn-door, or why a horse will always rush into a fire, instead of striving to get out of it. Still it made him the more anxious to hear the story of 'Canola.'

"While he sat thus pondering, he heard the child's quick, shrill laugh, and he knew the two hours had passed, and the woman was awake. As he saw them approach him, he knew by an odd expression of joy and mischief gleaming from the woman's strange eyes, that she had dreamed of what pleased her, and at last he should hear the story.

"Now, I cannot give you the tale in Indian language. I can tell the pith of it only, as it has been handed down in our family, in our own tongue. Well, when the woman had seated herself comfortably in her peculiar fashion, and taken her pipe, and filled and lighted it, she thus began the 'Legend of the Dog Maiden:'

'The night my grandfather was born was terrible among these mountains, and here he came into the world. The wind blew and the rain fell, as my people had never known it before. The sky was black, and the air almost as thick as smoke. Presently the lightning began to flash, and the thunder to roll and echo among the distant hills, until it was feared they would all be shattered into pieces.

'Many tall trees were torn up by the roots and carried high into the air by the whirling winds; huge rocks were cloven into fragments; and great pines that had stood as landmarks for more than a hundred years, were splintered by the lightning, as if a great hatchet of fire had stricken and laid them open. Indeed these very mountains seemed

to rock to and fro, like trees shaken by a summer wind, as I have heard.

‘As soon as the babe was born, his father, who was then the chief of our tribe, directed the child to be given to one of our wise-women, who dwelt in a cave, as her home was thought the safest place to be found during that dreadful night.

‘Not more than half an hour after the child had been cared for, a great stream of fire, gushing out of the pitch-black sky like a cataract of flame, fell with the blaze of sudden noon-day upon the cabin where my great-grandmother lay, and at the door of which my great-grandfather sat. In a second it was in flames, and both were dead.

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‘This child was named Occumm, from an ancestor, and became an object of great solicitude among our people. Nay; the wise-men and wise-women dreamed, and smoked, and prophesied much about that darling boy. Before he began to run about, or talk, they got to an end of their dreams and sooth-sayings about him, and the result of them all was this: That the Spirits of the Earth and of the Air both claimed him, and there had been a fearful contention about him on the night of his birth; that, at all times since, the Spirits had been unable wholly to coincide, but finally they had agreed that while he lived his fortunes should be under their joint care; and while he was in pursuit of his destiny upon the earth they would not annoy him.

‘It was also said that it had been revealed to the wise-men and wise-women of our tribe what the child should:

do, and that the Great Spirit would favor us through him, and that all must patiently wait the result. More especially it was commanded, that if the people would not call down the vengeance of the Spirits of both Earth and Air, they must never cavil with the boy's conduct, but leave him as free to act as these Spirits who thus claimed him as their own.

'Then there was a pow-wow among the people, and the wise-men and wise-women had another long sitting, and after a great deal of silence and of smoking, they announced as the revelation made to them, that when seven seasons had passed the boy would go, quite alone, far away down a deep ravine, into the very heart of the mountain, and there he might find a pale maiden, and would bring her home with him. More than that they could not now see.

'This was, indeed, terrible to hear. The women at once declared he would be lost, or eaten by bears, and they vowed he never should go. They pretended not to believe the revelations of the wise-men and wise-women. Their hearts were indeed too much set upon the boy to be willing to let him go on this dangerous journey. But the wise ones said nothing. However, they thought the more, and waited. Seven seasons was a good while, and even women had been known sometimes to change their minds in seven years. The wily old Indians also knew this, and they held their peace until the time should come.

'Long before the seven years had passed away, the matter had been so much talked about, and the boy's proposed journey had gradually come to be so much a matter of course, that the boy, and the women too, became quite

convinced ; and indeed very impatient for the time to arrive when he should set out upon this adventure.

‘He was a sturdy little fellow for his years, they say, and when the day came, the women painted and dressed him in a costume like that his father wore when going out to the great wars. He must have been a funny thing to look at, such a speck in that ferocious garb. They say, however, he took it all as a matter of right, and never manifested the least surprise. Indeed he was a very quick, intelligent child, and moreover he had heard so much said of the matter, perhaps, it is not wonderful he was so fully prepared for it all.

‘On the night before his seventh birthday there had been another pow-wow with a great feast and dance among our people, not far from the spot where we are sitting. The boy, however, was put to bed early, but the older people did not sleep at all. They sat near their watch-fire and waited for morning. With the daylight the boy was greeted by all the men, and kissed by all the women and children. When he was fully equipped and painted they released him, and he skipped away as merrily as a cricket, chirping and hallooing until he was out of sight among the green trees.

‘All felt very sad the instant he could be neither seen nor heard ; however, they soon got courage, and began to talk and conjecture who and what manner of thing might be the pale maiden the boy should so mysteriously find in the heart of the mountain.

‘At first the little hero ran and leaped over the ground very fast, hugely enjoying the liberty of being quite alone. He had no difficulty in finding his way in the dense grove, for, although it was June, the trees and bushes seemed to

be swayed back by the wind so as to open an avenue amid the thick foliage before him.

‘Sometimes the birches showered down their pretty silken tassels at his feet, and again the dog-wood, as it were, sportively enveloped him in a cloud of its white blossoms. The golden orioles, blue-birds, red-tanagers and pied bob-o-links flew from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, all the way before him, as if to lead him on his course, while a pair of white pigeons constantly floated in the air just over his head, sometimes rising in circles almost out of sight, and sometimes stooping in flight, like the swing of a pendulum, descending so low that he could hear their feathers rustle, and, as they swooped by, feel the fanning of their wings flutter his hair.

‘At length, having passed a little lake, he heard a roaring sound like the dashing of water, and he then believed he was approaching the heart of the mountain. He walked through a thicket a little further on, towards the place whence issued the noise, and came out upon a small rocky terrace, where he saw a swollen torrent running beside the stones, and then tumbling over a steep precipice, in a thick sheet of tawny-colored water, smooth as oil. He climbed out upon some projecting rocks that overlooked the chasm where the water fell, and for a while he lay there, in the shadow of the overhanging trees, musingly watching its vagaries.

‘The water fell a long distance, almost in a straight column, without scattering, breaking, or changing color, until it struck the back of a huge black rock, which seemed to rise up from a broad stony basin below, as if to meet the falling water. This rock tore and splintered the solid

mass of tumbling yellow water into a thousand shapes of whitened spray, foam, mist, bubbles and scattered crystal drops.

‘The sun was now shining through the overarching trees down into this reservoir ; and more than one broken ring, of yellow red and blue, was to be seen hanging poised in the mist, among the confused tumult of splashing waters. At the foot of the great black rock, the watery fragments gathered again in the basin into a miniature lake, quite deep, and very full of bubbles and surf. At the edge of this foamy pool furthest from the rock, the water found an outlet, by a petty channel, among glistening and grass-covered boulders. Running through this channel for a little space, it came to the brink of another abyss, so deep the boy could see no bottom of it. He saw, however, where, at several places far below, the water broke against jutting rocks, and was again scattered into white shreds of spray. Then forming once more and flowing in one mass, it fell again down a steeper and deeper place than at first, until it was lost in the darkness that seemed to swallow it up.

‘This was a fearful prelude to a solitary journey into the gloomy recesses of the forest. It was enough to terrify a common child. Little Occumm, at first, was bewildered ; still it did not shake his purpose. He was so intent upon his undertaking, it did not occur to his mind to give it up. The effect of the scene upon him was to fill his mind with vague ideas of vast power, and to make him feel that although he seemed to be revelling in the exercise of his own will, yet he was in truth impelled by an unseen force, over which he had no control.

‘As the boy sat, or rather lay leaning upon his hand, gazing, in this bewilderment, upon the boisterous scene beneath, almost stunned by the uproar arising from the chasm into which he was looking, his companions, the white doves, appeared to be very uneasy, and kept flying close to his face, and then away towards the right, as if beckoning him to follow.

‘As these doves led the way towards the dark ravine into which the cascades were hurried, the little traveller felt for the moment somewhat timid about following in that direction. However, when he became tired of looking at the water he got back into the woods, and then, as he saw the trees moving at his approach, and the birds very happy at the sight of him, all his courage came back, and he trudged on again in the way that was so opened to him, as gay and as blithesome as a summer bee.

‘After a few steps his pathway began to descend, and in many places it was very steep. Once or twice he slipped and fell, but he caught the branch of a tree that drooped invitingly to his hand, and never hurt himself nor lost his way.

‘Gradually it began to grow dark. Although at first he could see far above him the blue sky, in little glimpses, between the branches of the trees, this was soon shut out by the thickness of the foliage and the number of trees that rose one above another upon the steep banks of the glen, as upon a terrace.

‘When he had completely lost the brightness of day from view, and was groping his way amid these shadows, he heard, rising above the roar of the water that poured through the glen, sounds of sweet music, not unlike the

joyous chorus-singing of young girls. As he stopped to listen, an old pigmy-woman appeared before him. She was black as ebony, and almost full clad in the white skin of a dog, with its ears and paws thrown as a covering over her head, and girt about the waist with a shining belt of wampum, beneath which peeped a petticoat made of the skin of the silver-gray fox, highly ornamented with beads of many colored sea-shells. Placing one finger upon her lips she held out her other hand, and beckoned to him with her head to take her hand and follow. Instinctively he followed her into the deepest part of the forest. What happened to him after that, among the bowels of the mountains, he would never tell. He could only say he was not the victim of witchcraft, of which my people have such fear; but time would reveal what was proper to be known. All else was the sacred secret of the Great Unknown. He had no power to say more.

* * * * *

‘After several days, when our people began to be quite uneasy, and were about sending out scouts in pursuit of the wanderer, he appeared in the camp, carrying in his arms a little dog fast asleep. He told his adventures as far as I have related them, but no more. The dog, however, he would suffer no one to touch. It was a beautiful animal, with short, smooth, sleek, glossy hair, velvety ears, and a black nose. Her coat was white as snow, and in the sunshine shimmered, and looked not unlike a mass of pearl. She was also very daintily shaped, and delicate in all her limbs. This dog still slept, as well by day as by night, and never waked. The other dogs would come and smell of her eyes, and lick her face, and try to waken her, but

she slept on. When the dogs went out to hunt they would gather around her and bark and bay, and when they returned from the woods, would drag before her, and put under her nose, some of the game taken in the chase, yet she never opened her eyes.

‘The people again murmured much at all this, and were quite dissatisfied with the doings of the wise-men and wise-women. Although they could not feel ill-will towards so beautiful a creature, yet secretly they wished the dog would disappear. Not so with the boy. He seemed to know already, baby as he was, that he was a favored child of Good Destiny, and that all these mysterious things would evolve some great matter at last. More than this, he already loved the dog as dearly as if she had been a sister, and he would never let her go out of his sight ; indeed he would sit for hours holding her in his arms, fondling and caressing her, as if watching and waiting for her to wake. Whenever the boy slept he always lay with his arms clasped about the neck of his dog, with his ear so close to her nose that he could always hear her gentle breathing.

‘How the dog could live, neither eating nor drinking, and why she always slept, was an enigma all our tribe, and the wise-men of many tribes, tried in vain to solve. It was doubtless a mystery the Spirits chose for the time to keep to themselves.

‘The boy, meanwhile, grew more beautiful and intelligent as he increased in years, and was unlike other boys among us. Although athletic and skilful beyond his age, he cared little for hunting or fishing, or rude and noisy sports. He seemed best satisfied to be away from other

boys, alone in the woods, or lounging dreamily upon the shelving rocks that look into the vast valley of the Hudson.

‘Moreover, he often said, the dog murmured many things to him in her sleep that he pondered in silence, but whether the dog’s dreams or his own swarmed in his brain, of course the people could not tell. Some of the mighty things thus revealed are still well remembered, and I’ll relate some scraps of one or two of them.

‘One was about the dog’s first companion : that she was a beautiful lady ; that her skin was white and pink, like the inside of a sea-shell ; that she had blue eyes and long golden hair, and dwelt far over the great sea, in a cabin wholly made of huge blocks of polished white stone ; that it was very high, and the stones in parts of it were cut into beautiful shapes, resembling a row of the bared trunks of trees crusted with snow ; and inside it had many figures of men, women and spirits carved out of the same white shining stone ; and that upon the floors of this cabin were beautiful mats made of many colored threads of wool, with figures of gay flowers braided upon them ; and that some of these floors were made of polished stones cut into curious but regular shapes—yellow, red, green, white and black ; that there were many other dwelling-places like it in the same settlement, nay, some more beautiful ; and that they were all built in the water ; and that the sea rose every day and washed the white stone steps at the doors ; and that the people of that place came and went in long black boats, as large as three canoes, each having a sharp glittering iron tomahawk set up in front of it ; and that this lady’s husband had killed the son of the chief of that place, and the chief had vowed to kill every-

body and every living thing that belonged to this man ; and that a little black fairy came and told the lady of this vow, and took from her this dog for safe-keeping, and to preserve its life flew away with her far over the land and the sea ; and that the dog never knew any more of the lady, or where this had happened to her, when the boy had found her. But the fairy had also told the dog the lady had died in her own beautiful home, of terror and of a broken heart, when she saw brought in the dead body of her husband, who was stealthily slain by order of the chief of that wonderful country.

‘ There were also told other things about this same marvellous part of the world, and more than all, how even the little children worshipped the Great Spirit there. The boy dreamed, or fancied, the dog said to him, as they slept, many things about a great house, in which all people gathered to worship. It was built high and wide, and was arched like the heavens at night with blue and stars—the light coming into it from the top. He was told, too, that all the inside, and the floor of it, were likewise made of beautiful polished stones of many colors, like the lady’s home ; that upon some of the sides and walls there were beautiful figures of men and women—some on the earth and some in the clouds, with bright light shining around them, all painted, and some hung, upon the walls of that place ; and that among these, hovering above, were often to be seen lovely figures of children with wings, and that in many parts of this place were figures of men and women, made of dark glistening metals, and some were made of bright and shining metals, like the sun ; and that at all hours of the day and often by night, when torches

were hung within that place, the people, sometimes in crowds and sometimes one by one, came and knelt before these pictures and figures of men and women and crossed their arms, and looking up, asked the favor of the Great Spirit, or sang sweet songs, or burned rare herbs, that filled the air with such a pleasant perfume one never wished to leave ; and that the outside of this great house was even more beautiful than within, and was adorned, like the cabin where the beautiful lady dwelt, with many columns of polished stone—only these were made of many colors, and were trophies of war which had been brought from far over the sea, where they had been made many hundred years before.

‘ There were, indeed, a great many other visions of like purport that came into the mind of the little Indian boy, as he slept nestling beside his white pet, and he believed them told him by her.

‘ They were not, however, disclosed to him as closely connected as I have tried to tell these, but they got into his mind in parts ; and the boy, with a skill unusual in a child, by telling them often, learned to put them together so as to make them more easily understood.

‘ Still they were very strange matters, and our tribe well knew they could not have been mere dreams ; and all believed something extraordinary would some day come to pass in this affair, and that the fate of the boy and the dog were in some mysterious way united, and involved.

‘ Season after season passed away : still the dog slept, and would not hunt ; while the boy grew larger and more like a man.

‘ At length it came to be the seventh summer after the

boy had first found this dog, and had brought her home as I have related. About this time, one fair moonlight night, the dog seemed happier than ever before. Though she never opened her eyes, she wagged her tail, and kissed the hands and face of the boy all night long ; and as the boy slept he dreamed of what had happened when for the first time he found the dog, and in his dream he saw the little black fairy once more.

‘In the morning the boy was up before the sun, and told all our tribe, young and old, that he was going on a journey, and that no one should go with him but his dog, which he would carry in his arms.

‘When the sun was at noon he set out, and told all the people to expect him at the end of seven days, for he surely would return at that time ; and then they should see something more wonderful than they had ever beheld before. Indeed, the boy had been forewarned in his dreams that the time for the end of the mystery had come, and he must carry back his little white friend to the place where he had received her ; that he need not be afraid of losing her, for he was a favorite of the Powers of the Earth and of the Air, and of the Ruler of them, and that now he should see they would work marvellous things for his happiness, and the pride and glory of his race.

‘The boy set out on his pilgrimage and travelled over the same route as at first, along the lake, by the waterfalls, down into the noisy glen, and then into the midnight shades of the deep ravine. Day and night were almost the same there ; but he kept on boldly, resting when tired and walking when refreshed, until the end of the third day, when he arrived at the spot where he had first found the

dog. Here he sat down, and leaning against a tree fell fast asleep, holding the dog in his arms.

‘He slept long and heavily, for he was quite tired. At length he awoke, and rubbing his eyes, tried to see through the thick dusk, but could not. He felt chilly and faint, and confused. His first clear thought was about his dog. She was no longer in his arms. He trembled very much, and groped about in the dark seeking her, but she was gone.

‘Then he sat down again, and began to cry bitterly. He had never felt real fear, terror, sorrow, despondency, weakness or unhappiness before. In the darkest nights, in the fiercest storms, in the most lonely places, he had always felt joy and happiness, and the fulness of content, so long as he had felt the presence of his sleeping dog. Now, however, all hope had gone from him at once, and he buried his head among the leaves and wished never to look up again.

‘Poor boy, his dog had become the dearest part of himself, and now that she was taken from him, his little heart seemed to stagger and die within him.

‘As he lay there, so miserable, he was aroused by hearing in the thicket the shrill piping cry of a bird, and as he listened he heard distinctly called, in imitation of the human voice, the name “Canola.” Then he seemed to remember having heard this name repeated to him by his dog in their mutual dreams, and it gave him hope again.

‘The bird continued this strange cry for some minutes, and the boy tried to approach it. Although at this time, here and there, a sudden streak of yellow light came aslant

among the tall trees, and danced like the flash from a lantern among the leaves, he could nowhere see the bird.

‘Still the creature repeated the cry “Can-o-la,” “Can-o-la.”’

‘While thus perplexed, he was startled by perceiving the whole gorge of the mountain gradually lighted up by a pink cloud, that descended like dust among all the trees, until it looked almost as if the rising sun was soon to be visible at the end of the ravine.

‘Then the bird noisily flapped its wings, and shouting louder than ever “Can-o-la!” “Can-o-la!” came and alighted upon a bough directly over the boy’s head. He looked up, and indistinctly saw the bird. It was in form like one of the doves that first led him on his perilous path, and it was white as snow. In a moment another like it came and sat upon another bough of the same tree. Then he recognized and remembered them both, as they gazed steadfastly at him.

‘Now all his fear and sadness left him; his strength came back, and he wished no longer to die. He thought again how dearly he loved his people, and was beloved by them; and began to feel more confidently than ever that he should some day be a great chief—that they would be very proud of him. Then he felt more exalted than ever before in his whole life. His pulses thrilled, his heart beat aloud, and his soul was full of love and joy.

‘All this came to pass so rapidly he almost believed he was in his dreams again. The next instant he felt a sharp pain pass through his heart, and he was wishing his dear dog back again; till, without knowing why, he began himself to call out “Can-o-la,” as if assured that was her

name. After calling several times he stopped to listen. It was now so still there in the heart of the mountain, he could distinctly hear the leaves caressing each other, the distant water-fall moaning, the crickets chirping, and the small insects beating their wings as they crept along upon the bark of the trees.

‘In a few minutes there arose, just behind him, a burst of sweet merriment, like the joyous laughter of young girls. He turned about, and saw only a group of green boughs, moving and approaching him. They were apparently formed into a circle, and as they came near he thought they might be the shelter of sportive, hiding children ; but whatever the leaves concealed was so covered with green, and garlands of white wild flowers, he could see nothing beyond except merry eyes, and here and there a pair of ripe, red, pouting lips.

‘The branches rose high as they came closer, and he now saw beneath figures of young girls ; but soon all turned together towards each other, closing inward, so as to conceal whatsoever was in the centre of the ring they formed.

‘As the boy stepped forward and faced them the group stopped. After he had stared at them a moment, and they had returned his gaze, they all hurled their branches of leaves in the air, threw their garlands at their feet, and sped away singing, shouting, laughing, dancing and leaping, until they were lost to his sight. He ran to the spot they had left, and saw in the centre of the ring where they had stood, amid a mass of white flowers, a close white web, spread over a small prostrate moving figure.

‘You will imagine his joy when he saw the outline of his dog just visible under this filmy substance. But you

can hardly guess how his heart throbbed in an ecstasy of happiness when he saw there a pair of wide opened eyes, sparkling almost like two diamonds.

‘He held his breath with delight, and trembled from head to foot, while he stooped to lift the gauzy web. As he raised it, the figure within arose too, and seemed to grow taller, until both veil and figure was as high as his shoulder. All this while the curtain grew thicker, and he could now see nothing through it except the same pair of brilliant eyes. These were fixed upon his own with such loving looks, that he could not help throwing his arms around the raised form, and pressing his lips close between those eyes. As his mouth came closer to the eyes, the veil parted and fell at his feet. There stood revealed before him (clad with a milk-white deer-skin thrown over one shoulder, and fastened down by a knot, and falling as low as her knees, but gathered at the waist by a blue stained band of bark), a pale maiden, so glowing and beautiful, that at the sight of her he fell upon his face, and caressed the ground she stood upon. While he thus lay, he felt a warm kiss upon his forehead, and in his ears heard the words, “I am your own Canola. I am now to be your wife ; my own dear Occumm.”

‘The young girl was exquisitely formed, and very like the lady told of in the dog’s dreams, only younger ; for she was of exactly the same age as the boy himself. The maiden could tell of all that had happened, during the seven years past, in the camp of our people, and she could even call the chief men, women and children by name.

‘At the end of the seven days the boy came back to his people, bringing his treasure, and our tribe welcomed

them both to their home. This maiden was received by all our nation as a sacred gift of the Great Spirit, and was afterwards married to Occumm, and thus made one of our tribe.

'The wise-men and the wise-women foretold many things that should come to pass in the lives of the future children of Canola. Many things so foretold have happened, and many more wonderful are yet to come. None of the descendants of Canola have ever been precisely like the rest of our tribe, but they have always been a favored race. They all show their origin, however, for whenever they lie down to sleep, they rest as Canola always did, with the head between the outstretched arms, resting upon them.

'That is the story of "Canola, or the Legend of the Dog-Maiden."'

* * * * *

"Was not that an odd tale to find in that far off wilderness?" added the widow Coster, after a long pause.

"I wonder if it was true," said I, thoughtfully.

"Well, old Hasselaar pretended to believe it," said the widow, "and was never tired talking of his happy life among the Dog-Maiden's people, although some have shrewdly conjectured it was a fancy sketch made by him of whole cloth."

"Of course it was all true," said Hasselaar Coster, indignantly, "every word of it; and as soon as I am a man we'll go to America together, and find the very spot where it happened."



THE MYSTERY OF NARRAGANSETT HEIGHTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST PENALTY.

Isabel. Must he needs die?

Angelo. Maiden, no remedy?

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.



EARLY a century ago, at early dawn of a mid-summer day, the blue sky, bathed with crimson, was tinting ocean and lake, while looking smilingly down upon Tower Hill, where a small party of men were busily engaged fastening the cross-beams of a scaffold. Although a rude construction, it was massive and strong, as if designed for the execution of a giant. The workmen appeared, however, to be nervously careful in examining every joint and timber where a strain might come upon it. They all wore rather sad and thoughtful faces, as if unaccustomed to such melancholy employment.

When every thing was completed, the youngest of the group sprang heavily upon the platform, suggesting they should all mount it, and together test its strength. His companions, however, seemed in no mood to follow his example. A brawny, red-haired man, who was evidently the foreman of the gang, and had been more earnest in his work than the others, cried out quite fiercely:

"Come down out of that, you monkey. Your turn to stand there will come soon enough."

This sally caused a laugh from all, except the last speaker, who never smiled, but rather winced, as the young man retorted with a significant grin:

"A better than you'll give his last kick here to-day."

"Oh, hush! Pickerel-Tom," said a pale man, another of the party. "Who knows who is good or who is bad, when a poor fellow sticks to it, to the last, he is innocent, while all appearances are dead against him?"

"Yes, yes," said another,—a thin man, with a big head,— "that's what I say. Who knows that James Washburn is guilty? And if it should turn out he is innocent, after his blood is shed to-day, which of us can ever have courage to stand upon old Tower Hill again? It will be far worse for us than looking at the rusty old gibbet that has creaked so many years with the bones of Carter, who murdered Jackson, or the spot where all the pirates were hung in —23."

"Well, what of that, Cat-face-Bob?" drawled, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, a stout, short, bald-headed man, dressed in brown linsey-woolsey, raising a broad-axe from the ground, as all were gathering up their tools to quit the place. "I know Captain Dixon was a good man,

not to be demeaned by comparison with that trucking Virginia pedler, William Jackson. Now, somebody robbed the Captain's house, and somebody murdered him; and James Washburn must have been one of the band; for he was caught on the spot, with a mask on his face, and a silver tankard and coffee pot in a bag on his back, and a pistol on the ground almost under his feet. Perhaps there were others. My old woman says she dreamed there were three more men, all masked, but they got away, and the Lord only knows who they were and where they went. But I'll tell you what—"

"There! Jemima's-Son! Stop, old fellow," shouted the young man, leaping lightly down from the scaffold upon the ground, "you have preached long enough; you don't know any more than the rest of us. Parson Welsh says, he believes the murderer escaped; but who can prove it? Those who can, if any, no one can find. So Washburn's got to swing, and, as the Parson says, 'May God have mercy on his soul!'"

This last speech seemed to quiet the group, who now soon removed in silence the few pieces of loose lumber from the foot of the fatal structure, and then carried their heavier tools away to a small shed near a spring, just below the first slope of the hill.

After this, they returned to a large rock, hanging upon the brink of a part of a steep declivity near the gallows, and seating themselves upon it, without exchanging a word, looked steadily towards the north, apparently as if in expectation of something from that quarter.

The sun, now climbing up the east, was shining in great splendor over hill, valley, lake, woods and ocean,

upon a scene of immense expanse and marvellous landscape beauty around them ; but their gaze was fixed upon an opening in the thin woods about half a mile from the rock.

They had thus remained seated nearly half an hour, each seemingly wrapped in his own thoughts, when a puff of dust arose between the trees at the opening. Men, horses, wagons, and carts drawn by oxen, moved slowly out of the woods upon the plateau that here tops Tower Hill. The procession headed towards the gallows, cut in clear outline against the sky before them.

Standing upright in a cart, drawn by two black oxen, was a young man of about twenty years, dressed from head to foot in white linen. His face, though browned by the sun, looked ghastly as with fear. His bony fingers were clasped tightly across his chest, his arms being tied together at the elbows nearly behind his back. His feet were also lashed together, while he was supported from falling by two strong men in black clothes at his sides. Upon a seat which crossed the cart from side to side, in front of the unfortunate, sat, facing him, a man not much over thirty years of age, in clerical dress, with a face furrowed by marks of care and sorrow such as seldom come before fifty, looking upon the criminal with earnest and yearning eyes, that showed his heart almost breaking for pity of the sinner before him. The prisoner, overwhelmed with fear and anguish, returned look for look, until it really seemed as if they so felt each other's pain, that both deserved the commiseration of the looker-on alike.

Indeed, so marked was the pained expression of the

clergyman, that when the cart passed near where the scaffold-builders sat, the red-haired carpenter sighed heavily, saying:

"Parson Welsh never took to heart the death of any man, good or bad, so much as he grieves over the death of this lad."

"Look there!" spoke up the big-headed man called "Cat-face-Bob." "Look at the boy's face now! Does he look like a murderer? Parson Welsh is the best man in the world; and to-day we are going to see hung, like a 'kill-sheep dog,' a young fellow that looks enough like the parson to be his son."

It is not likely there was much resemblance in fact; nevertheless, this speaker having gotten his sympathies enlisted in favor of the victim, it is not, perhaps, wonderful that when he caught sight of the longing, pitying looks exchanged between the two passing faces, he was magnetized by communion of sympathy, as it were, into a state of mind that made him fancy a likeness. However this might be, the remark made no impression at the time upon the others, except causing a decisive growl of disapprobation to arise among them that seemed unanimous.

The procession having now wound its almost noiseless way out of the woods and across the plateau, until it reached the scaffold, the cart stopped and the other vehicles formed a hollow square about it, of some fifty feet on either side, in the centre of which stood the instrument of death, facing the criminal. His eyes were raised to its highest beam with a vacant glare, while the clergyman seemed bowed down, so that his face almost reached the bench he sat upon.

There was a confused hum or slight murmuring of suppressed speech among the crowd, but no audible words rising above it. The group of carpenters now joined the assemblage, and for a few moments so painful a stillness pervaded it, that the spectators in many cases seemed to hear the beating of each other's hearts.

Then a wail went up from some of the women, when the prisoner, letting his eyes fall from the scaffold, saw a freshly opened grave, and shivered as with an ague from head to foot.

I shall not dwell further upon this scene, or dilate upon the tragedy here enacted this day. Suffice it to say, the sentence of the law was executed, despite the youth and dying declarations of innocence of the prisoner. The good clergyman of the neighboring village was the chief mourner from first to last ; although there were many other sad hearts who could not overcome their unreasoning instinctive belief that the boy was not guilty of the great crime. After the last penalty was suffered, the grave was decently closed over the victim. Meanwhile the sky had blackened, the beauty of the day was gone, and the crowd moodily dispersed amid falling rain.

CHAPTER II.

WHY IS THIS ?

Lucio. I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SOME fifty years after the happening of the events recorded in the last chapter, the writer chanced to pass a summer vacation near Tower Hill. Although now many years since, this visit is still fresh in recollection. My first view from the hill-top was near the time of the anniversary of poor Washburn's execution. The day was one of those brilliant types of the early days of the last month of summer.

"August!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as I looked over the vast expanse of ocean, lakes, islands, forest, farms, towns and villages spread before me as I sat in the cooling breeze near mid-day upon the big rock that crowns Tower Hill. "August! how fitly named. Month of splendid sunshine, ripened grass, grain, fruit and gorgeous flowers! How the large growth of summer culminates as nature reaches her meridian glory! Oh, magnificent monarch of perfected summer, how august thou art!"

Sea and lakes looked as they doubtless did fifty years before; but near the ocean had sprung up a cluster of small dwellings, while here and there, in the open country, widely scattered, appeared a few farm houses with their outlying appurtenances. The eye wandered far and wide,

over woodland, meadow and tilled field, until heated and tired it turned involuntarily to the sprawling silhouette of Pettiquamscutt Cove and the cool crisp ocean waves of the surf, breaking with unceasing moan and dash upon the distant beach. Far away to the left, upon the margin of the sea, as if rising out of it, lay the old city of Newport, its spires and house-tops making a machiolated wall against the distant sky. Although the day was hot, and no wind was coming off the ocean, a land breeze, aromatic with the exhaling juices of summer vegetation, blowing apparently across from Long Island Sound to Narragansett Bay, yielded the cool freshness of spring. Nature has indeed favored this spot. Like the atmosphere about Macbeth's castle, "the heavens' breath smells wooingly here," "the air is delicate," and

*"Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."*

While thus musing upon this scene, and watching the countless passing sails dotting the ocean, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a rustling of footsteps in the dry grass, and a noise from the occasional striking of a cane against the stones. Looking up, I perceived approaching me, an old gentleman dressed in black, with long white hair, whose figure was bent, as if with both care and age ; while his wrinkled face was blanched and waxy like death-in-life. After a few commonplace salutations had passed between us, I carelessly asked him to point out to me the place of the scaffold where Washburn was hung on Tower Hill so many years ago.

The old man fixed his eyes steadily upon mine for a

minute at least, without a word, and then replied, that so soon as he had rested a little, he would show it to me. We both sat in silence for some minutes. At length he seemed to rouse himself, and anxiously asked me if I knew any thing of the affair.

Of course I could say nothing except what I had been told in scraps by some of the old residents of the neighboring village. At this he became more assured, and detailed to me many circumstances relating to the matter, some of which have been already narrated.

"He was not naturally a bad young man," said my informant, "but he was weak-willed; and being early left an orphan, had no one to lean upon, except perhaps an elder brother, who must have cast him off before he had learned rightly to take care of himself." Here followed a long pause, during which the old man looked abstracted, as if communing with himself. At length he resumed: "There was a robbery, as well as a murder. There were several persons engaged in it, but Washburn insisted he knew nothing of the murder, until after he was arrested. Captain Dixon was shot by one of the band, who lingered after the robbery was completed, and the others had left the house. This was Washburn's story, and I have good reason to believe it."

"Was his brother ever found?" interjected I.

"Alas! no. Certainly not in his lifetime, else perhaps the boy might have been saved."

"Then I suppose the poor wretch had no friends?"

"No, not one; not even himself. He did not seem to care for life, although he dreaded a disgraceful death. He would give no account of his family or belongings, and

died literally 'a stranger in a strange land.' " The tones of the speaker's voice here became tremulous, while I perceived he was old beyond the ordinary term of human life, and feeble from actual illness.

After a little delay, and some sympathetic inquiries on my part, he told me he had long been the only clergyman of the village nearest where we sat, until some few years past, when he became unable further to discharge the duties of his office. It was he, I learned, who had officiated at the execution of young Washburn ; had received his body from the scaffold and laid it in its grave.

Presently we walked over to the top of the hill where the grave was made. Although marked only by a rude stone, at head and foot, and unprotected by any enclosure, it bore marks of having been recently rounded up and newly turfed. For some rods around about it, there was not a stick or stone visible among the clean grass. Near the head-stone stood two cedar trees that, although stunted in growth, and twisted by winter winds, were firmly rooted, and must have flourished there near half a century. One of them was directly at the head of the grave, while the other was a few feet to the left of it.

" I planted these trees, soon after his burial," continued my guide. " I thought it well to mark the spot, in case the young man's relations should ever appear to clear his memory or claim his remains."

" But why did you plant one cedar so far from the grave ? " I asked with thoughtless curiosity ; immediately adding, with a light laugh, " I don't suppose you expected another subject to lie some day at the foot of the other tree ? "

"My young friend," said the venerable man, in a tone of sorrowfully offended dignity, "are you so hardened against human sympathy, as to break a jest over the grave of a lost young life?"

Heartily ashamed of my indiscretion, I apologized and tried to soothe, without avail. I had struck a chord that vibrated with hidden agony. Nothing would appease him. He turned and walked away—after giving me a look of mingled reproach, disdain and pity, that even now, as I recall it, makes me despise myself.

That evening the moon rose early, and, about nine o'clock, I strolled, with a young companion from the farmhouse where we lodged, over towards Tower Hill to enjoy the scene. The night was cloudless, the sky was fairly blue, spangled with stars, and silvered by the liberal moon. A few lights appeared on the sea, while here and there one twinkled upon the neighboring shore. All the beautiful landscape lay wrapped in those vague suggestive shadows that summer moonlight gives to an expansive scene of hill, forest, meadow, orchard, lake, land and sea. While standing amid this panorama of mystic glory, our eyes now turned towards the big rock that caps the hill, when we saw, seated upon it, the figure of a man facing the sea.

"That is the old parson," said my friend. "He is always wandering near this spot on summer nights. He is very old, and by many thought to have lost his wits. He seems to find some fascination in the place."

I readily recognized my accidental acquaintance of the morning. Considering my blunder, upon our first interview, I thought it discreet to observe him from a distance, and not to disturb his meditations. He sat a long time

motionless, and then descended, by the aid of a rude ladder, that seemed a fixture, and walked with trembling pace towards the trees that marked the murderer's grave. He now appeared even more feeble than in the morning. Approaching the spot, I thought I saw him sit down upon the grave, but drawing nearer, I perceived he was kneeling beside it. His hands were clasped, his head bared in the moonlight and raised toward the sky, as if he were in prayer. We turned quietly away, and slowly left the spot.

The next day at breakfast, my landlady informed me the old gentleman had been found dead in his bed at early dawn. Under his pillow was his will, giving explicit directions for the burial of his own body beside the murderer's grave, at the foot of the second cedar tree.

Of course the village was shocked and shaken to its centre, by this startling circumstance. Afterwards there was found in his desk a sealed packet, in old, yellow and faded paper, with a large inscription in recent ink, requesting it "to be burned, in case of his sudden death ; but not to be opened." The request to be buried upon the hill was reluctantly acceded to by his friends, rather from superstitious fear than any sense of its propriety as compliance with his wish. The sealed package of papers, however, was submissively delivered up, in obedience to the demand of the town authorities, and left with them to dispose of as they saw fit.

A day or two after his death, the remains of the eccentric clergyman were reverently interred at the spot he had selected. I witnessed the funeral, and listened to the tattle of the village people after the ceremony was over. They were in a confused state of mind on the subject.

Many thought it a sacrilege that the good man should be put in such disgraceful company. Others hinted there must be some mystery to be cleared up. Some few refused to believe that the strange wish of the departed arose from intense sympathy for an outcast and a stranger, or from any mere freak of fancy. The more they talked the more excited they became, and the more they bewildered myself. At length, becoming exceedingly curious to know more of the history of the strange old man, I determined to go to the house where he died, and try if the inmates could give me any clue to the enigma.

There I found a neat, but somewhat weather-beaten cottage, near the centre of the village, within an enclosure of about half an acre, shaded by sugar maple trees, but without either vines or flowers. Around the entire plot extended a double row of the trees, distant some ten feet from the outer fence, while underneath them was a gravelled walk. The trees were quite large and tall, with trunks trimmed smoothly some twenty feet from the ground. Under the shadow of these trees, as I afterwards learned, it had been the habit of the clergyman, for many years, during the summer months, to walk daily for hours, with hands clasped behind his back, and with head stooping and looking to the ground.

The house was plainly furnished with old-fashioned New England furniture, chiefly of oak and pine, and was very neat and orderly. Conspicuous in two rooms were several small tiers of shelves, crowded with books that looked antique, solid, and well bound ; but bore marks of having been a good deal used.

A woman about fifty years old, neatly dressed, met me

at the door, and said she had been the housekeeper of the deceased for many years. To her he had "willed" this house, together with a few hundred dollars, which were all his worldly possessions. He had no living relatives of whom he had any knowledge.

After some few further preliminaries, the woman, apparently becoming satisfied my curiosity was natural, and that I had no other motive in my visit, became talkative, and related to me many new circumstances of the life of her benefactor. It appeared that he had originally been a printer in the city of Boston, having come to this country from London when young, in company with a much younger brother named James. Not long afterwards they had differed about something now unknown, and James had disappeared and was never afterwards heard from. The elder brother had greatly mourned the loss, and often reproached himself for his unkindness in not giving way to the younger. He tried in many ways to find him, but unsuccessfully. Being studious, he devoted his leisure to theology, and finally became "ordained" as a clergyman. He was greatly beloved by his people, and had given his long life to doing good to others. He was very simple in his habits, being austere and abstemious as a monk, taking barely the necessaries of life. Some thirty years before his death, a wealthy Quaker from Newport, who knew him in early life, had left him, by will, this house, besides a legacy of money. The old gentleman was a close student, yet passed much of his time visiting and counselling the people in the village, especially the young. He was indeed so much esteemed, that although there were families of various religious denominations in the

village, all preferred to attend worship at the church where he officiated, and no serious effort was made to establish any other until he was superannuated. There were many incidents detailed to me, illustrating what I have endeavored to compress. My informant was indeed so full of her subject, and dwelt upon unimportant items with such unction and iteration, that it was with difficulty I got the particulars I sought.

In brief, however, I ascertained he had taken great interest in the poor creature who had, so long ago, been hung on Tower Hill, and, after the execution, had never been known to smile. He was with him night and day after his arrest; he always spoke of him as "the poor orphan boy," and strove first to have him set free, and then to have his sentence changed to imprisonment. It was, however, impossible to overcome the proofs. The prisoner was found near the house of the murdered man, with his face masked, and some of the stolen property in his possession. There was a red-haired carpenter residing in the village, who said something, after the execution, that led people to believe he knew more than he would tell, but it came to nothing. This carpenter had died suddenly, a few years afterwards, from an accident, and in his last moments had begged to see the pastor; exclaiming, in apparently great terror, he had a secret that must be told to him only; but before the clergyman could reach the spot, the man was dead. However, the criminal had so strongly asseverated his innocence, that some others, besides the Rev. Mr. Walsh, had believed him a victim of circumstances, and not wilfully bad.

"On the day of the execution," continued my inform-

ant, "after all was over, as mother has often told me, the minister came home, and going to his room, locked the door, and would see no one for many days, except to receive a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. After he left his room, for many months he appeared wild and much troubled. The executed man had left with him a small package of papers that seemed in some way connected with his uneasiness. These papers he had always treasured with extraordinary care, allowing no one to see them."

"What has become of them?"

"They were found in the room where he died, and taken away by the Justice. No one yet knows what they are."

"Did the old man never talk of the boy who was hung?"

"I never heard him. Mother has told me that after the man was caught and put in prison, until he was dead and buried, Mr. Walsh spoke incessantly about him, and tried in every way to help him. Afterwards he rarely spoke on the subject, and only to evade it. When mentioned, people found it painful for him to hear, and never talked of it in his presence. He used, however, daily to visit the poor wretch's grave. Besides, he planted the two trees there, and kept the grass growing freshly over it. Indeed, during moonlight nights, in summer, he often spent hours sitting beside, or walking near it."

"Have the people about here no idea why he took so deep an interest in the murderer?"

"None whatever, so far as I know. The red-haired carpenter I spoke of, once said something about the min-

ister having good reason for showing so much sympathy, and insinuated that the young man might have been saved if, instead of praying so much, the minister had told all he knew. However, the remark was never repeated. Three of the men who assisted in putting up the scaffold met him, and found he knew nothing on which to base his malicious speech. He was a bad fellow, and wanted to make trouble. His companions made him take back his words, and offer an humble apology to the Rev. Mr. Walsh. In fact, the carpenter thereafter became an object of aversion, and no one mourned him when he died."

"Well," said I, drawing a long breath, after this tedious rigmarole in reply to my simple question, "but why do people imagine the old gentleman was so grieved for the stranger, during so long a life?"

"I never heard any thing, except that it was the only case of hanging where he had officiated; and then the victim was so young, and claimed to be innocent. Some have thought it quite likely the papers he got from the poor creature proved his innocence, after it was too late to save him. That is all I was ever told about the matter. Some of the young doctors who visit this place in summer have, however, intimated that Mr. Walsh was a little out of his head on this subject, from so much brooding over it."

Finding little chance of gaining any further information in this quarter, after thanking my kind hostess, I left. The next day, puzzling my brain to find some more plausible theory to explain the extraordinary conduct of old Mr. Walsh, and repeating to myself, "Why is this?" I remembered I had a passing acquaintance with the town

clerk. Him I accordingly visited at once, and was kindly permitted to see and transcribe some parts of the manuscript the murderer had left with Mr. Walsh. They need no comment, and tell the remainder of my story better than I could hope to do it myself. These parts of the MS. compose the next and final chapter of my narrative.

CHAPTER III

THE CONFESSION.

Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isabel. And shamed life a hateful.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"THIS is the true story of me, James Washburn. I know my fate. I expect very soon to die the death of a malefactor; but for reasons which will appear, I wish to leave this statement in the hands of the best man I ever knew. If my soul is to be saved, as I hope and believe, to him I am indebted for pointing the way. He has tried hard to save me here, but appearances are all against me. No one can believe me innocent; my story is not credible while I live; I cannot bear the shame of being thought guilty, and I may better die than live a convicted felon.

* * * * *

"Misfortune clouded my earliest years. I never knew my father or mother, both having died too soon. I had no sister, and but one brother. He was some ten years older

than myself. We came to this country from London, when I was scarcely thirteen years of age. As I grew up, my brother and I worked and dwelt together. He showed great kindness towards me, and indulged all my humors and caprices.

* * * * *

"In a house where we once boarded, there lived a girl of sixteen—Mabel Chauncey, a niece of our landlord. She was a delicate blonde, with hazel eyes. She had a slight figure, rather long but graceful neck, and drooping shoulders. A gently swaying motion of her pretty head, which shook her profuse curls while she spoke, seemed to give her an air of affectionate interest in whomsoever addressed her. As I now look back, I know she was a natural actress, and a born coquette. At that time she seemed to me the perfection of goodness as of beauty. Of course I fell deeply in love with her. Her mother, vain, giddy and ambitious, was so puffed up by the fulsome compliments paid to her daughter's charms, as to cherish hopes of marrying her to some one of the rich dandies of Boston and Newport, who occasionally came to the house. But in spite of this we had many stolen interviews. I believed my love heartily reciprocated, and although I was scarcely as old as she, I hoped at some early day to call her my own.

"It seems, however, my brother was on the same footing with this double-faced minx as myself. One day, in ignorance of his interest in her, I ventured to unfold to him my feelings and prospects as her lover. He heard my story without remark until completed, growing paler all the time.

When I had finished, his face flushed crimson, his hands clenched, and he glared at me savagely, as if quite beside himself. I could not guess the cause of his emotion. He seemed trying to repress some overpowering feeling. The effort was vain. In an instant he rushed upon me like a mad man. He caught me by the throat and struck me in the face. I had never known any thing but gentleness and kindness from him before this time. Neither reproach or reproof to me had ever before escaped his lips. I was stunned, and fell senseless upon the floor.

“When I came to myself I was alone, and it was quite dark. Rubbing my eyes, which were still smarting with pain, I got them partially opened and groped to the window. It was a moonless, but clear starlight night. I walked or rather crept silently down the stairs, as best I could, and got into the open air. This revived my scattered senses, and in five minutes my mind was made up beyond the possibility of change. I returned quietly to my own apartment, packed my few clothes in a bundle, and turned my back upon the place forever. Passing under the window of the sitting-room, I saw, to my amazement, my brother standing beside the fireplace, and Mabel lying at full length upon the floor, as if in a swoon. The whole truth flashed upon me in a second. My first impulse was to return, but my resolution had been taken, and I fled, running as fast as I could, until I had gotten nearly a mile from the house.

“I walked several miles that night, and towards morning got under a shed used for cattle, among some fresh straw. Being tired, I laid down and slept until the sun was shining. Upon coming into the highway again, I

found I was near a small village, through which a coach passed daily from Boston westward. Having a little money I got a breakfast at a tavern, where the coach was accustomed to stop, and took my seat for a journey.

"Two or three days afterwards I found myself in the city of New York. After some disappointments, I got a subordinate employment in the trade of printer, which my brother had partially taught me. A year or so passed smoothly ; but being always sad, and brooding in secret over my misfortune, I easily became discontented. Having an acquaintance who was going to a town in the western part of New York State to set up a newspaper, I readily agreed to accompany him. This place was small, but very pretty. My friend was warmly attached to me, and gave me the employment in my trade that was agreeable. Besides, I made the acquaintance of some excellent people in the town. I ought to have been happy. Here, too, I met several young girls who were exceedingly attractive, to one of whom, in spite of my experience and miserable state of mind, I became attentive. Caroline Hobart was the reverse of Mabel Chauncey. She was the only daughter of the village apothecary ; a man of some education, and a frequent visitor at the printing office. His child was the apple of his eye, and her devotion to him was idolatry. She was a year younger than myself. Short, with the least inclination to stoutness in figure, a brunette, with black eyes and thick, clustering, lively, curling black hair, her appearance was so striking that no one who saw her could well forbear looking at least twice. Her face was a complete oval. Her small features were always animated with smiles ; and her ringing, silvery laugh was heard wherever

she went. She was a petted child, and happy as a sun-beam. How she came to fancy me, who was always sombre as night, I am at a loss to tell. I loved her with a heart-gush that bewildered myself. Yet we were certainly unlike. I was sad, melancholy, looking backwards, and constantly brooding in secret over my misfortunes: she lived in the present hour, could not bear allusions to by-gones, and found joy in every thing that was around her, or might come to her.

“If any thing could have taken the weight off my heart, the impulsive, uncalculating love of Caroline would have done so; but that was impossible. I felt my disgrace and humiliation too deeply. I was an exile, an outcast, a wretch. I had no right to be happy myself, or to inflict my wretchedness upon another. I was conscience-stricken for the wrong I had done in even allowing her to know how I loved her; much more for soliciting her affection. She had reciprocated my love with all the warmth of her affectionate, impulsive temperament; and I felt wholly unworthy of her. What to do I did not know. I could ask advice of no one. The contention of the powerful emotions that tortured me, unfitted me for my business, and began to destroy my health, which was never robust.

“After much reflection, I concluded it was better to give her up. I left a few lines saying, a great calamity had happened to me, and I had determined to take my life; that she must not grieve for me, as I did not deserve her regrets. Then I cut loose a boat on the lake near which the village stood, and putting some of my clothes in it, turned it adrift. That night I fled the place, and never saw it again.

"Not long afterwards, I read a full account of the suicide, in my companion's newspaper ; but I never heard more of my heart's darling, Caroline Hobart. If my good angel ever lived in human form, it was she. Yet I turned away from her—and this is my reward, a felon's death !

"After many wandering adventures, I found myself in a Canadian town near the river St. Lawrence. The winter was very severe, and one day, when walking an unfrequented road, I encountered a runaway horse. A little further I discovered a wounded man lying in the snow, quite benumbed with cold and loss of blood. I got assistance and saved his life. He was exceedingly grateful for the good turn I had done him ; and being himself a book-printer, he soon after offered me a share in his business. The proposal was very generous, and I was much affected by his kindness ; but I had gotten tired of trying to hold up my head, or to get on in the world, and was not willing to make another attempt. My only thought was how to escape his generous entreaties, without offending so worthy a man. I appeared to listen favorably to his kind proposal, and asked for time to consider my fitness for the situation. That night, without notice to any one, I departed, leaving no trace of my destination.

"The next place towards which I turned my steps was a "Community,"—the name of which I have forgotten,—where I heard were living together some persons whose families and history were unknown to any except themselves. I understood it to be founded in some part of the State of Ohio. Accordingly, I set out in that direction, with no very definite idea of the place. At Cleveland I staid one night at a small tavern, where I was robbed and

made sick by drinking some beer, given me by a young man I had met, and who had joined me at the latter part of my day's journey to the town.

"Having no money, I was sent to a kind of alms-house, where paupers and petty criminals were huddled together. Here my ailments were little cared for, and I was much abused. At length, however, I was sufficiently recovered to go out. My disgrace and misfortunes now so preyed upon my spirits, I was on the verge of despair. While in this state of mind, attending a Methodist prayer-meeting one evening, my whole career appeared before me in a new light. I felt I had been wrong, and doing wrong, from the beginning. I blamed myself for having left my brother. Ill as I still was, I determined to set out the next day and try to find him. While in Canada, I had heard from a man who lived in the States, that one of my brother's name was a clergyman living in a small town in Rhode Island. From the description, I fancied he might be there, and thither I now bent my steps.

"Partly by asking alms, partly by working a little at farmer's work, and with a few dollars I picked up by assisting a village printer, I got pretty well on my way towards this spot. When only about fifty miles distant, while seeking shelter in a barn, during a storm, I was bitten by a fierce dog. My hand was badly hurt, and I was made quite lame in one leg. From this time I got on with difficulty, and believe I should have died by the way, but for the encouragement of a young college student, whom I one day encountered as I was resting beside the road, where he, too, stopped to seek a shade during the heat of noon-day. I told him some parts of my story,

and being pleased with some random scraps of Latin and quotations from Shakespere and Milton I used in my talk with him, he became interested in me. Indeed he sympathized so fully with me, that without a suggestion of mine, he went to the village store, and bought me some fresh bandages for my wounds, and gave me a handful of money besides. This I believed would enable me to complete my journey to Narragansett Heights.

"When within a few miles of this village, I began to make inquiries, and becoming quite satisfied my brother was here, I pressed on with fresh courage. I now calculated that, before the close of the next day, my tedious travels would end.

"That night, however, as I was sleeping soundly in a barn, I was roused by voices near me, engaged in earnest conversation. There appeared to be three persons discussing a plot to rob a neighboring house. As my ill-luck was always at hand, it did not desert me now. Some dust of the hay, which must have been stirred by their movements, compelled me to sneeze, despite my efforts (at the risk of bursting a blood-vessel) to suppress the sudden impulse. Although it was quite dark, they sprang to their feet, and, before I could move, I was held fast by my hair, while a rough hand was feeling for my throat. A dark-lantern opened and flashed a glare of light across my face upon the figure of the man who held me. He was large and powerful, with an immense shock of red hair. His face, like that of his companions, was concealed by a black mask. The red-haired one had talked as though he lived near the spot; the other two had apparently just escaped from some not distant prison. They gave me one minute

to decide : I might join their party, or they would strangle me on the instant.

“ Having suffered so much, and come so near to my destination, I had not the courage to give up all hope of success. I consented to accompany them, trusting to the chance of getting out of their way. They now put upon me a mask like their own, and we proceeded together—they keeping close watch over me—to the work they had planned. All went on well with them. We entered the house by a window opening near the ground. We found a good deal of silver-plate and some money. Part of the silver, being large and heavy, they put in a sack, which they compelled me to carry. The two convicts and myself first left the house. The other man remained to make a further search in the pockets of the owner of the house we had broken into.

“ We had gotten but little distance away, when I heard the report of two pistol shots, and our remaining companion instantly came flying towards us crying out, in a suppressed voice, that we were discovered, and must run in opposite directions, to meet the next night at the barn where I had first met them. As he spoke, he threw something from his hand to the ground with an angry oath. Although still too dark to see, I felt something strike my foot, which, I suppose, was his pistol. The men all disappeared, apparently forgetting their care of me, and their plunder. For myself, I stood still, at first stunned and bewildered by the strangeness of my situation, and then wondering how I should explain my predicament, or what I could do to escape it. While thus perplexed, a flash of lights in the garden where I was standing, soon followed

by a rude, fierce grasp of my shoulder, brought me to my senses. All the rest is known.

"This is the truth of my history, candidly spoken by me as a dying man. As soon as the clergyman entered my prison, I knew him to be my brother, but perceived he did not recognize me. How should he? Sorrow has left no trace of the smiling boy he knew. Seeing his sad face, and wishing to save him from the disgrace of a felon-brother, I resolved on the instant to keep my secret. My change of name easily enabled me to do this, especially after the lapse of some years since he had seen my face. I well knew that nothing could save me from the penalty of the law, seeing that I had been caught in the very act of the robbery, with the booty in my hands, and of the murder, committed with the very pistol at my feet. My courage had given way entirely. I had already lost all hope, as I now have lost all wish, to save my own life. Why, then, should I expose him to infamy? He has evidently suffered too deeply already.

* * * * *

"I die content. I leave a world where I have had put upon me burthens greater than I could well bear. The sweetest moments of my life have been passed in this prison; while my brother, with gentle, unquestioning patience, has indulged my desire to remain unknown, yet has smoothed the rugged places in my memory. He has encouraged me to hope, and even to believe, that all the past will be forgiven, and my soul soon be lifted from this gloomy spot, into a brighter home.

* * * * *

"I have done. Now I die, dear brother John, with your name upon my lips, freely forgiving you all wherein you have offended me, and blessing your kind heart, with the hope we shall meet again, when your work here is done."

Thus closed the history of this unfortunate—a sad recital, truly! Here was a youth of warm and tender feelings, capable of inspiring and reciprocating love and friendship to no inconsiderable degree; but a morbid sensitiveness to undeserved reproach had totally shipwrecked his character.

JUN 28 1916

THE END.

